

THE

SIGN



A • NATIONAL • CATHOLIC • MAGAZINE

Mar Ivanios in Rome

Gabriel Francis Powers

Levity — or Levitation

G. K. Chesterton

The Tragedy of Mixed Marriage

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Seipel: Savior of Austria

Denis Gwynn

St. James the Just

Helen Walker Homan

Vol. 12 No. 2

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THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

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Looking Over This Issue

THE great Jacobite convert (Mar Ivanios in Rome) is presented by our Roman correspondent, Gabriel Francis Powers. Another article by the same writer (Mar Ivanios in the Catacombs) will appear in the October issue.

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"LEVITY—or Levitation," was evoked by the *Psychic News* charge that G. K. Chesterton is a "Catholic who goes up in the air." No, not physically. The charge gave G. K. an occasion for reproving the ignorant habit so characteristic of many popular critics of the Church who express confused ideas in words still more confused.

▲ ▲ ▲

HILAIRE BELLOC has contributed two series of twelve articles each to *THE SIGN*—"The Church in Conflict" and "Twelve Character Studies of the English Reformation." He graciously consented to give us another series on topical subjects, which was to begin in this issue. Unfortunately, a slight illness prevented his getting the Ms. here on time. It will appear in the October issue.

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ENID DINNIS cannot write a dull story, but in "Just a Candle," her special gift is more evident than ever. For the past two years we have had a story from her every month, except one. Though many editors have been soliciting her work, she has been wonderfully kind in giving us so many of her stories. A volume of those contributed to *THE SIGN*, with the charming illustrations by Florence Harrison, will shortly be published by Sands & Co., London. Probably an American edition will also appear. It is a sad commentary on the lack of Catholic literary appreciation that more of Miss Dinis' books are bought by non-Catholics than by Catholics.

▲ ▲ ▲

IN our July issue the Reverend Dr. P. W. Browne, of the Catholic University, told the story of the National Catholic Social School of Washington. In this issue, Dr. James J. Walsh describes the purpose and scope of the Fordham University School of Sociology and Social Service.

▲ ▲ ▲

HELEN WALKER (Mrs. Dominique) Homan, formerly an associate editor of the *Commonweal*, is a new contributor, making her appearance with, "In Justice to St. James the Just." Hers is a distinctly new style in hagiography. Her Saints are very human. Next month or later, another of her Apostles will appear—"The Ladies Loved You, St. Philip."

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GERHARD HIRSHFELD (Some Economic Fallacies) contributes a weekly column, "Behind Business," to *America*. He also contributes frequently to *The Analyst*, *The World's Work*, and other publications featuring economics and finance. For some years he has been American correspondent for dailies, weeklies and monthlies in Germany.

"PLAYING with Family Names," a study in poetry and prose, is the second of a series by the Right Reverend Hugh T. Henry, Litt.D., Professor of Homiletics in the Catholic University of America.

▲ ▲ ▲

DENIS GWYNN has been in *THE SIGN* before. In this issue he starts a series on outstanding personalities and events in Europe which have a special interest to all Catholics. "Monsignor Seipel, The Savior of Austria," is entertaining and particularly enlightening.

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REVEREND EDWARD F. MURPHY, S.S.J., Ph.D., has been a professor at Epiphany Apostolic College, now located in Newburgh, N. Y., for the past seven years. Recently he has been assigned to the pastorate of St. Joan of Arc's Church, New Orleans. As a member of a Community exclusively devoted to work among the Negroes, he has made a special study of social and religious conditions in Afro-America. Read "Dusky Justice."

▲ ▲ ▲

OUR poets this month are John Bunker (The Standard); Frances Marie Shannon (A Boon, Lady!); John Richard Moreland (The Guest Denied); Benjamin Musser (Nostalgia) and a new contributor, Matthew Richardson (The Second Station).

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MANY readers will recall Frank H. Spearman's "Road to Sodom," which appeared some months ago, and was reprinted in pamphlet form. Following the same line of thought, he now gives us "Tragedy of the Mixed Marriage." To the October number he will contribute "The Impatient Reformer."

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DOYLE HENNESSY, who has just completed his first year as columnist for *The Brooklyn Tablet*, stresses one great need of the Church in America in "Wanted: More Highbrows!" And in similar vein William E. Kerrish tells us what has been done on the Boston Common and can be done elsewhere in "Articulate Catholic Laymen."

▲ ▲ ▲

IN the past two years Daniel B. Pulsford gave us twenty-four character-studies of Our Lord's Sacred Passion. It is to be hoped that they will shortly come out in book form. "Cradle and Cross," is the second of a new Passion series begun in the August issue.

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THREE Mission articles of unusual interest will be found in "The Passionists in China," by Father Edward McCarthy (Bridge Folk of Yuanchow); Father Timothy McDermott (St. Jude Aids a Missionary); Father Francis Flaherty (Some Opium Victims). As interesting as fiction, these stories have all the value of truth.

Father Harold Purcell, S.P.

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CURRENT FACT *and* COMMENT

A CABLE from the Passionist Mission at Chenki, Hunan, China, announces the first death in the little group of Sisters of Charity from Convent Station, New Jersey. On the night

Devota: One Worthy of the Name

of July twenty-ninth Sister Marie Devota (Beatrice Ross) died of cholera. She was born in Brooklyn on September 27, 1898. After finishing her college course at the Ursuline College at New Rochelle, New York, she entered the Community of the Sisters of Charity at Convent Station, New Jersey. On September 20, 1924, two months after her profession, she, with four companions, sailed for China.

It is too soon for any details of this great loss to have reached us. We did know that an epidemic of cholera was taking an unusually heavy toll along the Yangtze Valley and in parts of Hunan. In several sections of our mission field the priests and Sisters were necessarily exposed to danger. That they are far removed from medical assistance has never been a check on the charity of our heroic missionaries nor on their efforts to care for the sick poor of western Hunan.

Dreaded by natives and missionaries alike, cholera works swiftly, so it is not likely that Sister Devota was long sick. She was fortunate in having with her two of her own community and Fathers Jeremiah McNamara and Denis Fogarty, Passionists. Sister received the last rites of the Church. She was buried in the cemetery of our central Mission in Shenchow where lie the bodies of the four Passionist Fathers who died in 1929.

In the next month's issue of *THE SIGN* we hope to publish further details of the life and last hours of Sister Devota.



A MERICA does not recognize rum and, ostensibly, at least prosecutes such of her citizenry as do. Neither does she recognize Russia: but, in this case, she makes no demur whatsoever

Russia's Gain: America's Loss

when some of her best men and brains go over to devote themselves to Sovietism and help assure its triumph. We read with no little wonder of John Calder, American engineer, who is blithely solving problems all over economic Russia and, intentionally or not, building up not only a competitor for his motherland but an enemy to her principles. And of Howard J. MacDonald, likewise an engineer from the U. S. A., being awarded a prize of 15,000 rubles for his service in rationalizing production and diminishing expenses in Soviet metal-mining. Of George McDowell, also a son of Uncle Sam, receiving the decoration of the Order of Lenin for fine work on the Russian economic front. And so on.

While America gives Russia a foot, there are Americans who lend a helping hand; while industrial leadership at home is at

its lowest ebb, the Soviets apparently are finding no difficulty in attracting as much of it from here as they want; while America languishes, her sons are aiding an alien nation to rise.

Either these American advancers of the Russian interests are dissatisfied with their native land or not. If not, they have no right to be lending their talents and energy to that strange dark power a-borning abroad. But if they are animated by discontent, our country should look into herself and discover why her helpers are leaving her in the lurch. She has no reason to let the condition continue, and must eliminate the cause.

America can be called only a fool, if, in this crisis, she permits her industrial experts to forsake her. The love of life is greater than the love of country; and if one's country is not kind to one's needs, and more or better means of livelihood are to be found elsewhere, even the most patriotic are tempted to stray. Now America, with all her latent wealth and incalculable future, can do much better by her supporters than Russia; but the trouble is that she has not sufficiently called upon, used, cherished and rewarded them; and the result is that they have followed, in large numbers, the foreign siren-song of gain.

If ever we needed our best men at home, it is now. Russia would be better off solving her own problems in her own way; but as for us, how shall we ever solve ours, while letting Sovietism steal our brains? It is high time for Columbia to be a bit consistent. She must recognize Russia, if she continues to let citizens of hers build it up; but such a recognition would involve a betrayal of certain American principles. Therefore the U. S. A. is free only to call home those brilliant fellows from abroad who are making that foreign country climb, while their own land miserably slips back or marks time. And when she gets them home, she might keep them there by "grappling them to her soul with hoops of steel"—the steel of due appreciation, abundant opportunity, and generous recompense.



I N spite of her ruthless persecution of her own citizens, Russia bleeds with pity for individuals persecuted in foreign lands. Specifically, she is much concerned with the fate of the eight

Soviet Interest in the American Negro

colored youths who are now awaiting re-trial in Scottsboro, Alabama, on a charge of having assaulted two white girls. The measure of her concern is detailed by *Russia Today*, a London publication calling itself the organ of "The Friends of the Soviet Union." It informs us:

"Three railways, connecting Moscow with the north, east and south, have their termini in the Kalentshevskaya Square. Every day a million people emerge from these stations. A slogan running along one of the tallest buildings on the square serves them as a daily reminder of their obligation to international

solidarity. At night it runs along swiftly in a stream of light, moved by a thousand electric bulbs. Its message is insistent:

HELP RELEASE THE SCOTTSBORO' WORKERS!

"In London, New York or Berlin, to do this would cost in a month more than the Scottsboro' defence could raise in a year. But in Moscow that space and the electrical energy were placed at the disposal of Mopra, the Soviet section of the International Labor Defence.

"In the largest cinema theater in Moscow, 'Undarnik,' a peasant girl, dressed in the uniform of the Komsomols (Young Communists), thrusts a red box, which has a slit for coins, almost under your chin, and says: "For the Scottsboro' Negroes' defence, Comrade!"

"Whether the Scottsboro' Negroes be guilty or innocent we do not know," comments *The Tablet*. "We do know, however, that they have been brought to trial in open court to hear both the indictment and the evidence against them, so that they have had a fair chance of rebutting the prosecution's case. Meanwhile, in Soviet Russia, there are not merely eight poor fellows but scores of thousands who have been deprived of ration-cards, or thrown into prison, or banished to the Frozen North, or even shot, without trial, for no offence worse than "having a non-Soviet mentality," or an "anti-revolutionary class-consciousness." If Mr. Stalin and his colleagues be sincere in their horror at the Scottsboro' affair, they can busy themselves, without an hour's delay or a rouble of expense, in securing fair trials for thousands of their own fellow-Russians and in effecting the immediate release of thousands from unjust privation and durance. But we may be pretty sure that they will not do it. Like her delegates' speeches at Geneva, Moscow's fervor on behalf of the Scottsboro' Negroes is hypocritically simulated in order to give her propagandist orators a showy argument."



COLONEL JASON JOY is a prominent (and presumably pious) Methodist. Will H. Hays, is a Presbyterian deacon. Will is the moral (?) head of the Moving Picture Producers. The Colonel

Jason Joy; The Joyous Colonel

has been visiting the various Boards of Censors throughout the country. He makes a full report to Will of his success in persuading the Boards to accept such gangster pictures as "Scarface," etc. Part of the report follows:

"The Strange Love of Molly Louvain' and 'State's Attorney' were passed by some of the boards only after earnest consideration and discussions with us. In each of these were representatives of public offices mixed up with sex items. . . .

"The number of such [sex] pictures in any one period should be determined by their acceptability upon the part of the audiences. An overdose of this theme is bad economics—a word which needs no emphasis from me. . . . Risqué situations, double entendre, and exposures to titillate the audiences . . . should be reserved for the naughty farce and light comedy types of stories. Over-exposure, particularly of the female figure, should be 'selective' and not general in its use. . . . The partial exposure of Jane's breasts in an early sequence of 'Tarzan' puts us 'on the spot' with the censors. . . . It was not a flagrant exposure in itself but was assumed to have been deliberately dragged in to titillate the audiences (and build her up to stimulate the sex instincts of Tarzan). On the other hand . . . the rather complete exposure of Ivy Parson in her bedroom scenes in 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde' was expected as being legitimate. . . .

"I did not neglect to discuss with the censors the score or more of pictures . . . which have not yet been presented to them. I am sure that these visits have helped to prepare a more favorable reception for them. . . . Every censor seemed prepared to pre-judge unfavorably such pictures as. . . .

"Street of Women,' 'Week End Marriage,' 'Westward

Passage,' and 'Merrily We Go to Hell.' . . . In the case of some of these pictures the censors are now, because of my description of the producers' plans, really looking forward in favorable anticipation. . . .

"I urge that . . . the temptation to inject relatively unimportant censorable material in pictures be foregone until times are better."

Note the last phrase: *be foregone until times are better.*

We have been insistent in denouncing the sex and gangster pictures. What good we have accomplished, we cannot say.

Our only hope is that we may be the means of stirring up the consciences of some parents to safeguard their children from the demoralizing films.



THE Catholic physician who would conscientiously guide his patients in these days of rank materialism is facing a difficult task. Because of his very conscientiousness he is looked upon

A Catholic Physician States His Convictions

by the general public as a fanatic or at least a faddist, and certainly not up-to-date concerning the modern teaching of birth control.

Such a medical man contributes an enlightening article to *The Catholic Medical Guardian* of London. He is speaking from an experience of seven years in various Female Hospitals. He finds that the married woman who wishes to have children is the exception; that even some who have children have them through a mistake; that class or pecuniary difficulty nowadays makes little difference; that married couples think themselves unable to support children, or are unwilling to do so on some pretext or other.

His experience has taught him that hysteria in women is the common diagnosis in almost any Women's Hospital, and that as many as 90% of these hysterical cases can be proved to be followers of the contraceptive mode on the married life.

After careful consideration, he states the following conviction: "I can safely state that the great majority of my neurasthenic patients have proved to be users of contraceptives; and I can swear on oath that, over and over again, I have witnessed married couples leading awful existences owing to neurotic wives fighting against nature. Yet we are told by certain Eugenists that contraceptives are harmless!"

We quote the physician's words as a testimony of the fact that God through nature revenges sin; and in the hope that some who have no fear of sin will be deterred from it by the fear of bodily and mental break-down.



TO *Opinion*, A Journal of Jewish Life and Letters, Pierre Van Paassen contributes an article headed, "Christ Killers Still." We gather from the content that Mr. Van Paassen was a Catholic,

A Slandorous Charge Promptly Refuted

at least he was taught by the Jesuits in the Latin School of Bruges in Flanders. Whether a Catholic then or not, he is evidently a pronounced anti-

Catholic now. His whole article reeks with charges against the Church for her attitude toward the Jews. Many of these charges have been repeatedly made and just as often have been answered. What particularly pleases us about the whole article is the editor's footnote to one accusation. On it we congratulate him for his intelligence, honesty and promptness. Follow the charge and the refutation.

THE CHARGE

"For to take but one striking illustration of Rome's uncharitable attitude toward Israel, uncharitable in the Christian sense, let me ask why it is that the Pope, Pius XI, "now gloriously reigning," or any other Pontiff before him, or the Holy Office

which examines errors in doctrine and creed, never made a pronouncement on the hideous blood-ritual libel? With one word, with one single stroke of the pen Rome could, if it so desired, with its unlimited authority, obliterate that vile calumny which has caused incalculable suffering amongst the Jews of history, torrents of blood and rivers of tears, and which to this day hangs like a very real menace above the heads of millions of Jews. Those Protestant pastors in *Opinion* sounded hopeful enough, but there are eighteen million Catholics in America who are taught or led to believe differently, not to mention the masses of orthodox Protestants in Mr. Mencken's "Bible-belt" and other back-concessions."

THE REFUTATION

"*Editor's Note:* Mr. Van Paassen is mistaken in his belief that there has been no Papal statement concerning the blood ritual accusation. Although it is true that the present incumbent, Pius XI, has not recognized the recent revival of the calumny, many of his predecessors have condemned the blood accusation as "a foul and Satanic falsehood." Papal bulls of Innocent IV, Gregory X, Martin V, Paul III, and the statement of Lorenzo Ganganelli, later Pope Clement XIV, were issued denouncing the blood ritual libel."



MR. HOOVER'S statement about his changed position concerning Prohibition, which was the outstanding feature of his acceptance speech has precipitated the once united and

Our Dry Friends and President Hoover

harmonious Dry forces into a pitiable state of division and confusion. With his usual timidity in coming to any forthright decision, particularly where he may possibly offend some of his ardent Methodist and Baptist friends, the President tried to temper his Wet words with a Dry motive. But all the Drys are not pleased—despite the sugar on the pill.

"He wrote off a good many million votes," a spokesman of the Methodist Board of Temperance Prohibition, and Public Morals declared. "The Drys will stay at home rather than vote for him or Roosevelt." And a representative of the Anti-Saloon League stated, "It was the most asinine thing I ever heard of."

On the other hand Dr. Daniel A. Poling of the National Prohibition Board of Strategy indorsed the President:

"Our indorsement of President Hoover is based upon the belief that in contrast with Governor Roosevelt his election will safeguard the gains made under Prohibition, will move toward the elimination of existing evils resulting from non-observance and non-enforcement in some communities, will prevent naked repeal and the return of the saloon system, will not commit any public officer or candidate to any policy of repeal or modification against his own conscience or the sentiment of his constituents, and will confirm the principle of Federal control for a national problem."

"Very greatly disappointed in Mr. Hoover's position on Prohibition" is Bishop Ernest C. Richardson, National President of the Anti-Saloon League. The press quotes him as saying:

"Mr. Hoover calls for absolute guaranties that dry States shall be protected from their wet neighbors. This is much more of an impossibility than the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment. He also demands that nowhere shall there be a return of the saloon. This is also an impossibility if the sale of liquor is legalized."

"A surrender to the speak-easies, bootleggers, and nullifiers of the Constitution," is the description of the President's new attitude by James Cannon, Jr., saintly Methodist bishop and bucket-shopper, who did yeoman service for Mr. Hoover in 1928, by helping to carry Southern States.

"It is terribly disappointing," said the Rev. James K. Shields, Superintendent of the New Jersey Anti-Saloon League. "The worst part is the discouragement. It seems strange that four years ago, on a dry platform, Herbert Hoover received the

greatest electoral vote ever given to any man. Now Mr. Hoover is running on a platform nearly the same as Al Smith ran on then."

F. Scott McBride, General Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, cannot accept either Mr. Hoover or Mr. Roosevelt. "One is for modification; the other is for repeal. We favor neither. Our major task as in the coming campaign is clearly presented in the election of Congressmen, who in the last analysis have sole responsibility for amending the Constitution."

"We will support those candidates who stand definitely committed in opposition to either repeal or modification."

Hope burns bright in the ardent bosom of Mrs. Henry W. Peabody, Chairman of the Woman's National Committee for Law Enforcement:

"The loss of President Hoover does not mean the loss of the Eighteenth Amendment. In his speech of acceptance, President Hoover indorsed the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. He approves State control of liquor, which we had before the Federal amendment. He is the first President . . . to agree to yield the Federal Constitution to State's rights."

"He has spoken twelve times in defense of this law. The thirteenth time he renounces it, giving as his reasons well-known statements of extreme wets. Prosperity is desirable, but good government is essential. Allegiance to the Constitution, the supreme law, is the only hope for continuance of stable and safe government."

Dr. D. Leigh Colvin, Chairman of the National Committee of the Prohibition Party, is thus quoted by the United Press:

"For the first time in American history, a President violates his oath of office by attacking the stability of a part of the Constitution. He does this in the interest of the return of legalized liquor. He not only fails to preserve the Eighteenth Amendment, but he seeks to cut the heart out of it by abolishing national Prohibition. He would subject the States, one by one, to conquest by the liquor power."

Prohibition is dead—it was never very much alive—but still the farce and hypocrisy must continue as long as possible. There will be no let-up in the enforcement of the Prohibition laws, according to Attorney-General Mitchell. "Such a course is unthinkable," he says. "It is our duty to take the law as we find it, and enforce it as it stands."



TO the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Francis J. Spellman, of the Papal Secretariat of State, on his being named Titular Bishop of Sila and Auxiliary to His Eminence, Cardinal O'Connell. ¶To the

Toasts Within the Month

Catholic Daughters of America who have given \$100,000 to the poor within the last six months. ¶To the Knights of Columbus on the erection of Cardinal Gibbons' Statue in Washington. ¶To the Very Rev. M. A. McGarey, V.F., LL.D., pastor of St. Aloysius Church, Wilmerding, Pa., for having refused Christian burial to the three Volpe brothers—John, Arthur and James—slain in Pittsburgh's most sensational gangland massacre. ¶To Dr. Franz Bracht, who replaced Dr. Carl Severing, Socialist Minister of the Interior, for determining to suppress all "phenomena of cultural disintegration," and announcing that he is against "the shameless degradation of woman's honor and dignity that represents the typical phenomenon of degeneration contradicting the Christian morality of the Germans." ¶To Angus McDonald, prominent Catholic layman and Knight of Malta, on being elected to the Presidency of the Southern Pacific Railroad. ¶To the nine Canadian Provinces on showing that in 1931 there was a reduction of 21.8 per cent in the number of divorces granted in the Dominion when comparisons were made with the preceding year. ¶To the Rev. R. L. MacDonald on being appointed chairman of a committee to take charge of the coal mine at Inverness, N. S., under the proposed coöperative plan by which the miners will operate the property, formerly operated by the Provincial Government.

CATEGORICA

Edited by N. M. LAW

ON THINGS IN GENERAL AND QUITE LARGELY A MATTER OF QUOTATION

REEDS

Clifford J. Laube in the "New York Times":

("They put . . . a reed in His right hand."—Matth., 27: 29.)

WHETHER soft airs stir lightly
Or angered winds be harsh,
The living reeds lean sprightly
Along the marsh.

Who has not seen them lifting
Their shining assegaïs
Under the free and drifting
Foam of the skies?

Once for a King impassioned
With truth, yet sore betrayed,
There was a scepter fashioned
From such a blade.

THE EIGHT "DO MORES"

THESE eight are reproduced from "Random Thoughts of a Man at Fifty," by John Harsen Rhoades:

1. Do more than exist, live.
2. Do more than touch, feel.
3. Do more than look, observe.
4. Do more than read, absorb.
5. Do more than hear, listen.
6. Do more than listen, understand.
7. Do more than think, ponder.
8. Do more than talk, say something.

MORE THAN ONE OF THEM

From "The New Yorker":

A LEARNED psychiatrist was visited by a wealthy young man who reported that his nerves had gone to pot. The principal reason for it was, he said, that he was being followed all the time. The doctor questioned him briefly and made a diagnosis of paranoid delusions induced by chronic alcoholism. The illusion of being followed is common in such cases. He assured the young man he merely imagined he was being followed, and urged him to give up rum. The patient would have none of the imagination argument, but he did seem eased up a bit, and he promised the doctor to come back in a few days. He did so. He was still being followed, he said. The doctor set about earnestly to persuade him out of this notion. While he was doing so he looked out of the window into the fair May sunshine and noticed a thick-set man in a derby hat across the street. He paid no particular attention to him; just noticed him. Two days later the patient returned. Again the doctor, during his interview, saw the heavy-set man across the street. When the young man left, the doctor watched and saw the heavy-set fellow set off following him.

On the patient's fourth visit, the doctor looked out and saw the heavy-set one at his usual post, and right there all his fine theories crumpled up. "Mr. Dash," he said, "candor compels me to tell you that there is something in what you say. I really think you *are* being followed." The patient's eyes lit up with feverish eagerness. "Didn't I tell you!" he cried. "I knew it. Who is it? Can you tell me that?" The doctor pointed out the window to the gent across the street. "H—ll," said the patient in a tone of supreme disgust, "that's the private detective I hire to keep those other guys away from me."

PITFALLS IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

A DUTCH linguist points out some of the perils of the English tongue to the innocent stranger. From the "Daily Express," London:

Dearest creature in Creation,
Studying English pronunciation,
I will teach you in my verse
Sounds like corpse, corps, horse and worse.

It will keep you, Susy, busy,
Make your head with heat grow dizzy;
Tear in eye your dress you'll tear,
Queer, fair seer, hear my prayer;
Pray, console your loving poet,
Make my coat look new, dear, sew it!
Just compare heart, beard and heard,
Dies and diet, lord and word.
Sword and sward, retain and Britain.
(Mind the latter, how it's written);
Made has not the sound of bade;
Say, said, pay, paid, laid but plaid.
Now I surely will not plague you
With such words as vague and argue,
But be careful how you speak,
Say gush, bush, steak, streak, break, bleak.

A of valour, vapid, vapour,
S of news (compare newspaper).
G of bigget, gibbon, gist,
I of antichrist and grist
Differ, like diverse and divers,
Rivers, strivers, shivers, fivers,
Once but nonce, toll, roll but droll.
Polish, polish, poll and poll.
Seven is right, but so is even,
Hyphen, roughen, nephew, Stephen,
Monkey, donkey, clerk and jerk,
Asp, grasp, wasp, demesne, cork, work.

Hiccup has the sound of "sup";
My advice is—give it up!

PRAYERS FROM SICK BEDS

THROUGH "Fides Service" comes the knowledge of this magnificent example of prayer re-enforced by suffering and resignation:

Over 200,000 sick persons, patients in 376 different hospitals of Italy, recently set aside one day on which to offer their prayers and sufferings for the Holy Father and the missions. This crusade of prayer was directed by the Missionary Union of the Clergy in Italy. It is not possible to estimate the number of sick living in their homes who prayed for the missions on that day, but the number must have been immense, since the sick of 157 dioceses responded to the appeal. Also in France, more than 30,000 sick received news of the event and offered their prayers and sufferings on that day for the Holy Father and the missions.

Many coöperated to make the day of prayer a success—Bishops, pastors, diocesan and parochial promoters of the Propagation of the Faith, directors of the Unio Cleri, and members of various Catholic associations. Even the radio coöperated in transmitting the talk of one of the directors. Innumerable communions were received on that day, and many

hours of adoration before the Blessed Sacrament were added. Holy Communion was carried in solemn procession to the homes of all the sick in many parishes.

MATER BEATA

(THE MOTHER BLESSED)

Katherine Greenleaf Pedley in "The Living Church":

LIKE to the stars that looked upon the plain
Of Bethlehem are they that shine tonight,
And in the benediction of their light
Forgotten are the hours of my pain;
While in my heart I hear anew the strain
Of joy triumphant, echoed from the height
Of heaven, whose hosts in symphony unite
To hymn that life is born to earth again.

When I shall look upon his comeliness,
His length of limb, the whiteness of his side,
The eager hands, whose touch is a caress—
Lest all my soul should be suffused with pride,
O Holy Mary, Mother undefiled,
Pray for thy servant who hath borne a child.

PERSONALITIES IN ANECDOTE

WHEN Amelia Earhart Putnam landed after her transatlantic flight, she received a radio from her dry cleaners in America: "Congratulations. Knew you'd make it. We never lose a customer."—*New York Herald Tribune*.

THE late Justice McKenna, of the United States Supreme Court, once took up golf in a serious way. He had a series of lessons from a professional, and was told he must practice assiduously.

So one day he went out to the Chevy Chase course, near Washington, to practice. He got a caddie and walked to a far-away tee.

The caddie teed up the ball and the justice took a swipe at it. He missed it a foot. He contemplated the ball for a space and then had another try. This time he hit the ground 18 inches behind the ball.

"Tut-tut!" said the distinguished justice. "Tut-tut!"

"Mister," said the caddie, "you'll never learn to play golf with them words."—*Saturday Evening Post*.

THE distinguished English statesman and historian, John Morley, had just returned to London after a visit to America. It was a dinner party, and a lively young woman said: "Mr. Morley, you have seen this wonderful man in Washington (Theodore Roosevelt) about whom all the world is talking. Now what do you think about him?"

Rather ponderously Mr. Morley began: "You may take every adjective on every page of the Oxford Dictionary, good, bad and indifferent, and you will find some one to apply—" "That's too complicated; can't you tell us in half a dozen words?" the young woman cut in impatiently. "In half a dozen words," Morley repeated. "Half St. Paul half St. Vitus."—*Busbey, Uncle Joe Cannon*.

WHEN Bret Harte was editing a little paper in a mining settlement in California, the wife of the leading citizen died, and it became his duty to write an editorial obituary. This he did quite to his satisfaction, concluding the eulogy with the remark, "She was distinguished for charity above all the other ladies of this town."

"I dropped into the office later," said Bret Harte, "to look at the proofs. I found that the intelligent compositor had made me say, 'She was distinguished for chastity above all the other ladies of this town.' I crossed out the insulting s, put a big query mark in the margin and went home. To my horror in the

morning I read, 'She was distinguished for chastity (?) above all the other ladies of this town'—E. P. Mitchell, *Memories of an Editor*.

GOVERNOR FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT tells of a young Navy ensign whose marks in navigation had not been all that might have been desired, and who was once set at the task of shooting the sun to determine the ship's position. The vessel was on cruise, and was somewhere west of Penzance.

After a while the ensign delivered to the captain the result of his calculations.

Shortly afterward, the captain sent for the ensign

"Young man," said the officer seriously, "remove your cap. We are now upon a hallowed spot."

"Beg your pardon, Captain?"

"Yes, sir," said the captain "If you have calculated accurately we are now right smack in the middle of Westminster Abbey."—*Collier's*.

PRAYER ANSWERED

From a Syracuse Church Bulletin:

Sermon

"I Want More Than Bread"

Church Supper Tonight

Sourbraten and Roast Pork.

SOME RATHER UNUSUAL PRINTS

VIA the Kablegram, of Mt. Morris, Ill., comes this collection of "slips that pass in the night":

Married life in Ohio, as observed by the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*: Miss Helen Sudolsky and Carl Hunger were married Friday at Park Villa. The deception followed at the home of Rev. K. F. Miller.

Preparedness note in the same State, as reported by the *Sydney Daily News*: Miss Margaret Taylor went to Piqua Thursday to be the guest for the day of Miss Vesta Schultz, who is visiting with her pants in that city.

The far-reaching effect of the radio, revealed by the *Madison Press*: One of Jack Harkin's horses died last week from a strange melody.

News of the open season in Washington, from the *Renton Gazette*: The Renton Gun Club will hold another shoot this Sunday at their traps on Smithers Field. The shooting will start about 9 o'clock and will continue as long as anyone is left to shoot.

Comment in the *Parkersburg News*, on the sartorial customs of West Virginia mountaineers: The bride entered the drawing-room on the arm of her father, who wore a gown of white charmeuse satin trimmed with Venetian point lace, and with a veil of the same.

Current events in the Buckeye State, as revealed by the *Cadiz Democrat-Sentinel*: Jim Banks, of Hazleton, picked up a live wife at the corner of Main and McDougal Street, and was instantly shocked. His condition is much improved, but his wedding has been postponed.

Doings of the younger generation gleaned from the *Sydney Daily News*: Miss Mabel Moon returned home Friday morning from a pleasure rip through the East.

Connubial comment in the *Cadiz Sentinel*: She was married in Evansville, Ind., to Walter John Jarrett, and to this onion was born three children.

The course of social events in Texas, as noted by the *Annona News*: If it rains this evening the social will be hell to-morrow evening.

BONA FIDE NEWS ITEMS

THESE brevities are taken from some recent issues of "Time," the weekly news magazine:

Wife. In Los Angeles, Henry Rae told his wife she was too beautiful. Wife Rae smeared a strong caustic on her face, disfigured it permanently.

Matches. In Plattsburg, N. Y., State troopers found chewed-off match ends beside murdered Samuel Bradley. Neighbor Elmer Rabideau was arrested, denied cigarets, allowed to keep his matches. Elmer Rabideau chewed matches just the way the ones beside Samuel Bradley had been chewed. He confessed.

Loan. In Camden, N. J., Merchant William E. Cross lost \$75, advertised his loss, received the following unsigned letter from an unemployed man: "I have found your money, but I expect to keep it until I get a break. . . . I am going to borrow the money until I get back to work again, then I will repay you with interest."

Rags. In Chicago, for 25 years Bill Kearns pushed a dilapidated handcart about the streets, bought old rags, junk, bottles. Fortnight ago Bill Kearns died, left over \$1,000,000 in cash and Government bonds.

Hogg. In Spring Lake, N. J., James Hogg, vermin exterminator, was arrested for reckless driving by Chief Elwood Lutz, fined by Justice of the Peace John H. Young. Exterminator Hogg telephoned Justice Young, inquired whether he had any bedbugs, received a negative answer. Said James Hogg: "Well, you will have." When Justice Young went home he found a bottle on the porch from which hundreds of bedbugs were streaming into the house.

Judge. In Cincinnati, Judge Samuel W. Bell was disturbed by the hammering of an electrician outside his courtroom. Ordering him sent in, irate Judge Bell sentenced Electrician Ray Burke to five days in jail for "disturbing the peace."

Tax Collector. In Timisoara, Rumania, a tax collector told bankrupt Merchant Stoianovici to "go hang himself" if he couldn't pay his taxes. Merchant Stoianovici complied.

Loiterer. In Manhattan, one Stanley Podlody, loiterer, forced Stanley Pietraszkiewicz, janitor downstairs, tried to shove his head into a stove, broil him. Vexed, Stanley Pietraszkiewicz bit off Stanley Podlody's left ear.

Finger. In Washington, D. C., one Joe McHale, 7, stuck his finger in a knothole, could not withdraw it. His playmates uprooted the post, took Joe, finger, post to Joe's mother. Police and firemen whittled the post away.

Negro. In Manhattan last year, William Marshall, Negro, was stabbed through the heart. Last week he died of alcoholism. An autopsy showed an inch of knife blade in his heart, covered with scar tissue.

Devils. In Baltimore, Mrs. Annie Aubel, 55, drove a health officer from her door crying, "God won't let you in!" Soon came police. While Son Paul Aubel, 30, gabbled "God knows all about this!" they pried, peered, hunted about the house. On a couch they found the body of crippled Son Grant Aubel, 26, and a diary explaining that he died April 4, would arise June 24. Mrs. Aubel and Son Paul said they had given the cripple no food since March 20, "because the Lord told us to starve him to drive out the devils." Gabbled Paul Aubel: "The Lord told me to bind him hand & foot and cast him into outer darkness. I tied his hands & feet, but he chewed the strings and I tied him again. He died the next morning."

Yawn. In East Orange, N. J., Joseph Wooten yawned mightily, dislocated his jaw, was taken to a hospital. While an attendant was leading him down a corridor, Joseph Wooten felt his jaw lock. Frightened, frantic, he jumped out a window, killed himself.

Tip. In Fort Worth, Texas, Mrs. F. H. Earle wrecked her automobile. The windshield shattered, cut off the top of her nose. Minus the tip she was rushed to the hospital. A woman at the scene of the accident found the nose tip, took it to the hospital, physicians grafted it back on Mrs. F. H. Earle.

Cow. In East Stroudsburg, Pa., James Martin put down his rifle to chase a cow. The cow ran toward his younger brother, Charles, stepped on the rifle, shot Charles Martin dead.

Husbands. In Bartow, Fla., Ruby Adkins went to the penitentiary with her fifth husband. Four previous husbands had been incarcerated; Ruby Adkins was tired of staying outside.

AN ADVERTISEMENT WORTH READING

THE following announcement appeared in several New England papers. It is both catholic and Catholic:

Announcement

To State and Community Boards of Health, to the Medical Profession, to Civic and Church Social Workers

THE SERVANTS OF RELIEF

(Incorporated under the laws of Massachusetts)

A RELIGIOUS COMMUNITY OF WOMEN
FOUNDED IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK BY
ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP
(Daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne)

Will Open in Fall River, Mass., On August 2nd, 1932

THE ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP FREE
HOME FOR ADVANCED CANCER

No money received from patients or from patients' relatives or friends,—either directly or indirectly; this to assure like treatment to all.

The Conditions Required for Admission Are:

- A. A certificate from a competent medical authority that the applicant is suffering from cancer.
- B. That the applicant is not financially able to obtain proper care elsewhere. Determining information on this point will be accepted from civic authority or from priest, minister or rabbi.

No creed, no color, no nationality will insure preferred treatment or priority of admission. Priority of application will determine admission; once admitted patients may summon whomsoever they will for spiritual advice and consolation; absolute impartial treatment will be given to all.

For further information please address:

THE MOTHER SUPERIOR

Rose Hawthorne Lathrop Free Home for Cancer
Woodman and Bay Streets Fall River, Mass.

Home open for public inspection Sunday, July 31, 1932.

Formal opening Tuesday, August 2nd.

Visitors Always Welcome.

Mar Ivanios in Rome

By Gabriel Francis Powers

A MOST notable event in modern Ecclesiastical History is the conversion of Mar Ivanios, Archbishop of Bethany (Trivandrum, India). He has been followed into the Church by eight thousand schismatic Jacobites, and has himself baptized between seven and eight hundred Hindus, including many Brahmins, since his conversion in September, 1930. Among the converts were thirty-seven Jacobite priests, two of whom were Jacobite Bishops-designate. Mar Ivanios is convinced that India is preparing for conversion: "The e are in that land vast multitudes of people living holy and austere lives—people who practise self-denial as part of their lives—and my hope and belief is that they will all eventually come into communion with the Catholic Church, under the paternal rule of Our Holy Father the Pope."—EDITOR

IT will always be a pleasure to recall that our first view of the great Indian convert Archbishop was in the Chapel of St. Paul of the Cross, on the day of his feast, April 28. A lovely spring morning in the Eternal City, the chapel, which is as big as a church, packed with devout worshippers, altar and balustrades covered with fragrant flowers, a prelate celebrating the early Mass at which hundreds of people received Holy Communion, and the organ softly accompanying the fervent prayers poured forth before that beloved shrine.

When the ceremony ended, there came across the chapel, directed toward the

altar, a striking figure in Oriental robes, preceded by two attendants carrying what seemed to be *flabella*—a flat disc at the top of a staff, which they set down against the wall. The figure, rather slender and modest in bearing, went up to the Epistle side of the altar and began to remove its outer garments, then stood a moment waiting. We must confess that our impression of this figure was that it was Christ-like. The head slightly bowed, the hair, the beard, the whole venerable and prayerful aspect.

The stranger wore a long tunic of a light color, between cream and rose, and a sash wound round his waist in the Eastern fashion, the sash being of a deep rose-red, a splendid and glowing hue. Almost immediately the vestments for a rite different from ours were brought, and the hieratic preparations proceeded; but that one instant of vision-like view of the man in the tunic standing silent and motionless before the altar, was something never to be forgotten.

ON our way out, we stopped to enquire of one of the Brothers we know who the Oriental prelate was. But the Italians are always in trouble with foreign names. The Brother looked confused.

"He's an Indian Bishop, that great Indian Bishop, you know? I can't think just what they call him."

"Is it Mar Ivanios?" We were fairly sure but wished for confirmation.

"Maybe it is, but don't take my word for it. It sounds something like Georgios."

Thank heaven for good Italian lay-brothers and for laughter!

It was Mar Ivanios, of course. He had only recently arrived in Rome and through the kind offices of the Apostolic Delegate in India, Monsignor Leo Kierkels C.P., he was a guest in the great Roman Passionist House of Sts. John and Paul. In fact, a young English Passionist, Father Alfred Wilson, had been detailed to meet and



MAR IVANIOS WEARING THE PALLIUM AND LATIN MITRE FOR THE FIRST TIME

welcome him on his arrival in Naples, and to bring him safely through the formalities which required the knowledge of both English and Italian.

In the course of his stay in the Eternal City we had the privilege of meeting His Grace many times, but it will always be a pleasure to remember that we first saw him at the altar of St. Paul of the Cross. As a matter of fact, we had never hoped to see him, for India is too far away for most of us; but from the first tidings that came of it, we had been following with the deepest interest and sympathy the movement of the Jacobites toward the Catholic Church. And here was Mar Ivanios in Rome!

How far he had come, and how much water had flowed beneath the bridges since the initial stirring of his desire toward this same Rome! For it should be remembered that the convert Bishop occupied a position of eminence in his own schismatic Church, that all his life he has been a humble, earnest, sincere seeker of the highest things in the spiritual life, and that his religious culture, and energetic and forceful character make him a power among his people. He is what the man in the street describes as a "live wire," and his enemies fear his influence and watch for his action, two facts that are extremely significant.



MAR IVANIOS CELEBRATING MASS IN THE "ICONOSTASIS" OF THE GREEK COLLEGE CHURCH OF ST. ATHANASIOS, ROME



MAR IVANIOS (CENTER) AT THE VATICAN IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE RECEPTION OF THE PALLIUM. RIGHT END MSGR. RESPIGHI, PREFECT OF APOSTOLIC MASTERS OF CEREMONIES. LEFT OF MAR IVANIOS, MSGR. CACCIA DOMINIONI, MASTER OF THE CHAMBER TO HIS HOLINESS; THE ABBOT PRIMATE OF THE BENEDICTINES; MR. OGILVIE FORBES, BRITISH CHARGE D'AFFAIRES AT THE VATICAN. BEHIND MAR IVANIOS (LEFT) MSGR. ROSSO, OF THE ORIENTAL CONGREGATION; (RIGHT) GROUP OF PASSIONISTS. ABOVE AND BELOW: INDIAN STUDENTS FROM THE INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE OF PROPAGANDA FIDE

There are thousands of souls under the jurisdiction of the Archbishop, in a district of Southern India where the people are particularly intelligent and well educated, and where English is spoken familiarly as well as the native tongue. On the other hand, the Jacobites are extremely attached to their own liturgy and rites to which they bring, besides a genuine religious fervor, a sort of hereditary nationalistic pride.

Mar Ivanios perhaps could scarcely say himself just why he began to feel that the position of the Jacobites was not quite sound. He does declare, unhesitatingly, that the idea upon which he acted, when it grew to conviction, was not new to him. Twenty-five, thirty years ago he had already begun to question why his Church was not subject to the "Universal Bishop"—so the Jacobites describe the supreme head of the Church—and through long decades of painful thought, of spiritual combat and anguish, of uncertainty and doubt, Heaven at length brought this true seeker to a fullness of clear light.

HE had founded a twin Order, for men and for women, in which the Religious lead lives of holiness and austerity under the title of the "Order of the Imitation of Christ," and it is said that his habitual

insistence upon the virtue of obedience, reacted upon the founder in the form of a question: To whom was *he* subject and whom did he obey?

God granted him the grace to see that for all faithful followers of Christ there can only be one true Church and it is the Church built upon Peter, and one obedience to one sole Chief, to whom the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven were given. "The Universal Bishop," Mar Ivanios says, "is Peter."

He made his submission to the Catholic Church on September 20, 1930, after a solemn preparation of fast and prayer, and by special favor of the Holy See, was permitted to retain unchanged his own liturgy and ritual in the ancient tongue.

The coming of Mar Ivanios determined a strong current in the movement toward the Catholic Church. Mar Theophilus, another Jacobite Bishop who had been following the same path as his brother prelate, came with him; thirty-seven priests; and gradually a vast number of the faithful. In his Christmas letter to the Sovereign Pontiff Mar Ivanios wrote that "like the Wise Men of yore he was coming from the East with gifts; not gold and treasures, for he had none, but *souls* to offer to him." Something like eight thousand souls were

the tribute of the Oriental prelate to Christ the King; and he laid them at the feet of Peter.

ONE of the persons present at the first meeting between the Holy Father and the Eastern Bishop assured us that the joy of both was so great it almost overflowed; and Pius XI, who never ventures to speak English though he understands the language well, broke his habitual reserve to say with deep feeling: "You are a good son." Perhaps no other word in the whole interview, conducted by means of interpreters, gave the convert Bishop so much happiness.

To innumerable hearers he repeated, during his stay in Rome, this delicious word of praise, and always smiling with the unfathomable bliss of it: "You are a good son." It was the word of Peter receiving him, the welcome of the Catholic Church, his Mother.

By an altogether singular privilege the Holy Father desired to confer the sacred Pallium on Mar Ivanios with his own hands. It was another proof of his rejoicing and particular favor.

These most precious bands, of white marked with black crosses, which as insignia go back to the earliest days of the

Church, and it is thought may have originated in Apostolic days, are made from the wool of the St. Agnes feast-day lambs, woven by the Cistercian cloistered Sisters, and on the eve of St. Peter's feast, they are laid in a coffer upon the altar of the tomb of St. Peter, and there remain until the feast is over.

THE Pallium is solemnly bestowed upon the chiefs of the hierarchy and is a distinctive badge of this high office. One of our pictures shows the Archbishop photographed after the ceremony in the Loggia of Raphael and wearing the Pallium he has just received. With him are many distinguished personages: Monsignor Caccia-Dominioni, the Pope's Master of the Chamber, Monsignor Respighi, Prefect of the Apostolic Masters of Ceremony, the prelate members of the Congregation for the Oriental Churches, the Abbot Primate of the Benedictines, the British representative to the Holy See, Mr. Ogilvie Forbes (a descendant of Blessed John Ogilvie S.J., the martyr) and several other dignitaries, besides a fine group of Indian students from the College of Propaganda Fide. Several Passionists accompanied the Archbishop, Father Bonaventure, Assistant General, Father Harold Jr., Father Alfred and Father Gabriel.

Mar Ivanios was naturally the object of many courtesies and attentions while he was in Rome, as if the Roman Church wished to receive, with arms wide open, this "good son" coming to her from the ancient, mystic East, a son who comes across huge

sacrifices and losses, stripped of all he once possessed among his own people, and who may in truth be said to have suffered persecution for the Faith. He would surely say himself that it had been worth-while, and his denudation has not impaired his happiness.

His Grace preached several times during his stay, at Santa Susanna, the Church of the American Paulist Fathers, S. Silvestro, the church for English Catholics, and in other centres, and we were able to hear from his own lips the story of his remarkable conversion, though "there was nothing sudden about it," he explains. It was the result of long thinking, of slowly-formed and inevitable convictions.

"For twenty-five, thirty years perhaps, these thoughts had been maturing in my mind." He cannot speak without emotion of the "twentieth of September, nineteen hundred and thirty. On that day, in the presence of God Almighty, of the ever-blessed Virgin Mother, of all the Saints and Angels, I made my submission to Rome." One realizes in the solemn and touching words what a tremendous and momentous step the Jacobite Archbishop felt that he was taking, and one's soul goes out in sympathy to the venerable soul which, leaving all its past totally behind it, feels for one moment, surely not longer than the gasp of one breath, that it stands transcendently alone.

It will know at once, after that, that the Presences it has invoked are with it, that Peter, the Key-Bearer, is smiling, and that at the heart of the Church that Peter

founded are these two things: Pius XI, and Rome.

Many persons had the opportunity of assisting at the celebration of the Divine Mysteries in a strange and beautiful rite, as Mar Ivanios offered the Holy Sacrifice for his own personal devotion in all the principal basilicas, and in a number of churches and chapels to which he had been invited. We remember with particular pleasure that as the first time we saw him he was at the altar of S. Paul of the Cross, so the day we went to take leave of him, a Sunday morning, we found him celebrating at the altar of S. Gabriel.

THE ceremonies of this Oriental rite struck us as most impressive. The vestment worn is much like our cope, and is embroidered with the Eucharistic symbols of wheat and grapes; special slippers, richly embroidered by hand, are worn together with this, but only at the altar; on the Archbishop's head is a small, close-fitting black velvet cap, something like an airman's helmet, embroidered in white silk and having the Dove with outspread wings at the crown. The book being an Eastern Missal, the celebrant begins to read it from the end, backward.

The liturgy is rather difficult to follow because one is not always sure of the part of the Mass being read, but Mar Ivanios is thinking of bringing out an English translation which will enable the faithful to assist with better understanding. At one point seven invocations to the Holy Ghost are made, and the Archbishop lifts his



MAR IVANIOS PHOTOGRAPHED AFTER MASS, IN THE CLOISTER OF ST. JOHN LATERN. FATHER MATTAM, HIS SECRETARY, CARRIES THE CHALICE. STUDENTS FROM THE GREEK COLLEGE IN ATTENDANCE

arms heavenward, bringing down the hands subsequently with a fluttering motion that signifies the descent of the Paraclete upon the Divine Mysteries.

During the Consecration the bell is rung continuously until the double act is done. Then the celebrant draws back from the altar and adores with folded hands, alternately prostrating with arms crossed at the breast. A good Passionist lay-brother has learned to serve and is ready at each successive part of the Sacrifice. The Elevation is made toward the people, the celebrant coming forward to the middle of the sanctuary and lifting the Chalice and sacred Bread on high that the faithful may adore Them.

At this moment two candles are lighted, and, no acolytes being available, the Brother beckoned two boys of the congregation and put the tall candlesticks into their hands. The little fellows stood erect and motionless, at each side of the majestic figure with arms uplifted, one in his clean white sailor-suit, the other in his *Balilla* Fascist uniform; and we welcomed another sign,—they are so frequent in Rome,—of the universality of the Church, for here was India, the immemorial East, with a strange and striking rite, and the three-foot militiaman, one of the most modern developments of Italy, similarly engaged in offering

homage to the Divine Mystery of the altar.

Holy Communion is administered under the both Kinds, the celebrant dipping the particle in the chalice and giving it by means of a tiny spoon; thus he goes back to the altar to prepare the portion for each single communicant in turn and the ceremony is a long one. The Blessing is given by means of a small Cross which the Archbishop carries continually with him and which he always proffers to anybody desiring to kiss his hand.

This particular cross of Mar Ivanios is about three hundred years old and he holds it in extreme veneration. It is somewhat Byzantine in style, of chiselled gold decorated with rubies, and attached to the foot of it is a veil, deep rose-red in color, which serves to cover it when it is not in use. The prelate carries it on his breast, but inside his garments; while on the outside he wears his pectoral cross on its chain.

ONE would wish, if possible, to give a "close-up" of this most remarkable man and epoch-making convert, but it can, of course, only be an impression. Exterio-ri-ly one meets a Church dignitary of extreme affability and of a most gentle and winning manner. He speaks English perfectly and no wonder, since he has frequented the Universities. He is glad to meet people

and to speak to them of what interests them personally, and glad, too, to speak freely to them of his India.

A man of medium height, slender in build, ascetic, but in his eyes, full of a hidden fire and unfathomably deep, broods the unsolvable mystery of the Orient. You know the enormous sacrifices he has made, the precariousness of his position in his own country, the insidiousness of his enemies, and you wonder what the future holds in store for him; but you sense, under the priestly mildness, reserves of energy, of initiative, of fearlessness, which make of him a true Bishop, as in godliness he is a true Priest. And we call to mind a word he said to us, the mere scrap of a conversation.

"Everywhere," he said, "in all parts of the world, and among all nations, there is a movement toward Rome. It is most wonderful; one can scarcely say just what it is, but something is stirring and bringing souls this way. All the nations are feeling it."

We could not but agree, but added that persecutions would probably follow as a result of the widespread movement.

"I hope so," Mar Ivanios said earnestly.

"Your Grace *hopes* so?" "Yes. For what is a man's faith worth if he is not willing to die for it? And martyrs bring an increase to the Church."

This is history—we of Rome know it well.

Compensation

By Anne Banville

ON a cold night, she always made "The Rounds" at about midnight, or after, to see if they were all comfortably tucked in or if more covers were necessary, if the windows should be adjusted, if the "coughing one" was feverish or just needed a few drops of warm sweet oil to soothe a tickling throat.

The faint glimmer of an oil lamp, turned very low so as not to disturb the fortunate ones lost in sleep, was the first indication of her approach to the "coughing one." A few soothing words administered with the hot sweet oil, and all the forlornness of the night vanished with the tickling in the throat. An adjustment of the pillow, a tuck here, a pat there and the covers spelled perfect comfort. All was now peace for the "coughing one."

The years added their burdens to the making of "The Rounds." There were more little bodies to be tucked in, more blankets to distribute, more colds to worry about. But the years brought their joys as well as their sorrows as each tiny tot grew up to be replaced by another tiny tot; or to replace a tiny tot that had been laid to rest to remain a baby always. It seemed the home always had and always wanted another baby.

COLD—numbing, penetrating—creeps over the weary old bones. She should get up and tuck in the children. Some of them might be uncovered. But the eyes that have not been closed at night in sound sleep since the birth of her first child, and the ears that have been accustomed to bring her entire body to immediate attention at the first faint baby cry are not equal to the urgings of habit. Only in dreams now does she make "The Rounds."

The night is lonesome. The dear companion of so many years is now only a cherished memory. If he were here tonight, she would not expect him to rise and secure more blankets. No, he worked hard all day; he needed his rest. She recalls, however, the comfort it used to be to have him inquire sleepily if everything was all right when she returned to bed after making "The Rounds."

Softly the bedroom door is opened. A young girl tiptoes into the room and peers at the apparently sleeping figure on the bed. She spreads an extra blanket very gently and tucks it lovingly about her mother. Then adjusting a screen before the open window, that the frosty night air will not strike the bed so directly, she

shuffles out in her mother's slippers, having stepped into them while fixing the covers.

A WARMTH, that starts from the old heart and encompasses all her body, takes the cold out of the night and the lonesomeness out of the darkness. From the extra blanket this warmth? No, from the hands that spread it. Little hands that she washed, and cherished and caressed, not so many years ago; capable hands, now, doling out a salary, as it were, for services rendered.

The shuffling feet can still be heard faintly as they proceed back to their own bed. How fitting that she should be wearing her mother's slippers, they make a woman of her tonight. A few years more and they will no longer shuffle, but will be wedged tight with experiences.

And so the mother closes her eyes in contentment, for under her roof tonight sleep her children, young men and women. When sleep overcomes her she is again making "The Rounds" of household duties during the day; "The Rounds" of prayer on her Rosary; "The Rounds" of guarded footsteps to each breathing little bundle of bedclothes at night. The night has ceased to be cold.

Levity—or Levitation

By G. K.
Chesterton

I DO not see why a man should not sometimes have a holiday even while he is doing his work, especially in this hot weather, and write about something merely because it amuses him. I know I should be doing my duty as a Distributist, doing it dismally with the pen, when others are already doing it more nobly with the plough.

But for once, in a way, I am going to write merely for fun, and about something only because it is funny. And the funniest thing I can find for miles round is a paper called the *Psychic News*, a recent issue of which was adorned with a portrait of me, accompanied with the extraordinary and rather mysterious caption: "G. K. C., the Catholic who goes up in the air."

Believing as I do in miracles, I have never claimed Levitation as a power particularly likely to be manifested in my own case. But though not at present drawn irresistibly toward levitation, I am much tempted to levity.

An Absurd Muddle

THE charges are rather vague, except that they all seem to be equally unfortunate in relation to the facts of the case. The writer seems to take it for granted that an article quite plainly signed by somebody else must really have been written by me; and written by me from no other motive but a fanatical Catholicism, although the man who really wrote is not a Catholic at all, and said nothing whatever to suggest in any way that he was. He, however, is supremely capable of looking after himself, and the mere facts about this absurd muddle I have dealt with elsewhere.

At this moment I only wish to wallow in sheer shameless enjoyment of the way in which the *Psychic News* attacks the Catholic Church and attacks me. I admit that this is mere self-indulgence on my part. I know that numbers of judicious friends will tell me that I ought not to take any notice of such an article.

But nothing that can be called human is uninteresting, and this involves, to begin with, one puzzle which always interests me very much. And that is, why people who fly into a rage with the Catholic Church always use an extraordinary diction, or verbal style, in which all sorts of incommensurate things are jumbled up together, so that the very order of the

IT must be a dreadful moment of indecision for the inquirers, when they have to make up their minds whether they will buy rosaries or beads. But the last term is the best; and here the order of words is especially significant. Apparently the first object of a Catholic is to get a candle. If once he can only get hold of a candle, and walk about everywhere clasp his candle, he is all right. But if he can not get a candle, he has the alternative of purchasing a Mass—an instrument that is a sort of substitute for a candle.

I NEVER read an attack on Catholicism without finding this ignorant gabble of terms all topsy-turvy. There is always some such medley of misused words, in which mitres, *misereres*, nones, albs, croziers, virgins, and viaticums tumble over each other without the wildest hope that anybody could possibly know what any of them mean. That is the first curiosity about this kind of writing.

words is a joke: "Spiritualism depends only on the evidence which people receive in their own homes. It does not require priests. Neither do inquirers have to buy rosaries or beads, or crucifixes, or pay for candles or masses."

Ignorant Gabble

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Now I did not, as it happens, launch any grand persecuting personal spiritual attack on Spiritualism, as this writer imaginatively described. But if I did, as of course I might, I do think I could make a better job of attacking Spiritualism than he does of attacking Catholicism.

"G. K. C., The Catholic Who Goes Up in the Air."

—*Psychic News*.

I should not talk as if a Spiritualist hung suspended between the two divine dogmas of the Sacredness of Tambourines and the Return of the Dead. I should not talk as if men chose between a planchette and an ouija-board. I should not talk about "tables or furniture," or imply that a trumpet was the same sort of thing as a seance.

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We can now go back to the only sentence in the paragraph in which anything like meaning is apparent. It is that passage in which, we are told, Spiritualism does without a priesthood.

Spiritualism Minus Priesthood

IT does not require priests. It only requires a spiritual aristocracy, really much more exclusive and privileged than priests; seeing they have direct access to new revelations and their superiority is in their personal spiritual structure; they are abnormal as priests are not necessarily abnormal.

But, however that may be, the paper in question reveals some remarkable impressions about spiritual functions and degrees. There is an astonishing caption, under a picture of St. Joan of Arc, saying that she "did not care" whether she was a saint or a witch, because "she had a job to do and did it."

How refreshing this language is! How full of the fifteenth century! Joan was just all out to get that job. She reckoned she could hold down the job. Gee! Joan wasn't the sort of skirt to bother about whether it came from God or the Devil when there was a good job to hold down. The paper informs us that its religion is entirely founded on facts; but it seems possible to manufacture a good deal of abstract vulgarity without employing them. It were vain, I suppose, to point out the historical fact that Joan debated desperately for days and days to prove she was not a witch, long after it was obvious that her job, as a job, was either done or done for.

But might not the suggestion, that it does not matter whether one is a witch or a saint, explain something of the distrust that some of us feel about Spiritualism?

As I am writing this for fun, I would not say very much about the Central Mystery of my own religion, or the laboriously offensive terms in which the writer asks me to "prove" Transubstantiation, as he apparently claims to "prove" Spiritualism.

To him I am content to say one thing.

Suppose the Church had tried to give such proofs, and with such results. Suppose Pope after Pope, and Priest after Priest, had stood up at the altar-rails promising on the spot to prove Transubstantiation. And suppose Pope after Pope, and Priest after Priest, had been exposed as proving it by a faked apparatus in the Communion Table, by hidden wires in the cross and candles, and all the apparatus of fraud.

Suppose, while many priests were

doubtless honest men and perhaps honest dupes, it was a plain palpable historical fact that the miracle had again and again been a mere conjuring-trick, and the most famous Catholic saints had been caught and exposed doing the trick.

If that had happened, I venture to say that the Eucharistic Congress would not now be so much respected by the whole civilized world; or by everybody except the hooligans of Portadown and Belfast and journalists of the *Psychic News*.

DUSKY JUSTICE

By Edward F. Murphy, S.S.J.

THE late Supreme Court ruling against a new trial for eight colored men, convicted last year at Scottsboro, Alabama, of an attack on two white girls, has drawn public interest afresh to dusky justice.

The point which the defence sought to score was that the defendants had not received a fair trial, inasmuch as no Negroes were included in the jury that condemned them; and the Supreme Court, closing this case, only succeeds in leaving the question of judicial fairness as wide open as ever.

It may be pertinent, to a fuller understanding of the prevalent attitude toward justice for Afro-America, to recall at this time certain circumstances of a similar criminal case: that of William Peterson, also a colored Alabaman, and one of a trio of alleged assaulters of three white girls in Birmingham.

The Exceptional Case

HERE was a crime, if ever there was one, to set the Southern spine quivering. Two of the girls died; and Helen Williams, the third, lived to be Peterson's nemesis, positively identifying him as the murderer. There were—had to be!—theatrics.

Miss Williams' brother, smuggling a pistol into the prison where Williams was confined, shot him through the lung; and the bullet must have been a challenge to the South to finish the work with a rope. But either the old racial dynamite was not so plentiful as it used to be, or else it had been a bit dampened by up-to-date logic.

Anyhow, the Southern Court, despite the heat, managed to keep cool through all the melodrama, and earnestly looked for light: in fact, Peterson was not convicted at his first trial because of a reasonable doubt that Miss Williams might have been mistaken in her identification.

Instances of such virtue toward our colored seem rare enough to be deeply cherished by the race as indications, however scant and isolated, that, even if

justice is dead and buried for them, it still can rise on occasion from the tomb. This court-treatment of William Peterson, notwithstanding that the issue of his

IT is public opinion that will set the scales of justice definitely in Negro favor; and, thus far, there has indeed been more than a vibration of such opinion, occasioned by revivals of the American spirit of fair play, increased enlightenment, economic pressure, or simply the triumph of good impulse over bad.

But the beginning is yet only a beginning, and is scattered and vague; the while we are miles and miles from a prevalent court-condition in which the Peterson fairness of procedure would be not the exception but the rule. Though the colored should be consoled that some progress in the right direction has been made, the whites have a duty to be ashamed that it has not been very much more.

The Church, than which no power on earth can stir men's hearts more deeply for ideals, has a solemn obligation to quicken and increase the spirit of justice toward Afro-America; for who can be a Christian and yet ignore, in the matter of simple equity to our Negro fellow-citizens and brothers in the Lord, the word of the Master: "Amen I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these My least brethren, you did it to Me."

second trial was not favorable, offered a wholesome departure from the barbarism of lynch-law and from the bane of such a rule as a Chicago judge once expressed:

"Where a white man will be found guilty of manslaughter, a colored man will be found guilty of murder."

But, while the civil incivilities toward Afro-America in the past have indeed been so many and malign as to render the Peterson exception almost absurdly precious, it should not be too hard for colored folk to realize that, after all, there have been some triumphs of decency and that there is an explanation, if not an excuse, why there have not been more.

With regard to the relative fewness, it must be mentioned that, apart from prejudice, the Negro has fared badly in the Land of the Free for the same reason that the poor fare badly everywhere: poverty. Justice is only theoretically for all: practically, it is too often wealth or influence that commands the best means of obtaining (and preventing or perverting) it.

And as for the examples of court-considerateness, the records of the South are relieved, over and over again, with humanitarian motive: which is the more gratifying, perhaps, because of the very reason offered by the defence in protest to the Supreme Court in the Scottsboro affair: that Southern juries are usually made up exclusively of white men.

Left-handed Comfort

FOR it does happen that, with all their animus, innumerable Southerners have a very warm spot in their hearts, as well they may, for the darker race, so gentle, picturesque, flatteringly submissive and dependent. And though the same whites may never respect, to any notable degree, the virile stirrings of these lowly folk for a higher status, they are quite disposed to be lenient to their lesser failings; maybe more so, at times, than colored jurors themselves would be.

That all this constitutes a rather awkward, left-handed kind of comfort, smacking of insolence and smugness, may not be denied; and the best that can be said

about it seems to be that it's better than nothing. But Fortune has dealt so miserably with our colored brothers that even a little favor appears large to the less idealistic among them.

Judge Stevenson of Winston-Salem, North Carolina, according to Jerome Dowd, author of the book, "The Negro in American Life," analyzed 19,000 cases in that city, two-thirds of which concerned Negroes; and his conclusion was that, in fine and sentence, the colored offenders fared better than the white. The average fine of the latter was \$18.05, and of the former \$14.55; while the average Negro prison term was 79.37 days, and the white man's 86.04. And so, if North Carolina is as representative of Southern disposition as she would seem to be, the colored culprit, except in sex-crimes, which usually make Dixie see so red that reason is out of the question, at least need not take for granted a miscarriage of justice, as, in moments of pessimism, he is much inclined to do.

Another fact which works for the weal as well as the woe of the colored before the Southern courts is that a high standard of morality is not always required of them. It grieves the best souls in the race that this should be so; for, if the South sought more virtue in Negroes, doubtless there would be inspiration for them to find more in themselves.

It is hard not to act inferiorly, when the spirit is chilled and degraded with a consciousness that inferiority is expected and will alone be accepted as a normal expression. Southern employers who, for instance, pay small wages on the assumption that their meek servants will steal, no matter what their salary, help to murder the moral progress of this people.

A Constitutional Fiction

BUT this adverse psychology often manages to turn its frown into something of a smile, when a Negro is haled before a Southern bar of justice; and Simon Legree is then mellowed into a sort of Portia.

It is a fact that our colored, by Constitutional Amendment, have equal rights of citizenship with ourselves: also, alas, it is, and apparently long shall be, a fiction that such a fact amounts to much more than a theory. The South looks upon the Negro as a ward: a view-point with some advantages to Afro-America, but with a positive check on her progress. This coiling paternalism is not unlike the loopings of a bo-constrictor to the race, and a cry is raised against it by the Negro Press.

And when it is mentioned that the colored man, in petty trouble, profits from being a charge of the South, the informed Afro-American may well smile and breathe a reminder of such a typical contrary as that of John Creek, a Negro of Annapolis, who was condemned to five years in the Maryland Penitentiary for stealing a chicken; or of Susie Boyd, colored, in Vir-

ginia, given a sentence of thirty years for forgeries that amounted to but \$185; or of Albert Streeter, of Atlanta, Georgia, whose punishment ran from twelve to sixteen years for taking a watch and fifty-five cents; or of Oscar Josey who, less than two years ago, found himself facing in Georgia a twenty-year stretch for removing (of all priceless things!) a ham.

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The would-be bearer of an olive-branch between the races feels like running for dear life, when there is read at him the list of appallingly unjust judgments in a land whose corner-stone and dogma-in-chief are supposed to be fairness. A paternalism that impulsively turns so viciously against its charges, as in the cases mentioned, leaves too much to be desired.

Needed: A Vision

NEVERTHELESS, however long the catalogue of legal cruelties may be, there remains a less-reported, if pretty thin, parallel of court kindness; and, to save themselves from utter cynicism, which hardly ever works reform, the race might try to concentrate, at least more frequently than some of its Jeremiaeses would have it do, on these. Yet it goes without saying that manliness alone requires that they resent such misapplications of justice with every throb of their afflicted heart.

And when all the soothing things are said, and the blessed notes in the handling of the Peterson trial are stressed to the fullest, and Negroes are duly invited to whatever optimism is possible, it remains for open-minded Americans to be actively concerned that, in general, the scales of social justice have done such strange jiggling in this land; that it is banefully customary for courts to impose heavier sentences on colored than on white offenders; that, strangely, in the South, a white man is rarely condemned to death for killing a Negro, whereas the accused Negro is quite certain to be given the supreme penalty by the court or "by parties unknown to the jury"; that the atmosphere of the Southern court is largely prejudicial and that, in indication of this, references to the colored defendant in terms of essential insult are apt to recur maddeningly in the course of a trial; that the nose of justice is putty to a twist of race-rancor;

and that the American ideal of "a jury of his peers" falls with a thud, where a colored man is concerned.

It would be as wrong for sunny white reviewers to blink the sombre phase of this inter-racial question, as it would be unfortunate for the colored to let themselves be overwhelmed by it. A fact-facing vision on both sides should reveal a vast field for adjustment and improvement.

That our Constitution is committed to the Negro cause is evident from the Fifteenth Amendment: "The right of the citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the U. S. or any State on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude."

That the Supreme Court is not inimical appears from the fact that it declared invalid the famous Southern subterfuge (the "grandfather clause") which would have disenfranchised the Negro by an indirect defiance of the Constitution.

That the lesser courts are not always insensate to justice for Afro-America seems attested by sundry decisions wholly favorable to the race: such as the refusal to grant an annulment of marriage between a white man and a colored woman in the celebrated Rhinelander contest in New York; the verdict in the Ross Will litigation in Union County, North Carolina, whereby the Negro beneficiaries of a white woman's estate of 15,000 acres and \$35,000 were sustained against relatives of the deceased who fought the document on the ground that Margaret Ross was incompetent and unduly influenced.

All this is an indication, if not an earnest, of a larger play of fairness in our civil relations with our colored brother.

The Master's Word

IT is public opinion, in fine, that will set the scales of justice definitely in Negro favor; and, thus far, there has indeed been more than a vibration of such opinion, occasioned by revivals of the American spirit of fair play, increased enlightenment, economic pressure, or simply the triumph of good impulse over bad.

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In Justice to Saint James the Just

By Helen Walker Homan

THUS captioned, I wanted to make public an apologia of you, Saint James, kinsman of the Lord, and first Bishop of Jerusalem—when I chanced to look at that title again. Happily it occurred to me in time that, if I were honestly to live up to it, I'd better submit my ideas to you first. Not that I particularly care to; for while I've always longed to establish some sort of personal communication with you, yet something tells me that this is going about it in the worst possible way.

For such an apologia would, frankly, be written to give you some publicity (for which, in my unworthy opinion, you have long been suffering), but yet there was not one of the Apostles who shrank from publicity as much as you! If you don't throw it in the waste-basket immediately, I know what you'll do to this synopsis—you'll blue-pencil practically every line. But couldn't you bring yourself to amend its more flagrant passages, and mark it "o. k. with corrections"? That would be ever so nice of you, Saint James.

Yet it is so discouragingly apparent that, while on earth at least, you despised any form of notoriety. I really feel like being a little severe with you about this, for, while perhaps it is among the most estimable of the qualities for sainthood, still it can result in the public being woefully misinformed, and can lead to no end of injustice to perfectly wonderful persons like yourself.

Your Genealogy

JUST look what it has led to, in your case. Simply because you were so modest as to write, at the beginning of that beautiful Epistle: "James, the servant of God, and of Our Lord, Jesus Christ," instead of putting it plainly: "James, the servant of God, and kinsman of Our Lord, Jesus Christ," there have been thousands who have denied that you, the author of that Epistle, were also one of "the brethren [cousins] of the Lord."

You simply could not bring yourself to put down in black and white, the fact that you were related, by blood, to your Master. That you held that particularly precious and glorious honor, was no doing of yours, you humbly confessed to yourself; and therefore, unlike, let us say, our Mayflower descendants, you wouldn't go boasting about your genealogy.

Yet many of those blunt-minded critics, who insist your omission to mention the

fact conclusively proves that you were not related to the Savior, agree however that the author of that Epistle was the first Bishop of Jerusalem—another fact to which you make no reference. It's inconsistent of them to think that, because you didn't dub yourself a kinsman of the Lord, you were not; and at the same time to think, not so styling yourself in that epistolary greeting, that you were, however, Bishop of Jerusalem!

Your Position

EVEN as you were too modest to claim a relationship to your Lord, so were you too modest to refer to your high ecclesiastical position in the early Church. But I really think it would have been better for all concerned, had you not been such a shrinking violet, and had come out flatfootedly with the truth. It would have saved endless and bitter argument among the theologians—but I suppose you will tell me that it would have thus worked a great hardship on them. There would have been nothing to argue, concerning you. Perhaps you were wise, after all, Saint James.

Nevertheless, the fact remains that scant justice has been done you—you, who of all the Twelve, won the greatest renown in doing justice to others. For were you not known, even to your enemies, as "James the Just"? Of course the appellation embraced more than merely a fair attitude toward your fellow-men—it also carried the greater implication of a just life in the sense of a holy and virtuous one. It is a beautiful title, Saint James—and I, for one, recoil when I see it disregarded and allusion made to you by that other cognomen, by which unhappily you were also known—"James the Less."

Scholars aver that the latter was given you solely because of your shortness of stature, and to distinguish you from that other Apostle, James, the son of Zebedee. Because, in your stocking-feet, so to speak, you stood several inches short of him, some reprehensible person christened you James the Less—and was thus guilty of a deplorable injustice. For generations have taken this title to indicate that you were a negligible quantity among the Twelve! The truth is that you were one of the greatest. For this reason, I do wish that you could bring yourself to countenance a little publicity, Saint James!

OF the Twelve Apostles, two were named James. The prominence of one did not begin until he became Bishop of Jerusalem, winning from friend and enemy the sobriquet, "James the Just." Like all the Twelve, he had the charm of the truly human—the radiance of the truly sanctified. As first Bishop of the first Christian Church, his influence for almost two thousand years can scarcely be gauged. With a sense of gratitude, these words are familiarly addressed to him as a letter such as one might write to a dear friend, to whom one, with all Christendom, is deeply indebted—EDITOR

The first thing I would like to make clear in that apologia, for instance, would be your parentage; that you were the son of Alphaeus (sometimes called Cleophas) and Mary, the sister of the Mother of Jesus. It has bothered a good many that there could have been two sisters in the same family named Mary—but we have the word of no less an early authority than Papias (and later, Saint Jerome) that such was the case. I should like to explain how you and your brothers, Josés, Simon, and Jude, were cousins of Our Lord, and called in the Gospels, His "brethren"—a term then applied in Judea to all near kinsmen.

Your Mother

IT may strike you as bromidic, but nevertheless, because it's good publicity, I would also mention the fact that, like all great men, you had a great mother. She was of the stuff of courage and loyalty; for Saint John relates: "Now there stood by the cross of Jesus, His mother, and His mother's sister, Mary [wife] of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalen." And Saint Mark recounts that after your Lord's burial, "when the Sabbath was past, Mary Magdalen, and Mary the mother of James, and Salome, brought sweet spices, that coming, they might anoint Jesus." These three women remained with Him unto death and after—fearing neither the Jews, nor the Roman soldiers, nor even the sepulchre itself, into which they entered that first Easter morn. To them goes the glory of being the first to know that their Lord had truly risen.

If this apologia is ever written, Saint James, I promise you that I shall generously silence all personal feminist persuasions, and refrain from bringing up the question: when His mother, and your mother, and Mary Magdalen were all at the foot of the cross—where (with the exception of Saint John) were all you men? Yet you'd do me a great favor if you'd

quietly take dear Saint Paul aside, and call his attention to the fact that the women outnumbered the men, three to one, at that place of peril and of grief.

Your First Start

I THINK, also, that it would be best if I refrained from dwelling upon your early attitude toward your Lord, which was not, it would seem, as replete with faith as it later became. There might be some who would not understand—though I hasten to add that I do, Saint James. For it must have been difficult at first, because of your close relationship to the Savior, with Whom, no doubt, you and your brothers had played familiarly as children, and Whose every-day life was so like your own, to believe that this Cousin was, in truth, the long-awaited Messiah.

It was natural that you could not accept this fact as quickly as those to whom He was a comparative stranger. He Himself declared: "A prophet is not without honor, but in his own country, and in his own house, and among his own kindred." So it was that, even after He had performed many miracles, you cousins still had your doubts—and accordingly behaved as cousins naturally would! Mischievously, you'd put Him to the test, you and your brothers. For when "He would not walk in Judea . . . His brethren said to Him: . . . 'Go into Judea, that Thy disciples also may see Thy works . . . for there is no man that doth anything in secret, and he himself seeketh to be known openly. If Thou do these things, manifest Thyself to the world.' For," continued Saint John, "neither did His brethren believe in Him."

Slow to convince, yet when at last convinced, what a glorious faith you had, Saint James! Yours is a superb story. Please don't be cross with me for wanting to tell it once more.

This early scepticism, then, was only, after all, "cousinly," on the part of you and your brothers—yet the Beloved Master, unlike, indeed, any ordinary cousin, did not hold these first qualms against you. For having seen faith at length flower in your hearts, when He came down from the mountain after that long night of prayer and calling His followers to Him, appointed the Twelve who were thereafter to be His closest companions, He chose for that select group at least two of His own kinsmen—you and your brother, Saint Jude. Many have thought that He also chose another of your brothers, Simon. Certain it is that the Twelve included a Simon, besides Simon-Peter.

We know that you, Saint James, gladly followed Him from that day; and that even though you did not play a leading rôle in those brief, joy-laden, sorrow-laden years of His ministry, yet after His death you were among the most active and the ablest in spreading His gospel. Of all His cousins, you were perhaps the dearest

to Him—for after His Resurrection it is related that He once especially appeared to you alone. Saint Paul mentions the fact, and Saint Jerome has preserved its lovely story.

He recounts that you had taken a solemn vow not to eat bread, from the time that you had "drunk the cup of the Lord," until you should "see Him risen from among them that sleep." Shortly, then, before His Ascension, He came to you as you sat alone with your grief. "Bring," saith the Lord, 'a table and bread.' He took bread, and blessed it, and brake it, and then gave it to James the Just, and said to him: 'My brother, eat thy bread, for the Son of Man is risen from among them that sleep.'"

He would not have you go hungry for long. I'd like to have more people realize Saint James, that not only were you most dear to Him, but also that you were greatly beloved by your fellow-Apostles. Their affection for you—their respect for the strict and careful religious training in which you had been reared—led them to make you the apostolic head of the Jerusalem Church. Eusebius writes that "Peter and James [son of Zebedee] and John, after the . . . Resurrection, though preëminently honored by the Lord, did not contend for glory, but made James the Just, Bishop of Jerusalem."

Your Job

AS between friends, Saint James, the job they gave you could not have been any bed of roses! Yet you administered it superbly. I am thinking of the delicate diplomacy and sturdy courage you were called upon to display on many an occasion. There was that time, for instance, when militant Paul, whom you knew only as a ruthless and forceful persecutor of Christians, suddenly announced his conversion and came to see you. Didn't you quiver in your boots until you saw he was actually sincere? And that time when, later, he aroused all sorts of controversy within the fold, by relinquishing his Gentile converts from observance of certain Jewish religious rites, which the more conservative disciples considered a definite prerequisite of Christianity. At the council you called to argue that question, your position as arbiter could have been no easy one—yet you settled the matter so fairly that no man could object.

Your word was loved, and your disapproval feared, by all Christians, and you governed that first flock with such administrative wisdom as to be a model for all future bishops. To those who, far afield, were preaching the Gospel, and who sought your sanction on all they did, you tirelessly sent emissaries and instructions. Ignatius, of the first century, in his Epistle to the Traillians, states that you were assisted in your vast work by Saint Stephen, whom you appointed your deacon. But the Jews had to go and stone your deacon to death—and I feel sure,

poor Saint James, that you never quite got over his loss.

In my contemplated apologia, I should like to quote (but of course, not without your approval) from that ancient Syriac document, "The Teaching of the Apostles," which says: "Jerusalem received the ordination to the priesthood, as did all the country of Palestine, and the parts occupied by the Samaritans and the parts occupied by the Philistines, and the country of the Arabians, and of Phoenicia, and the people of Casaria, from James, who was ruler and guide in the Church of the Apostles."

Your Habits

IF your modesty would allow me to go this far, it would only be a small step further to permit me to trespass on more personal ground—though I confess its tactful introduction to you seems a rather ticklish matter. But it would be such a good point, if you would only allow me to repeat the words of Hagesippus regarding your habits! After all, you didn't prevent him writing, in the second century, about them, and merely because I am more polite, and am asking your permission first, I don't see why you should rob me of this splendid "copy"! "James the Just drank no wine or other intoxicating liquor, nor did he eat flesh; no razor came upon his head; he did not anoint himself with oil, nor make use of the bath."

In these times, when people are so reluctantly giving up physical luxuries, I think they should be reminded just what a holy ascetic you voluntarily were, Saint James. To be sure, some of the more godless might find fault with you—first of all, on the liquor question. But I could easily silence those who might criticize your teetotalism, by quoting your own words regarding this matter as it pertained to others. No fanatical "dry" were you. You might prefer to abstain completely, but your followers were not exacted to do likewise. For in "The Constitution of James," which is part of the patristic literature of the Church, you wrote:

"Now the Scripture says: ' . . . let them not drink wine, lest by drinking, they forget wisdom and are not able to judge aright.' . . . We say . . . not that they are not to drink at all, otherwise it would be to the reproach of what God has made for cheerfulness, but that they be not disordered with wine." The new Democratic platform isn't any "wetter" than that. And though you were by choice a vegetarian, I'm sure you allowed others perfect freedom in this regard. As for the whiskers, if you preferred them on yourself, that was your own business. Certainly, the most eminent of the Victorians also cultivated them assiduously, and why should the twentieth century consider itself more enlightened on this subject?

Some of the same godless critics may here try to quote your own Epistle to our confusion: "For if a man be . . . not a doer, he shall be compared to a man beholding his own countenance in a glass. For he beheld himself, and went his way—and presently forgot what manner of man he was." They may say that that is exactly what you did, since no razor ever came "upon your head"—that if you had remembered what manner of man you were, you would certainly have shaved. But they are such a prejudiced lot, it isn't worth our while to mind them.

If you could only bring yourself to submit to the notoriety, the further words of Hegesippus would be an inspiration to a world which has begun to find its only sure solace in prayer. "James," he continued, "was wont to go to the Temple, and he used to be found kneeling on his knees, begging forgiveness for the people, so that the skin of his knees became horny like that of a camel's." Poor Saint James! It must have hurt a lot, before it became horny—the stones of the Temple—well, they were stones!

You spent so many hours in prayer, you administered your see so competently, and you wrote so much, that I suspect you never got any sleep. For besides your wonderful Epistle, you wrote "constitutions" on all sorts of matters, ranging from virginity ("this is a state of voluntary trial, not for the reproach of marriage, but on account of leisure for piety") to evening prayer. And finally you compiled a liturgy of the Mass. It is putting it mildly to say that few bishops have been as active.

Your Courage

YOU may have shunned publicity for yourself, but when it came to giving it to your Master, you were ready in truth to shout it from the house tops, or to be exact, from the steps of the Temple; and finally, from its very pinnacle!

You perhaps have not even yet forgotten that time when you were preaching your Lord's gospel from the Temple steps, and the Jews began to heckle you. "The Recognitions of Clement" explain that your bold words infuriated the unbelievers in the crowd and that a great tumult finally ensued. But they could not quiet you. Then, says Clement, "some one of our enemies . . . seizing a strong brand from the altar, set the example of smiting. . . . And that enemy attacked James, and threw him headlong from the top of the steps; and supposing him to be dead, he cared not to inflict further violence upon him. But our friends lifted him up . . . and we returned to the house of James, and spent the night there in prayer."

I hope, in your modesty, that you did not scold dear Saint Peter, for giving publicity to your valor and sufferings on that occasion. Personally, I think he did just the right thing in spreading the

story. But perhaps you never saw that letter he wrote in the course of a journey upon which you'd sent him. In it he recounted how he had stopped at the home of Zacchaeus, a Christian living some distance from Jerusalem, who had inquired solicitously of Peter after your own health. "I told him," wrote Peter, "that James was still lame in one foot. . . . I related how James, standing on the top of the steps, had for seven successive days shown the whole people from the Scriptures . . . that Jesus is the Christ." And what was being hurled headlong down those hard, marble steps—what was a painful, lame foot to you—as long as there were some in the savage crowd who had opened their hearts to your message?

When I think of your own gentle, peace-loving nature, I am distressed that circumstances more than once made you the victim of such violent scenes. Poor Saint James! No wonder you wrote, concerning evening prayer: "Let us beg of the Lord . . . for the angel of peace . . . for an evening and a night of peace." To be sure, you closed with a petition that lay, even deeper than this, in your heart. "And let us," you wrote, "beg that the whole course of our life may be unblameable!"

In your exquisite Epistle, you unconsciously gave a more accurate account of your own lovely character than can ever be penned by any rash blunderer like myself. You pled with your flock to practise patience: "My dearest brethren, let every man be swift to hear, but slow to speak, and slow to anger." You begged them to be unwavering in faith. You told them that "a double-minded man is inconstant in all his ways," and besought such to purify their hearts.

You upbraided them for "dishonoring the poor man," and for reverencing the rich. You reminded them that the tongue was "an unquiet evil, full of deadly poison," and you bade them "swear not . . . but let your speech be, yea, yea; no, no." And I love that part where you wrote: "Is any of you sad? Let him pray. Is he cheerful in mind? Let him sing!" As frequently as it has been quoted, I would not be able, in my apologia, to refrain from once more repeating your beautiful words: "Every best gift, and every perfect gift, is from above, coming down from the Father of Lights, with Whom there is no change, nor shadow of alteration."

But I think you have summed up your own nature most completely in the lines: "The wisdom that is from above, first indeed is chaste; then peaceable; modest; easy to be persuaded; consenting to the good; full of mercy and good fruits; without judging; without dissimulation. And the fruit of justice is sown in peace, to them that make peace. . . . Religion clean and undefiled before God and the Father, is this: to visit the fatherless and the widows in their tribulation; and to keep one's self unspotted from this world."

Such was your own life, dear, gentle Saint James; and it is no wonder that in that stormy, turbulent Jerusalem, even the most fanatical unbelievers, revered you. Greater and greater had grown the number of your converts.

"Those who did believe, believed because of James," wrote Hegesippus, ". . . and when many even of the ruling class believed, there was a commotion among the Jews." To quiet it, he recounts that the Scribes and Pharisees came to you, saying: "For we all listen to thy persuasion, since we, as well as all the people, bear thee testimony that thou art just, and showest partiality to none."

Your Testimony

NO doubt you were troubled when Hegesippus wrote down so meticulously the ensuing events—how these same Pharisees besought you to quiet the people, assembled from all Judea for the observance of the Passover, by climbing to the summit of the Temple and publicly pronouncing that Jesus was not the Christ.

You agreed to mount to that lofty pinnacle, and once there, as you recall, you proceeded to startle your solicitors by loudly proclaiming to the multitude that in truth, Jesus was the Christ. The historian recounts that they cried in dismay: "'Oh, oh, the Just Man himself is in error!' So they went up and threw down the Just Man, and said to one another: 'Let us stone James the Just!' And they began to stone him, for he was not killed by the fall; but he turned and knelt down, and said: 'I beseech Thee, Lord God, our Father, forgive them.' . . . But one among them, one of the fullers, took the staff with which he was accustomed to wring out the garments he dyed, and hurled it at the head of the Just Man. And so he suffered martyrdom."

Not only did Hegesippus thus publish your story to the world, but Josephus, in the eighteenth book of his "Antiquities of the Jews," went even further in treading on your sensibilities by alleging that the total destruction of Jerusalem, which followed soon after your death, was directly due to your martyrdom—a punishment on the city for the cruelty it had shown its greatest citizen.

In view of what these two famous historians have written, without the slightest regard for your preference for privacy, I don't see how, Saint James, you can find it in your heart to forbid me to write the apologia I have planned, especially since I have been polite enough to submit its outline to you first. For remember, you were, and always will be, "James the Just." Do I hear you say that there are limits to justice? Well, then, please think of this, Saint James; the truly great cannot really escape publicity, even from the unworthiest sources. So don't you think you had better submit quietly to the inevitable?

Articulate Catholic Laymen

By

William E. Kerrish

PROCLAIMING Catholic Truth in the open market-place is not a new form of teaching in the Church of God. Christ, her Divine Founder, taught in the streets, by the seashore and on the mountain sides of His native land. There, under the canopy of heaven, all classes and conditions of men thronged around Him. It was in the out-doors that the Savior told of His Church, which was to last to the end of time. Travelling along the roads of Palestine He foretold His Passion and Death. From a boat by the seashore He instructed the people. It was in the streets of Jerusalem that the last sad scenes of His Passion were enacted; from the hill of Calvary He preached the greatest sermon of the ages. In this way did the Divine Teacher meet the people face to face with His message.

In obeying Christ's command to preach the Gospel to every creature, the first Apostles travelled and preached in Jewish villages and pagan towns. Thus did the early bishops and priests of Christ's Church follow the practical example set them by their Master, when He preached to the people in the highways and on the by-ways. Peter, on the first Pentecost, addressed thousands who had assembled at Jerusalem. In Philippi, Saint Paul "went forth without the gate and spoke to the women that were there assembled," and in Athens he disputed "daily in the market place."



CHAIRMAN OF THE CATHOLIC TRUTH GUILD OPENING A SUNDAY AFTERNOON MEETING ON THE MALL, BOSTON COMMON

It is evident that the rapid growth of the early Church was due in no small measure, under God, to the fact that the first Apostles of Christ met the people face to face with the Catholic message.

IN later times teachers like Saint Augustine and Saint Francis followed this method of making the Church and her teachings better known to the people of their day. It has remained for our own time, however, to see a revival of this form of Catholic Action by priests and qualified laity. The well known work of the Catholic Evidence Guilds in England, and of the Catholic Truth Guild in Boston, has

proven that this means of spreading the truths of our Holy Faith is both practical and timely.

In 1917, David Goldstein of Boston, together with his associate, the late Mrs. Martha Moore Avery, asked their Archbishop, Cardinal O'Connell, for permission to go out into the streets with the Catholic message. His Eminence at once gave the two converts his approval and blessing. The first public meeting of the Guild was held on Boston Common on July 4, 1917.

Since that first meeting, the papal-colored lecture car of the Guild has been seen throughout the United States, many bishops having invited the lay speakers



CATHOLIC TRUTH GUILD SPEAKERS AT THEIR PITCH ON BOSTON COMMON. LEFT TO RIGHT: DR. WILLIAM B. BURNS, WILLIAM M. ANDERSON, JOHN BREEN, WILLIAM E. KERRISH AND EDWARD J. BARRY



DAVID GOLDSTEIN, A DISTINGUISHED CONVERT FROM JUDAISM, IN A SEND-OFF MEETING AT ST. GABRIEL'S PASSIONIST MONASTERY, BRIGHTON, MASS., PREPARATORY TO HIS MAKING A TRANSCONTINENTAL LECTURE TOUR IN HIS MOTOR VAN

to their dioceses. The practicability of street speaking in the Catholic cause having been thoroughly demonstrated by Mr. Goldstein, it was decided to open the way for other laymen to become street speakers, by forming a group for the study of Catholic doctrine. Cardinal O'Connell appointed the Reverend Dr. Patrick J. Waters, at that time a senior professor at Saint John's Seminary, Brighton, Massachusetts, to act as instructor and spiritual director to any class that might be formed.

A small group of men was gathered together by Mr. Edward Warren Joyce, and to this group were added others who responded to an article appearing in *The Pilot*, the official organ of the Archdiocese of Boston. Only men of good reputation and practical Catholicity were permitted to enter the study class, under Father Waters. Those who responded to the call for recruits were given to understand that they could look for no material reward for their work. The only compensation was that which comes from having witnessed for Christ before men.

THE recruits were not required to be orators or even professional public speakers. Those having oratorical ability were, of course, welcome, providing they were willing to submit to the supervision of the Spiritual Director and of the Guild's Officers in the use of their talents. If the applicant seemed to have the fundamental fitness for street lecture work in the Catholic cause he was admitted to the study class held during the winter months. The catechism of Father Deharbe, S.J., was chosen as the text book for this class.

Having no central place at which to meet for study, the Massachusetts State Deputy of the Knights of Columbus, Mr.

Joseph J. Kirby, was appealed to. He graciously permitted the use of the State offices of the Order, situated in downtown Boston.

PRACTICAL experience being necessary for the development of the new speakers, open air meetings were started on Boston Common on Sunday afternoons, the meetings lasting for two hours, commencing at 4 p.m. They were held on the same spot upon which the first meeting conducted by David Goldstein in 1917 was held.

The speakers of the Guild are required to have a sound fundamental knowledge of the specific subject assigned them, and not until they have done satisfactory work at the "pitch" on that subject are they given another subject for treatment. Simple language with a kindly Christian attitude in presentation is demanded. Nothing which smacks of violent controversy is permitted, and, of course, no talk which has any political bearing is for one moment allowed from the rostrum of the Catholic Truth Guild. The speakers go out to proclaim the Truths of the Catholic Faith to all who will gather to hear them; the rest is left to the grace of God, and to such good-will as may be found in the hearers.

Those having questions to ask may approach the Chairman privately. The public answering of questions by the Guild speakers is not permitted, as it has been found by experience that those who ask questions publicly are seldom serious seekers for truth, and for the added reason that most of the Guild speakers are not yet fully qualified to attempt this most difficult work in the open streets.

The subjects treated cover a wide range of Catholic teaching. These subjects are so arranged as to form something of a course in Catholic Truth.

The audience, although composed of persons of every religious belief, accord the Catholic speakers an attentive and courteous hearing. The reception they get may be summed up in the following remark recently made to the Guild chairman by an intelligent non-Catholic: "When I want to be amused, I go to the pitches of the various radical groups, or of the itinerant preachers on the Mall, but when I want instruction in religious questions I come to the pitch of the Catholic Truth Guild."

It is gratifying that the movement, generally known in the English speaking world as the Lay Apostolate to the Man in the Street, is attracting the attention of far sighted members of the Hierarchy and of the laity, and that there is a definite trend toward the extension, under proper Church authority, of this form of Catholic Action.

IN addition to the many Catholic Evidence Guilds formed within the dioceses of the Church in England and Scotland, there are several groups of laymen in America preparing themselves for this form of propaganda. Some are already functioning effectively although not yet out in the open market-places. Groups are organized in New York City, in Baltimore, in Washington and in Pittsburgh.

This work has its counterpart in the excellent activities of the Laymen's League of Georgia, and the Catholic Information Society of Narbeth, Pa. These are all responses to the clear call of Pope Leo XIII to the Catholic people everywhere to become "living echoes of the Faith"; and also to the call of our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, to promote Catholic Action by laymen. A convinced and articulate Catholic-laity will undoubtedly work wonders in the Church in America.

TRAGEDY of the MIXED MARRIAGE

By Frank H. Spearman

OF THE horrors loosed on the Christian world by the religious revolution of the sixteenth century—the so-called Reformation—the worst, it may fairly be said, is the tragedy of the mixed marriage: the binding into a life contract of a Catholic to a non-Catholic spouse.

It may be thought that the religious wars with their slaughter and martyrdoms should be accounted more terrible than mixed marriage. Not necessarily so. Death and martyrdom at the stake are, at least, a swift release from suffering; an unhappy marriage may mean many years of suffering, a life-long martyrdom.

It would be interesting were some psychologist to undertake a study of the mental furnishings of the non-Catholic spouse who, having married a Catholic, sets about employing his wits or her wits to make the life of the Catholic mate miserable. Using the pronoun now to apply to either sex, how can he make his Catholic partner unhappy without being unhappy himself? And if so, why does he do it? Why not abandon opposition, throw up his hands, say, "Go your way and I'll go mine, but let's have peace in the family!" Yet this rarely happens. It would seem that in mixed marriages there are perverse minds which enjoy inflicting cruelty on another.

Reserves of Venom

WE think of these as the unusual, not the usual type. We do not so think of our acquaintances, neighbors, and friends. Extraordinary cruelties are at times inflicted even by decently disposed persons through motives of anger or revenge; but this is done in passing moments of passion. When the anger is satisfied, or the revenge glutted, there is likely to be a revulsion of feeling akin to regret or shame. Most of us know something of what this means.

But in the unhappy mixed marriage we are forced to contemplate a cruelty differently inspired; one animated by hatred, and a hatred singularly deep and undying. A French priest said once to me, speaking of the religious persecutions of the French Government and its anti-Catholic attitude. "It will pass; one cannot be angry forever."

But the kind-hearted Father took no account of hatred, which is a very different thing from anger. Anger dies with the hour; hatred dies with life itself. The strength may fail; the step become infirm; the hair whiten; the hand tremble; the

features wrinkle; and the voice quaver, but hatred survives.

And our student of the mind may well inquire why so special a hatred for authentic Christianity obsesses the non-Catholic spouse—a hatred more profound than the ordinary hatreds of mankind. How can outwardly-appearing angelic

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♦ ♦ ♦

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♦ ♦ ♦

With every advantage that human affection and unity in creed can afford there are still many difficulties in married life to overcome. But a mixed marriage starts with the burden, in addition to all the others, of this heavy handicap of mixed religions—or of one religion and no religion.

♦ ♦ ♦

What religion is there today outside of authentic Christianity worthy of the name? Are not the pseudo-Christian votaries of today men and women, lay and clerical pulpiteers, practising and preaching the detestable sin of Onan and justifying it? This is the situation we are forced to face. And we must make this fight against actual Paganism, knowing that in countless instances we shall go down to defeat.

women, women of charitable impulse, and men—men kindly in their relations with their fellow men, esteemed in society, respected in business (though neither of these distinctions is important)—how can they maintain such reserves of venom within their own doors, for their lifemates?

Who, for instance, would think that so

simple a ceremony as the baptism of a baby could inspire an outburst of rage and profanity certainly transcending comparison with the importance, in non-Catholic eyes, of a baby's christening? Yet such outbursts not infrequently mark the effort of the Catholic mother to have her baby baptised. One would think the mental attitude of the unbeliever to be something like this: "What does this affair amount to, anyway? A meaningless ceremony; why should I excite myself about the sprinkling of a few drops of water on the baby's forehead? [With a shrug.] Let it go and let us have peace!"

A Sickening Situation

EXPERIENCE, however, tells a different story. Not alone the cursing father, but the tight-mouthed, low-voiced, firm non-Catholic mother will raise the same kind of a row about the baptism of her baby. She may not swear (though now-a-days there is no certainty about that) but she will let down a barrage of quivering words and follow with a volley of rebellious tears at the outrageous tyranny of a Catholic husband.

How is all this to be explained? I know of no explanation more adequate than that it is the demonic rage of an angel of hell, reposing comfortably within the unbelieving heart, at the mere thought of an infant being stamped with the indelible mark of a Christian.

But the disasters of a mixed marriage may begin long before the baptism. With ever-growing frequency they begin today with the inception of the conjugal relation itself.

The Catholic partner is expected to consent at once to that form of conjugal self-abuse speciously termed birth-control. Nice words may be made to cloak ugly things, sex-perversion among others. To any mind not swayed by this modern vice itself, it must be clear that all manner of sex gratification which seeks to frustrate the end for which God and nature intended it, is a gross abuse of the sex-function. It differs from self-abuse and Sodomy not at all in kind but only in degree. And this is the sickening situation up against which the Catholic spouse will in every probability find himself or herself at the very outset of a mixed marriage.

In the day of the English poet who wrote the following lines there was no prevalence of artificial birth-control. But what he said in them describes perfectly

the situation of the Catholic partner whose non-Catholic mate insists on practising this conjugal indecency:

"Vice is a monster of so hideous mien,
That to be hated needs but to be seen;
But seen too oft, familiar with its face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Too often the lines describe the result of the mixed marriage of today. The Catholic makes a continued protest to the infamy of the practice; the non-Catholic partner continues to urge the contraries. In the face of dispute after dispute, quarrel after quarrel and threat after threat, the protests weaken, die, and another victim of the mixed marriage is immolated on a pagan altar. "What's the use?" says the Catholic at last. "Can I hope to overcome the strongest appetite of nature?"

For a time the Catholic spouse fights for the forbidden thing in confession; goes from confessor to confessor hoping for absolution and permission until, learning from all that there can be no compromise with sin, these victims abandon the practice of their faith and the faith itself, or continue to hope against hope for some avenue of escape from their unhappy situation.

It is a very pitiful thing—one to excite the deepest sympathy. I know of no greater tragedy in the human story than this. It is in the marriage relation that the greater portion, by far, of mankind seek their earthly happiness. With every advantage that human affection and unity in creed can afford there are still many difficulties in married life to overcome. But a mixed marriage starts with the burden, in addition to all the others, of this heavy handicap of mixed religions—or of one religion and no religion.

The Modern Onans

INDEED, what religion is there today outside authentic Christianity worthy of the name? Are not the pseudo-Christian votaries of today men and women, lay and clerical pulpsters, practising and preaching the detestable sin of Onan and justifying it? Are not these male and female whited-sepulchres issuing from their bed chambers, their hands stained with unnatural vice, and calling themselves Christians, blasphemous even in their claim to natural decency? Are not their church convocations and church-council utterances honeycombed with this variety of sexual rottenness? And must our unhappy Catholic youth still be condemned to consort with these neo-Sodomites?

This is the situation we are forced to face. And we must make this fight against actual Paganism, knowing that in countless instances we shall go down to defeat.

But at least one determined effort can be made by Catholics: namely, to see that

those of our hapless youth who will take the slender chance of finding earthly happiness with a non-Catholic partner, shall take it only after being plainly and fully warned by pastor, father, mother, teacher, or friend, of the horrid possibilities lying ahead of the Catholic in a mixed marriage.

The Unkept Promises

AFEW do escape shipwreck in such marriages. A few find a well-disposed non-Catholic partner who will voice no objection to the religious convictions of the Catholic spouse; interpose no obstacle to their fulfillment.

The difficulty is that every Catholic girl in love with a man, naturally thinks her hero angelic: the chances are many against one, that he will be ugly concerning her religious obligations. "Mr. Doe is such a fine husband, Father, so generous and nice to me in every way; I just *can't* understand why he raves so when I mention my religion; or even when I ask him to let our children be educated in a Catholic school. And this, Father, after all the promises he made when we were married!"

The disillusioned wife learns, too late, that prenuptial promises are usually writ in water. And every year, a tribute of our Catholic maidens must go to this Moloch of cruel Paganism.

Of the few happy mixed marriages that

have come under my observation, all or nearly all, need not have been mixed. In every likelihood, had the Catholic partner made, in the beginning, the firm and altogether reasonable request that the non-Catholic investigate the claims of the Catholic Church, the result would have been a conversion before marriage. In two cases that I recall, the conversions came long after marriage. But the "acceptable time" for the effort at conversion, remember, is *before*, not after marriage.

The Catholic girl is usually too timid to take up the religious question, as she should, during the courtship. Let her take courage—and it does not take a lot—make the interrogation firmly, pleasantly, and early in the situation. If the man love the girl as he ought, this will not repel him. And if, after investigating the Church's claims, he cannot accept them, let the girl make up her mind to one thing: there is some compelling reason for his refusal; and it were well for that girl if she dismissed that man before he had stolen her life's happiness.

On the other hand, should it be a Catholic man interrogating a non-Catholic girl in whom he is interested; should she refuse to accept the Catholic claims, let him make up his mind if he marries her that during the space of this earthly life at least, his wife will dominate the religious views of his family.

A Boon, Lady!

By Frances Marie Shannon

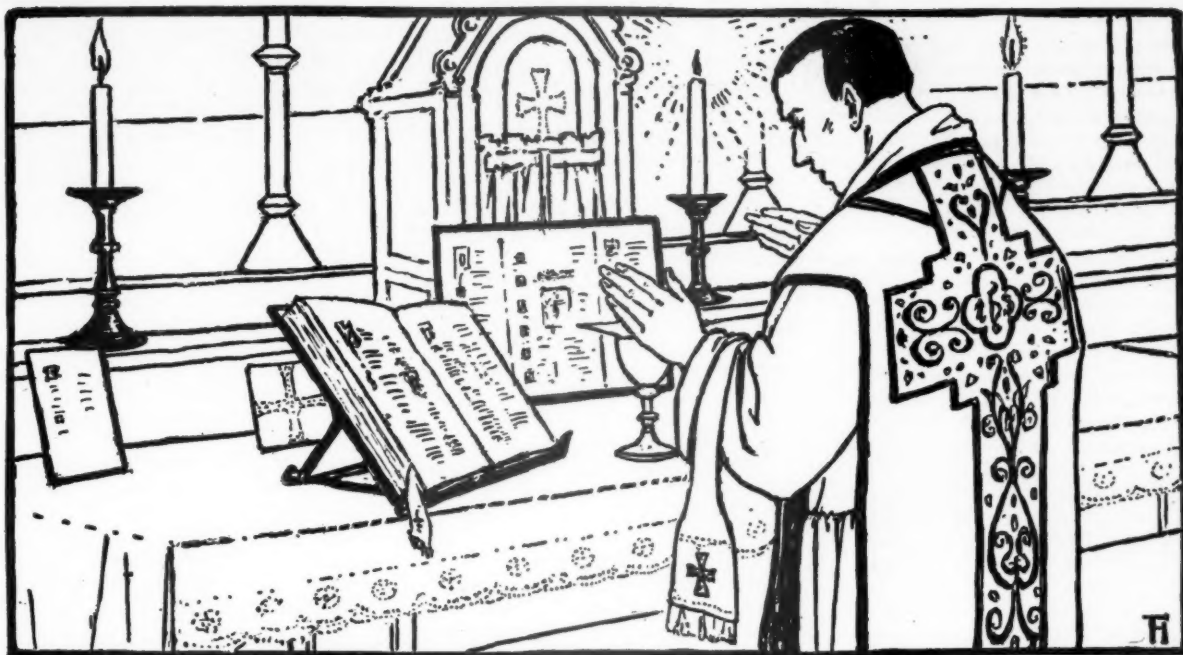
AVE MARIA! The Prince of Archangels
Hails thee as Princess Immaculate.

"Ecce ancilla"—Lo! clothed in thy heartlove,
Little Lord Jesus, the Word Incarnate.

To thee, Lady Mary, divinely entrusted
With moulding the man-life of God's only Son;
To thee, who have dwelt with the Godhead's Perfection,
I come for a favor. Ah, grant it be won!

'Tis this, Lady Mary, sweet Mistress of Heaven:
Train me, thy earth-child in Christ-courtesy;
Gentle I would be in thought, word and judgment,
Silent in sorrow, and humble as He.

Clothe me, O Lady, in snow-whited pureness;
Cincture me softly in love's lasting rose;
Fibre my will with the rich woof of martyrs—
My heart in thy heart, a garden enclose.



JUST A CANDLE BY ENID DINNIS

"CANDLES? What about candles?" old Mr. Michael asked. "I suppose you're asking me because I happen to sell them. Nasty messy things they can be, too."

The visitor, seated in the best armchair, had bearded our old friend Mr. Michael Barnbuckle in his lair, that is to say, the parlor behind his shop, and had been commenting on a recent edict concerning votive candles which, although it only applied to the Diocese of Rome, had cast a certain aspersion on the custom in general.

He and the grocer-mystic were excellent friends. The general impression was that Mr. Michael rather liked being bearded. The lair, moreover, was always an attractive place, in spite of the fact that it smelt of coffee beans and tar.

"I've always felt, myself," the visitor continued, "that candle-burning was a superstitious business. Don't you agree with me? Now, admit it—with the Cardinal Vicar of Rome at your back!"

"It's a messy business," Mr. Michael reiterated. "And children need keeping in order at times. I remember when I was a youngster six years old I lighted a campfire for my dolls on the parlor carpet, and after that my mother wouldn't allow the dolls to go hiking for quite a long time. They were put on the top shelf, and when I got them back I didn't light any more campfires on the carpet for quite a long time!"

"I wasn't thinking so much of the messiness," the visitor said. He said it rather

impatiently. "It's the fact that everyone who goes into our churches (he nearly said "your churches" for he was a very newcomer) seems to be 'on the make'—trying to get something instead of giving. To my mind a candle symbolizes a kind of exploitation of the supernatural . . . for material ends. Rather inferior, isn't it?"

THE old grocer shot a keen glance in the speaker's direction. He shifted in his seat (which may have been owing to the broken spring) and took his time before he answered:

"That depends on where you go to look for your candle. (This young man opposite to him was worth talking to.) The right place for a candle is on the altar. I'm told that they are still allowed to supply candles for the altar in the churches you were speaking of—the ones, I mean, where the children have been catching it from their Mother. To my mind a candle just symbolizes light and love. Love that costs; that burns itself out. Complete giving. I agree with you that it's a kind of sacrilege that twists the meaning round.

"But, mind you, those candles that the Church allows her children to play with are hardly more than 50 per cent beeswax—some are as nearly tallow as mine. (The speaker's eyes ranged over a canister on the store shelf labelled "Candles".) She's got the real thing as well. Beeswax signifies virginity, as no doubt you know, but a virginal offering is a rare thing. St. Mary Magdalen made one when she broke the

alabaster vase. And, of course, Our Blessed Lady's was an altar light; but the church tolerates 45 per cent tallow.

"There was a queer thing happened once," Mr. Michael went on, speaking slowly, and eyeing the other meditatively as he spoke. "It was many years ago, and it gave me that idea about a candle. You might be calling it a superstitious story, but even if you don't believe it, it may help you to see my point about the candles."

"I should be immensely interested to hear it," the visitor said. So Mr. Michael fixed himself on the least malevolent part of the spring in the horse-hair armchair, and went ahead.

IT happened like this—the first part of the story. One evening I was pottering round the church. It was a Sunday evening and I had promised to lock up for the sacristan, who had gone off to a family gathering. Father Flynn always allowed me to do that. He was always very kind to me, was Father Flynn, God rest his soul. My last job of all was to put out the votive candles. Each shrine had a good number burning before it; St. Anthony's especially—things will get mislaid. Many a time he's found my spectacles for me. When I came to the Sacred Heart there was somebody still kneeling there.

"It was a woman, very poorly dressed. I had noticed her in church sitting in the backmost bench. A poor wan creature, she was, with that sort of half-frightened

look that people have who have faced hard times and hard people. As she knelt there praying she looked happy enough, but when she caught sight of me and came away from her prayers a bewildered look came over her. She was making haste to move away but I stopped her.

"Right you are, Ma'am," I said, 'I'm not closing yet awhile.'

"I thought of one or two things that I might be doing which would give her a little more time for her prayers.

"She looked at me gratefully. Evidently her prayers meant a lot to her, poor soul. If she was not in rags she was most certainly in darns. I hoped that the Sacred Heart would give her a bit of help, for she seemed to be in need of it.

"I WENT off and potted around for another quarter of an hour. Then I returned to the lady in darns. She got up hastily, like someone in the habit of being 'told not to.'

"No hurry, Ma'am," I said. 'Only I must be putting the candles out now.' There were two or three rows of them alight. She cast a wistful glance over the array, and an idea occurred to me.

"I shall be lighting them again in the morning," I said (I was serving Mass next day), 'and if you will allow me I will set one up for your intention.'

"Her poor pale face glowed.

"Oh, that would be kind of you!" she said. It was neither the voice nor the way of speaking of a person of her appearance.

"So I dropped the necessary pennies into the box and took out a long, size-three candle.

"There," I said, as I prepared to fix it in the socket, 'now you can tell Him what you are wanting and I'll light it in the morning.'

"To my surprise she replied—rather timidly, she had a timid way with her—

"Thank you, Sir, but I'm not wanting anything."

"It was rather a quaint affirmation of opulence coming from such a one as she. I hoped I wasn't looking as if I were thinking so. I answered, rather in a hurry:

"Perhaps you would rather make it a 'Thank You' candle? There is always something to be thankful for."

"She paused and debated the point, this little lady in darns.

"Indeed there is," she agreed, 'I have still got the use of my limbs—it's just my head that tries me. But, all the same, I think that I would rather that it were not a thanking candle. You see,' she went on, 'it would be there because He had given me something.' She reddened and pulled herself up. 'I think,' she said, 'that I would rather that it were—just a candle.'

"I took another look at the face under the faded black bonnet.

"That was a great thought. 'Just a candle.'

"In that case," I said, 'your candle ought to be burning on the altar, at Mass.'

"My words seemed fairly to electrify her. The little quiet, trampled-down woman suddenly became eloquent. She flung a glance round the church, then at the array of lights before her.

"They are all wanting something," she cried.

"It was almost a moan. The tears were standing in her eyes as she turned them towards the altar.

"They didn't go crowding round Him on Calvary," she said. 'They thought He had nothing to give them then—all except the good thief. He' (she was gazing at the Tabernacle) was alone on the Cross, except for His Mother and St. John and St. Mary Magdalen. The world didn't go running after Him there.'

"She had come quite out of herself as she stood there with her eyes fixed on the Tabernacle and the tears streaming from them.

"At any rate," thought I to myself, 'you would have been there if you had been about at the time.'

"I was turning the long candle round in my hand. The right place for it was, most decidedly, on the altar.

"Suppose," I suggested, 'that I give this to the sacristan and ask him to see that it is used on the altar for Mass?'

"Once again she was electrified, but this time it made her speechless for the moment. She could find no words to express herself.

"It will burn there for your intention," I said; but the very word intention seemed to carry a suspicious sound—a getting-kind of meaning to her.

"It would be, just a candle," she reminded me.

"Her gratitude was most touching. To say that I might have offered her a fortune doesn't seem the right way of putting it. She had no use for a fortune, that all-but-ragged little lady—except of course to turn it into altar lights!

"I left her kneeling before the Tabernacle whilst I finished a little job which I had overlooked. She rose and slipped quietly out as I approached. I hesitated about following her. I would have liked to have found out more about her, but something held me back. No doubt I should be seeing her in church again and I could cultivate her acquaintance by degrees.

"ON the following morning I gave the candle to John Brown, our sacristan, and he promised to use it on the altar as soon as the new ones were needed. I caught sight of my acquaintance of the night before in her seat at the end of the church and was able to tell her that in due course her candle would 'find its way to the foot of the Cross.'

"She liked my way of putting it, and to be frank, so did I. For a long time after I thought of the two altar candles as St. John and Our Lady. After that she appeared every day regularly at Mass, kneeling in the backmost bench.

"I asked Father Flynn about her but he had been able to find out very little. She had taken a tiny room in one of the most miserable streets near by and appeared to be all alone in the world. Presumably she had some tiny pittance to live on, for she was not out for relief. She spent most of her time in church praying.

"The neighbors frankly called her dotty, and indeed she did appear to be suffering from some kind of anæmia of the brain. People wondered if she could be a case of loss of memory which had never come back, for there was something about the shrinking little woman which suggested better days of which she herself possessed no recollection.

"Something almost queenly at times possessed the stooping, attenuated little figure. But her manner was always that of one overcome with a sense of her own inferiority. The world knows how to produce that in a woman whose garments contain more darns than not.

"ON the morning when the new candles appeared on the altar I was tempted to take a look around at the last bench, but for the first time her seat was vacant.

"It transpired that she had that morning fallen downstairs and injured her leg. She reappeared in church again on the morning after her candle had ended its life 'at the foot of the Cross.'

"I had distractions at Mass that morning. I got thinking about candles that were most part tallow and candles that were pure wax. 'Not even a thanking candle,' I said to myself. 'That was a daring challenge. But I'm glad the Lord didn't see fit to take the use of her limbs for good.'

"As the years went by she became a familiar figure in our midst. Folks learnt to leave her to herself, unless they were ill, when she had a wonderful way with her, although she couldn't be trusted to remember to give medicine at the right time. She always had a shy way with her. Folks called her potty or peculiar, according to their vocabulary.

"I used to have a word with her when she came into my shop for her small wants. But she never had much to say. She would smile at me and ask for her ha'path of tea, or a penny dip.

"Just a candle, please, Mr. Barnbuckle," she would say, and many a time I've smiled at my Guardian Angel as well as back at her, as I served her to it. It lasted her a long time, that penny dip. I could guess at the hours in which she would sit in the dark so as to keep the pennies for a candle to burn in church."

Mr. Michael paused and readjusted himself on the uneasy chair.

"But as time went on," he continued, "the little phrase ceased to have any associations for me, though I did clout the boy's head when he took to nicknaming her 'Just-A-Candle.'

"The lapse of twenty or five-and-twenty years put the little incident on the occasion when I had first met her out of my mind, or into the far background.

"That's the first part of my story. Now I come to the queer part which you may find hard to believe, although I can assure you that it can be paralleled by many others of a similar kind which have been well witnessed and accepted by the wise-acres.

"One morning as I was kneeling at Mass a curious thing happened.

"I suddenly looked up and noticed that they had lighted a third candle on the altar. It was about the time of the Conse-

cration. I had not noticed them light it. 'Why,' I thought, 'Father Flynn must be going in for being a Dominican,' for they have a third candle at Mass in their rite. It was still burning steadily when the bell rang for the *Domine, non sum dignus*, but when I looked up after I had made my Communion it was no longer there.

"I SPOKE to Father Flynn afterwards, asking him what had made him introduce the custom of the third candle.

"What third candle?" he inquired. "There was no third candle there."

"I concluded that it had been some trick of reflected light, or something of the

kind, and said no more; but on the very next morning the same thing happened. The candle was most distinctly there. It made its appearance, on the priest's right hand, at the time of the Consecration and remained there until after the priest's Communion, when it faded away.

"Well, I thought and thought about it. I didn't fancy saying any more to Father Flynn. He once said to me: 'Michael, you mustn't be seeing things that aren't there. It's a bad habit to get into.' Less still did I fancy speaking to anyone else. They were all liable to say that old Michael was at it again.

"Then I thought of poor old Miss Berry

"I THINK I WOULD RATHER IT WERE NOT A THANKING CANDLE. YOU SEE," SHE WENT ON, "IT WOULD BE THERE BECAUSE HE HAD GIVEN ME SOMETHING. . . . I WOULD RATHER IT WERE—JUST A CANDLE."



—that was her name. There was no harm in letting her know that I had seen a candle on the altar that wasn't there. At least I wanted to know if it *was* there; that I hadn't imagined it—subjective, don't you call it?—and if it *was* to be seen she would be as likely to see it as anyone. And if she hadn't—well she would forget that I had asked her, having nothing to speak of in the way of a memory.

"So as I passed by the back bench on my way out of church I looked for Miss Berry, but I had no luck—she was not there, which was unusual.

"Next morning I looked for her as I went in. She was there, all right, but nothing happened at Mass, and I began to feel that I might have fancied it all. I did just ask her once when she came into the shop if she had ever noticed an extra candle on the altar at Mass, but she shook her head.

"Perhaps it was when I wasn't there to see it," she suggested. 'I'm afraid I haven't been too regular lately.'

"Then I noticed that she was looking very frail, even for her.

"Well, I saw that third candle, on and off, perhaps half a dozen times. I said no more to anybody. I wondered why it should be there some days and not others. One likes to have a why and wherefore for these things.

"One morning another curious thing happened. Father Flynn was in the habit of saying the seven o'clock Mass, but this morning the curate was taking it instead. I hoped it did not mean that there was anything wrong with Father Flynn, for he never missed saying the seven o'clock Mass.

"I FOUND myself wondering if I should see the mysterious light on the altar. I had got into the way of looking for it when the Great Action began. When the time came I looked up.

"Sure enough it was there. I had never yet seen it so clearly. Its brilliance was something wonderful. Bright, steadfast, unflickering. It was there when I bowed my head at the Elevation of the Host.

When I lifted it again at the Elevation of the Chalice, the clock in the tower was chiming the quarter. At the last stroke the light on the altar suddenly went out.

"I PONDERED over what the meaning of it might be—this new variation. Hitherto the light had remained until after the priest's Communion, as though canonically lighted. I was still pondering over the problem that same afternoon as I stood at my shop door, getting a little air, when who should pass by but Father Flynn.

"Why, Father,' I cried, 'I'm glad to see you out and about. I was afraid you might be poorly, not seeing you at Mass this morning.'

"No, I wasn't ill,' he replied. 'I had a sick call—to poor old Miss Berry. She died this morning at a quarter past seven.'

"At a quarter past seven?' I echoed.

"Yes,' he said. 'I went myself and anointed her and gave her Holy Viaticum. I had always promised that I would. Promised myself, that is, for that dear soul was a saint. One doesn't get the chance of being at the death-bed of a saint every day.

"She was conscious right up to the end—wanted to know why I wasn't saying Mass. I told her Father Smith was saying it in my place, and she whispered: 'I always try and follow Mass when I can't be there,' and closed her eyes. When the clock struck the quarter she just bowed her head and died.'

"I had seldom seen Father Flynn so moved.

"FATHER,' I said, 'do you remember that I once told you that I had seen a third candle burning on the altar at Mass?'

"He did remember, and I went on and told him the story of the strange reappearances of the candle. How it had appeared when our old friend had not been there to see it.

"It was there again this morning,' I said, 'and when the clock was striking quarter past seven, during the Elevation of the Precious Blood, the light went out.'

"The good old Father looked at me. I wondered what he was going to say.

"No,' he said, 'not out—up!' He had tumbled to it.

"Dear old Father Flynn! I need not have been frightened of speaking to him. I told him, there and then, the story that had come back to my mind of the candle that I had set on the altar, years and years ago—of my first meeting with the woman whom he himself had just called a saint.

"He nodded his head.

"That would be her,' he said. 'The third candle would be St. Mary Magdalen. I don't know her history, but I know that she had a passion for giving. That she had given all—broken her alabaster box, not merely taken the stopper out.

"I suppose there are great saints whom Providence does not wish to be canonized, and we ought to be content to leave it at that!'

"Well, at any rate,' I said, 'I'm sure that I've solved the problem of the mysterious third light.'

"Father Flynn nodded again.

"It was just a candle,' he said.

"THAT'S the story," Mr. Michael said. "We never found out any more about the history of the lady in darns. She may have been one who loved much, for the best of reasons, as St. Mary Magdalen did. Or she may have been one of those chosen ones who take the Gospel as the saints did in the Ages of Faith. The Creator Who has placed some of Nature's greatest wonders under the sea may have His own hidden use for them; they may be neither for imitation nor admiration—just for Him. But I thought of her the other day when the people of Rome were told to take their votive candles to the altar.

"Asking candles and thanking candles are all very well in their way, but sometimes it's nice to put up—just a candle; and no doubt that was what was in the Holy Father's mind.

"And, moreover," Mr. Michael added, "as I said at the beginning, candles are messy things."

The Standard — By John Bunker

WIND-BLOWN with every random sign
Of witless Fortune's roving gaze,
Daily I see men wince and pine
If she some favored rival raise.

Yet wherefore should another's gain
Our natural peace and joy prevent?
And how from out another's pain
May we distil a true content?

Men are not men who thus are swayed
But creatures of unstable mold,
Ruling their hopes, though still betrayed,
By rude externals: place or gold.

The soul should be more firm, not moved
By alien Fortune's smile or frown,
Since all within shall be approved
Our timeless loss or victor's crown.

Then let our state be low or high,
And others meet or fail the test,
No other rule should we apply
Save that sure standard in the breast.

The generous heart, the spirited will,
By these, and these alone we stand;
Oh, that our actions might fulfill
Their heavenly impulse and command!

POROUS PLASTERS *and* WOODEN LEGS

By Ig Nikilis

By the Way

OUR political parties might better be described as picnics.

Moscow's Five-Year plan is fast reaching the age of reason, which is commonly about seven years. That's why, doubtless, it is appreciating the need of a little common cents.

This is the season when the public, politically speaking, is invited by both Major Parties to sit down to a big plank steak. Either invitation is bound to turn out to be a tough proposition.

Congress believes in variety: once it gave only a pain in the ear; then in the neck; then in the pocket-book. Lately it has generously accorded us all three.

This Depression will probably have taught us many things before it's over: chiefly that we don't like a Depression like this.

Health is wealth. If you don't believe it, just go and let your butcher feel your muscles, instead of paying your bill.

Money still talks, but has apparently gone into the speak-easy business.

Street-Car Scene

CONDUCTOR: That child, madam, looks more like fourteen-years-old than four.

MOTHER: Well, am I to blame for this Depression?

Glands and God

"IT might not add years to their lives," says Doctor Harry Benjamin, New York specialist, relatively to the idea of giving Congressmen a gland treatment in order to accelerate their mental processes for their country's good, "but it would add life to their years."

Life! What is life, without thought? And nothing or nobody can put a thought into a man's head but himself. If the acute disorder through which our country has been passing isn't sufficient to inspire Congressmen to enter into themselves and ponder deeply, no synthetic specific of Doctor Benjamin's or Steinach's or anybody else's ever shall.

Our leaders have life enough. To realize that, one had only to glimpse them hustling around in campaign-time. If they sometimes pass off into a coma after they've attained their political prize, it's not because of tired glands, perhaps, so much as on account of an effete conscience.

One sincere examination of conscience

would do any decadent official more good than all the rejuvenation methods the genius of fantastic physicians could devise.

What Congress needs quite as much as, alas, it will long lack, is a kind of confessional; yes, and a Church to see that they regularly resort to it. Otherwise the welfare of the people is at the mercy of strange moral forces; as are also the leaders of the nation themselves.

When a man's conscience is clear, he is usually young and prudent enough. For he has then become like a little child unmistakenly and meekly viewing anew those ideals which alone signify the wisdom that is ever fresh and real.

What This Country Needs

I. A chloroformed Congress. (Some folk seem to think we already have it, mentally speaking; but such an opinion is probably a trifle exaggerated.)

2. Better roads for marching to Washington.

3. Not beer. There's already an excess of it. But *good* beer.

4. Fewer pains in the neck masquerading as saviors of the people.

5. A divorce from Europe.

6. Some common cents.

7. A good five-cent President.

Breaking Records

THIS is a day of records. He who can sit on a flagpole the longest, or she who can eat the most huckleberry pie, is crowned the king or queen of something or other; and there you are.

The latest endurance laurel to be sought has to do, if you please, with keeping up in the air. An English aviatrix takes off in a plane with her hubby and hopes to remain in the ether for twenty-eight days.

Now it does not seem very unusual for husband and wife to get up in the air over this and that, does it? Personally, we have known certain pairs to be up in the air over certain matters much longer than a month. But evidently this English couple is convinced that twenty-eight days will constitute a world-record, and are determined to grab whatever bays there be for such an achievement.

Perhaps we are cynical; but it does seem to us that a twenty-eight-day endurance contest at a kitchen stove or at darning the kiddies' socks would, modernly speaking, be far more unique than all the airplane-

sailing or flag-pole-sitting or huckleberry-pie-eating on record, and would constitute a woman, in these delicatessen and department-store days, not a champion, but a queen.

Are we right?

Suggestions

THE Ate-teenth Amendment should be called the Drank-teenth.

Our leading executive should be president of the United States, and not of Europe.

Crooners should be vigorously dealt with, in a jugular vein.

America would be better able to balance her budget, if she'd chose walking political tight-ropes.

It is hard to understand that, while the average citizen is, under no circumstances, forgiven his grocery-bill or the mortgage on his bungalow, Europe confidently seeks a cancellation of the billions she owes us.

What the Well-Trimmed Citizen Probably Thinks

MR. AVERAGE CITIZEN, pondering the trans-Atlantic sleight of hand that turns European debts into American ones, cannot but decide that the stale Old World has a fresh nerve. Hitherto the international lemon was merely passed to the U. S. A.: now it is being rammed down Columbia's throat. Like it or lump it, ye American tax-payers: the salvation of Europe depends on you; and as for the salvation of America—well, who cares? Certainly not France or England.

We are told that the money we loaned abroad is as good as gone, so why bother about it. Yes indeed it has gone; but where? The Yankee, summer-touring the Fatherland or La Belle France, is astonished at the ultra modern things that have been or are being done there, presumably out of somebody's cheque-book. They may be old countries, these main contenders in the late War, but their leaders certainly have young notions; and, as long as the American pickings keep satisfactory, progress is the word. Certainly there is a sparkle and independence to Paris, for instance, much in contrast to its meekness, even abjectness, a few years ago; and, desperately or not, Berlin is gay. Both cities have strung themselves quite definitely or boastfully with novel architectural gems, and give little evidence of a belief that the economic end of the

earth is at hand. As for trans-Atlantic military aspirations!—ah, such are bigger and better than ever, my hearties.

Betimes, America is not only asked but coerced to pay, in order that these sweet excesses may endure. To pay for the Great War; yes, and to possibilize future ones. For the European expenditure for armament and national defence has steadily mounted since 1925. What we should financially forgive Europe would be spent without delay, it seems, to foster the latent hate that exists among these *outré* mer nations; for, as long as one people menace another by flourishing a military increase, how can there be peace?

If Europe can keep her armies and, by cajoling or hectoring the United States into cancelling War-debts, hold down the strain on her money-bags, it will be a huge kindness to European tax-payers, of course. And besides, we shall be enabling the Old World to continue her mad waltz with Mars. What an opportunity to please! A few billions worth of extra burdens on the already breaking backs of our citizenry, and the thing is done. Let's be friendly.

However, if Uncle Sam is really tired of being everybody's fool, it is certain that he will either refuse the great favor of signing the European cheque, or will strenuously lay down the law to European extravagance and nonsense. It would probably be wiser to do the former, inasmuch as twenty centuries have shown themselves incapable of successfully performing the latter.

Believe It or Who Cares

STRANGE. The worse a government is the more the people have to pay for it. The less a person knows the bigger his head.

The more nonsense a person expresses the more he has in reserve.

The more entertainment one indulges the less one is entertained.

The longer this depression lasts the shorter it is apt to be.

The more our government spends the, less it seems able to buy.

The more the Americans can do without the necessities of life the less they seem able to dispense with the luxuries.

Boasting Tourist Abroad

AMERICA has infinitely more bathtubs than Europe.

Mais oui. Prohibition cause ze home-brew, and home-brew ze bathtubs, *n'est-ce pas?*

Thoughtless Thoughts

OUR soldiers, alas, have discovered that the United States is at least *bonus* dry.

Serviceable it is—not?—that our gangsters are so prompt to "mop up" in a land that's "all wet."

The unsuccessful bonus-march to Wash-

ington will probably go down in history as "A Long, Long Trail Awinding Into the Land of Dreams."

American instance: the man who was willing to work and couldn't make a cent and took to drink—and made a million.

At any rate, every American citizen now has a patch to call his own—even if it is sewn on.

Mid-Sea Consolation

WHEN tossed on the bosom of Neptune,

A myriad miles from one's town:

Is it not a sweet thought

That the land, dearly sought,

Is only five miles or so—down!

Successful Failures of '32

ONE cannot but question the patriotism of an official who, having made a botch of one term, serenely seeks another. Evidently such a person loves position and esteems self more than his country and its interests; or else is so obtuse or unconscious as to be just a political pawn and no man at all.

The record of the last few years should make most of our so-called leaders hang their heads and slink out of the picture forever. Never have so many inept and fatal measures been sponsored and advanced in a crisis of our national history. A tariff-bill that has paralyzed our railroads and relatively emptied New York Harbor; an absurdly serious and expensive commission to find out in this Prohibition era the things that everybody knew, and then a repudiation by the President of the very "findings," making the whole affair more clearly than ever a case of much ado about nothing; farm-relief that relieved the country of a Cræsus quantity of cash, and the farmers of nothing; appropriations for the enforcement of an impossible law against the thirsty, and dilly-dallying over attention to the actually hungry; a moratorium for Europe and drastic taxation for America; a barring of our country's breast to the poniards with which the world is at present filled, by a programme of further reductions of our simple national defence: such a story of achievement should place the present Congress at the foot of the lowest class that has ever ruled in Washington. If we live down these mistakes, we'll be doing very well indeed, thank you. Nevertheless, some of our politicians, under the illusion that somehow or other their brains have saved the nation, are disposed to stand up, take a bow, and condescend to reenact the awful mess of the last few years for as many twelve-months more.

At least we must salute their nerve; or rather their ability to pass off, whenever a reminder of their lemon-gifts to America pops up, into a state of coma from which they can always rise with a renewed ego and, indeed, a messianic impulse.

What a marvelous country is ours! It can probably survive even such as these. But how much easier and assured the survival would be, if, after having demonstrated their disqualification to a nicety, they'd now step aside and let better men take their place. But that would be an admission that there are better men. And if they could ever bring themselves to admit that, they'd very probably never have been politicians in the first place. And there you are; or rather, where are you?

Unfinished Sentence

A COLLEGE-YOUTH won three races, And so made his record increase.

An athlete supreme?

Ah, don't make me scream!

His races were with the police.

World News

THE way Congress persists in investigating the stock market leads one to suspect that, at last, Washington is fairly well-convinced that this depression is a luxury which America cannot afford.

Madrid editors are accusing Alcala Zamora, President of the new Spanish Republic, of "living like a king," and "wasting public moneys." Alfonso XIII, exiled in Paris, must be laughing up his sleeve at the realization that it has cost Spain a whole revolution to find out that, no matter what happens, the old world goes on pretty much the same as ever.

The Treasury Department has found an appropriate design for the new Washington bicentennial twenty-five-cent piece. And now the only problem apparently is: where to find the twenty-five-cent piece.

Our U. S. Senate, it seems, is going to have Porto Rico spelled Puerto Rico. Well, wasn't it Mark Twain who used to say that he wouldn't give a hoot for anyone who couldn't spell a word more ways than one. In this, at least, our Congressmen are entitled to respect.

Happy folk in South America. Down there, they have only bursting volcanoes. Up here, we have bursting banks, bursting morale, bursting coats and trousers.

A Trust Company in Boston, with deposits of \$11,000,000, recently closed its doors. Ye Gods! how much more did it want!

Everywhere

IT'S a simple fact, borne in on us at every turn, that God is unescapable. His presence seems to be to the soul what air is to the body. We can neither think nor feel without Him.

Amusingly, this solemn truth was well indicated recently when a certain militant atheist, angered at the seeming concessions of some of his fellow-thinkers to old beliefs, exclaimed at them with all his heart: "As for me, I am an ardent, out-and-out atheist, thank God!"

PLAYING *with* FAMILY NAMES

By Hugh T. Henry, Litt.D.

IT MAY chance that readers will look with suspicion on a paper dealing professedly with plays upon names, considering such a sport as childish or even well-nigh infantile. I am accordingly inclined to think it a quirk of happy circumstance that, when I sat down to write this paper, the overshadowing name of Shakespeare should have occurred to me as one very apt for an introduction to my theme.

He made old John of Gaunt, time-honored Lancaster, play with his own name in more than abundant fashion. He himself not improbably played upon the name of Ann Hathaway also in abundant and beautiful ways. And Ben Jonson did not disdain to play enthusiastically on the supreme name of Shakespeare.

Such instances as these may reassure us in respect of our outlook on name-plays as something higher than a childish entertainment. Let us then glance at the instances mentioned above.

First of all, we shall consider old John of Gaunt, in the sad atmosphere of the scene in *Richard II* (Act ii. scene 2). When the king asks: "What comfort, man? How is't with aged Gaunt?" Gaunt replies:

"O, how that name befits my composition!
Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt in being old;
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;
And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England long time have I watch'd;
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt . . .
And therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt;
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones."

Gaunt was uttering very solemn warnings to the king. Shall we only echo the comment of that foolish sovereign?

"Can sick men play so nicely with their names?"

IF we think at all about this scene, we shall perceive that Shakespeare did not look upon name-plays as indicative of a superficial mind. And our thought may be additionally sobered when we reflect that the Blessed Sir Thomas More did not feel it beneath the awful solemnity of the occasion to utter a pleasantry even as he bowed his neck to bear the axe of martyrdom. No wonder that Erasmus, shocked beyond measure at More's execution, spoke of him as the wisest man in all England. Doubtless the great Chancellor of England had in mind, when he indulged in the pleasantry, that marvelous Scripture, "God loveth a cheerful giver."

It is not improbable that Shakespeare wrote the lines to Ann Hathaway that play so often and so delightfully on her family name:

"Would ye be taught, ye feathered throng,
With love's sweet notes to grace your song,
To pierce the heart with thrilling lay,
Listen to mine Ann Hathaway!
She hath a way to sing so clear,
Phœbus might wondering stop to hear,
To melt the sad, make blithe the gay,
And Nature charm, Ann hath a way:
She hath a way,
Ann Hathaway,
To breathe delight, Ann hath a way."

The remaining three similar stanzas are even more felicitous in their loving praises—but limitations of space forbid their inclusion here.

Although Shakespeare, with a just and discerning psychology, pictured John of Gaunt as punning on his name, the poet seems never to have played with his own name, highly adaptable though it be for that purpose. It was done, however, by Ben Jonson, who in punning verses praises the poet's verses:

"In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandished in the eyes of ignorance."

This was serious punning; for it was the same Ben who declared that Shakespeare was "not of an age, but for all time."

PLAYING with names is not, then, a kind of sport permissible only to children or to childish minds, since undoubtedly great minds have found pleasure in it. The Blessed Sir Thomas More did not disdain pleasantry. He had had his hours of agony in the Tower, and had there meditated upon Our Lord's Agony in the Garden. But when, weakened by his long imprisonment and his sickness, he was mounting unsteadily the ladder to the scaffold, he said to the guard who was with him: "I pray thee see me safe up, and for my coming down let me shift for myself." And laying his head upon the block, he said to the executioner: "Wait, let me move aside my beard before you strike, for that has at least committed no treason." His example of lightheartedness was followed by several English martyrs on the road to Tyburn. All were cheerful givers.

The martyred Chancellor's name appeared in a serious play upon his family name:

"When More some years had Chancellor been,
No more suits did remain.
The same shall never more be seen,
Till More be there again."

The punning expresses high praise withal! Another play merely on the name "More" (and without reference to the Blessed Sir Thomas More) is ingenious rather than witty:

"Here lies one More, and no more than he.
One More and no more! how can that be?
Why, one More and no more may well lie here alone;
But here lies one More, and that's more than one."

A name like More or Moore is very obviously easy to play upon. I have read upon the sign of a shopkeeper named Moore a legend like this: "If you want more information, ask Moore." Similarly, the name of Philpot could offer a chance for punning, which was seized by John Careless in a letter to Philpot: "Oh good master Philpot, which art a principal pot indeed, filled with much precious liquor—oh pot most happy! of the High Potter ordained to honor." As John Philpot was a minister, we have here only religious intimations in the "precious liquor" and "the High Potter." It was punning of a most serious kind, however queer it may sound to modern ears. But "Careless" like "More," lends itself to much playfulness, as the lines "On a Young Lady Named Careless" will illustrate:

"Careless by name, and Careless by nature,
Careless of shape, and Careless of feature.
Careless in dress, and Careless in air;
Careless of riding, in coach or in chair . . .
Were you Careful for once to return me my love,
I'd care not how Careless to others you'd prove . . ."

The punning poem has fourteen additional lines, but the extract I have given must suffice for illustration of a gay playing with names.

MIDWAY between the grave and the gay style may have been Abigail's excusatory comment on the name of her husband, Nabal. He owned three thousand sheep and a thousand goats, but churlishly refused a polite request from David for assistance. His refusal was foolish in fact and provocative in manner. It was the prudent Abigail who saved him from David's vengeance. She fell on her knees before David, saying: "Let not my lord the king, I pray, regard this naughty man Nabal: for according to his name, he is a fool, and folly is with him. . . ." In Hebrew Nabal means fool or folly. Abigail took advantage of this fact and saved the day for Nabal (1 Kings, chapter 25).

Fear prompted Abigail, but downright hatred, which began of old and has persisted to our own times, led to the transformation of Sichem into Sichar. Sichem means a ridge or hill. If the site of this ancient Samaritan city accords with the opinion of Biblical topographers, from its eminence a beautiful view of the surrounding country can be obtained. Even in the time of Our Savior, the Jews had the city known by the name of Sichar, as we find in the Gospel of St. John (iv. 5). While Sichem means merely an elevated place, Sichar means falsehood (City of Lies). This ancient hatred of the Jews for the Samaritans, as illustrated in the play on Sichem, can make us understand better the parable of the Good Samaritan. To the scribe questioning: "Who, then, is my neighbor?" Our Savior told the story of the wounded Jew who was succored (after two ministers of his own faith had coldly passed him with a careless glance) by a stranger. "And this," said Our Savior, "was a Samaritan!"

NOW let us examine another contrasting pair of plays on names. The first play concerns the famous Emperor Tiberius. Macaulay, in his Essay on History, gives highest praise to the manner in which Tacitus executed his task of making his readers intimately acquainted with "a man singularly dark and inscrutable":

"He was to exhibit the old sovereign of the world sinking into a dotage which, though it rendered his appetites eccentric and his temper savage, never impaired the powers of his stern and penetrating mind, conscious of failing strength, raging with capricious sensuality, yet to the last the keenest of observers, the most artful of dissemblers, and the most terrible of masters."

The Emperor's full name was Tiberius Claudius Nero. His love for drink led to a play on each of his three names, which thus became Biberius Caldus Mero, all three suggesting drink. Obviously, Biberius is based on *bibere* (to drink); Caldus, on *calidus* (warm—as drink inflames one's temper); Mero, on *merum* (unadulterated wine). The altered names constituted a somewhat mild arraignment of the man pictured by Tacitus.

The second name concerns Pope Innocent IV. S. R. Maitland, in the first of his *Six Letters on Foxe's Acts and Monuments* (London 1837), tells the story of how Foxe (whose work is most commonly known as the *Book of Martyrs*) played with the family name (Sinibaldo de' Fieschi) of the Pope: "In the edition of 1583, Foxe tells us, that on the pope's designing to disinter the bones of Robert Grossthead, Bishop of Lincoln, the ghost of that prelate appeared to him in the night, and addressed him in the following terms: 'O thou scourfie, lazie, old, bald, lousie, wretched, dotting pope.' This he calls 'the pope's new and true style, given by Grosst. Bish. of Lincoln'; and he adds in the margin, *Ex Mat. Paris. Ex Flor. hist. Sinibalde papa miserrime.*"

Now Foxe knew Latin, but he translated *Senibalde papa miserrime* in a most peculiarly scurrilous way. *Senibalde* (vocative case of the *Sinibaldo* part of the Pope's family name) was rendered into English as "old, bald"; and the *miserrime* not only as *wretched* but *dotting* as well. But where, oh! where, did he get the other vulgar adjectives, *scourfie*, *lazier*, *lousie*? In our own curious day, *lousy*, appears to have lost much of its olden sting; but *scurvy* and *lazy* doubtless retain their old meanings of opprobrium. But if we overlook, for the moment, the coarse invective of Foxe in his choice of *scurvy*, *lazy*, *lousy*, *dotting* (none of which words can be suggested by *Senibalde papa miserrime*, a phrase he pretended to translate), we are still amazed at his rendering of *Senibalde* as "old, bald." Is it quite credible that

a "reformer" who could write Latin books, seriously meant *bald* as a rendering of *balde* into English?

The editor of the 1837 edition of Foxe's work was ashamed of the scurrility of this champion of the Blessed Reformation, and revised it slightly, with the explanation: "As our author gives *Senibalde papa miserrime*, for the substance of this speech, a less free and harsh translation is here retained."

Maitland comments hereupon: "How he gets even his 'less free' translation out of the words, is to me altogether unintelligible. They seem to me only to mean 'O Sinibald most miserable pope.' But where are we to find all the epithets? The passage is instructive as to Foxe's mode of translation, for we cannot doubt that he got the epithets 'old, bald,' from 'Senibalde' . . ." Now Maitland was not a Catholic, but just a learned and honest Anglican minister who detested historical falsehoods.

Foxe's intense hatred for Catholicism led him into this incredible scurrility, as it also led him into other "dishonest" mistranslations of his documents and into "quite untrustworthy" treatments of evidence, as Urquhart, Lecturer in Modern History at Balliol College, Oxford, declared.

The Second Station

(THE CROSS IS LAID ON CHRIST)

By Matthew Richardson

MY Lord takes up His Cross.

He made this tree and all that made it grow:
Rains at root, seadeep winds in its airhung floss,
And suns of days that dial'd off, ages ago,
Hundreds of summers to its myrmidon doves and
bees,

While life in that cool tabernacle shrined.
These with His Cross He bears, and bears with
these

The load of all the sins of all mankind.

JESUS, the Hosts of the Heavens rehearse
Thy harmonious praise that moves them;
Suns before Thy Feet disperse,
Singing Temples of Thy Universe.

Winter and Springtime, Nights and Days,
Seaway and Airway, Desert and Mountain,
Each unto each they anthem and praise
Thy felicitous Hand that sways.

Great is the majesty of Thy might;
Deeper the majesty of Thy weakness.
Suns could never reach this Night:
This is Thou, our Light of Light.

Back-thews, shoulder-sinews start:
Bow-bent, helpless, sin pervades Thee.
This is Love, and this Thou art:
Majesty which rends the heart.

Thou Who bearest the Heavens and the Rood,
Save us from tears of craven pity;
Help us to tears of heroic mood:
Hate of our sins You weep in blood.

I WILL ascend to it,
Thy Altar on the hill.
(Cherub and Seraph chant His Introit.)
My God, My Father, go I will,
And die from Thee apart,
To bear away their sins. . . .

The tragedy of Love's triumphant Heart,
The Mass of Blood and Death begins.

THE SIGN-POST is our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer all questions concerning Catholic belief and practice and publish communications of general interest. Communications should be as brief as possible. Please give your full name and correct address as evidence of your good faith.

THE SIGN-POST

Questions ♦ Answers ♦ Communications

Anonymous communications will not be considered. Writers' names will not be published except with their consent. Send us questions and letters. What interests you will very likely interest others, and make this department more interesting and instructive. Address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

PRIVATE REPLIES

W. B.—(1) You are related to the girl in the fourth degree of consanguinity, touching the third. There is one more degree on your side than on hers. The impediment extends to all in the direct line, and to those related in the third degree in the indirect line, that is, second cousins. But when one line extends beyond the third degree, as in your case, the impediment does not bind. (2) It is a sin to prevent two persons from marrying, if there is no sufficient cause for so doing. In cases of doubt the pastor is the best authority to judge. (3) We are opposed to answering questions by personal letter. Urgent questions of conscience and other moral difficulties should be brought to the attention of one's pastor or confessor for solution.

M. F. J.—It is lawful for a widower to marry a woman, even though she is past the age of child-bearing. See article on "Second Marriages" in the June, 1932, issue of THE SIGN. But to marry again for the sake of the woman's money is damnable.

W. A. B.—In our opinion "Passed by the National Board of Review" is a negligible endorsement of a moving picture. The Federated Alumnae of Catholic Women, through Mrs. Thomas A. McGoldrick, LL.D., 294 Clinton Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., issue a weekly Bulletin on current motion pictures criticized from a Catholic viewpoint. The Catholic Theatre Movement, 460 Madison Avenue, New York City, issues periodically a list of plays which can be recommended.

C. F.—The addresses are: Discalced Carmelite Convent, Caroline and Biddle Streets, Baltimore, Md.; Clayton, Mo.; and 1236 North Rampart Street, New Orleans, La.

N. D. M.—Taking what belongs to another secretly and against his will is a sin of theft. Objectively theft is either grave or light in proportion to the worth of the goods taken and the degree of injury done to the owner. The reasons alleged to justify the taking of goods belonging to hotels are not valid. To take such things is plain theft. Though the owners provide against the theft of such articles, this must not be taken as a condonation of theft, but rather an insurance against loss.

J. B.—There is a great number of congregations of Sisters of St. Joseph, most of which are diocesan communities. A list and a short description of each community is given in *The Catholic Encyclopedic Dictionary*, page 895 et seq. We do not know of any book besides the above which gives a history of the various communities of Sisters of St. Joseph.

T. S.—The following is a partial list of Hilaire Belloc's historical works: *History of England, James II, The French Revolution, Danton, The Catholic Church and History, Robespierre, Marie Antoinette, Cranmer, Richelieu, Wolsey, How the Reformation Happened, Napoleon's Campaign of 1812 and the Retreat from Moscow, Answer to Mr. Wells' Outline of History, and Studies of Twelve Outstanding Characters of the Protestant Reformation in England*. The last appeared serially in THE SIGN, beginning with the August, 1931, issue.

E. S.—We have never seen one of the roses, and hence cannot give a decision.

R. C.—Your question is clearly answered by Rev. Arthur Vermeersch, S. J., in his catechism according to the Encyclical *Casti Nubii* of Pope Pius XI, under the title, *What Is Marriage*,

page 44. It can be obtained from The American Press, 461 Eighth Avenue, N. Y., if you do not find it in the book rack of your church. It is a pamphlet which deserves wide diffusion and digestion. Price 25 cents.

V. M. W.—Dr. James J. Walsh's books have been published by several companies. Several of them have been reviewed in THE SIGN. We shall be glad to obtain any of his books for you.

M. P. W.—According to *The Catholic Directory* there were 40,269 converts to the Catholic Church in 1931. It is impossible to state whether there were more men than women among them, since their sex is not given.

B. K. M.—(1) The priest who mounted the ladder in order to obtain a better view of the Crucifix of Lempias, when it began to move, was Father Anselmo de Palom, a Capuchin. We do not know whether he is still living or not. (2) "Montefalco's Ghostly Visitant," which contained the nun's diary of visitations from a soul in Purgatory, appeared in the November, 1921, issue of THE SIGN. We are sorry that we cannot spare a copy of this number. Perhaps one of our readers would be willing to do so.

H. C.—The promises which are obligatory before a dispensation can be granted for a mixed marriage must be made in writing. The Holy Office has recently issued a decree insisting on the obligation and on drawing up the document in such a manner that it will be of legal value. Moreover, the Church expressly forbids Catholics to marry members of societies condemned by the Church. The Order of Freemasons is the most prominent society among this class. We advise that you bring this matter to the attention of your pastor. See also the December, 1931, issue of THE SIGN on "Mixed Marriages."

K. F.—We have decided that it is useless repetition to answer questions about kissing. We recommend *Into Their Company*, a Book for the Modern Girl on Love and Marriage. Price 40 cents, postpaid.

M. G. M.—*God the Creator and God and His Attributes* of the Treasury of the Faith Series ought to prove helpful. Price 60 cents each. Also the article on the Divine Trinity in *The Catholic Encyclopedia*.

R. S.—The nearest convent of the Sisters of our Lady of Charity of Refuge (called Good Shepherd) is located at 485 Best Street, Buffalo, N. Y. The Religious devote themselves to the preservation and reclamation of young girls in peril or distress. Communicate with the Mother Superior.

M. B. P.—The possession of a right may be conceived without the obligation of using the right. Thus, if both parties mutually agree to abstain no injustice is done to either. But, as St. Paul advises, ordinarily it ought to be only for a time. (1 Cor. 7:5.)

T. M. M.—(1) Following are the Archdioceses in the United States, with the names of the Archbishops: Baltimore, Archbishop Curley; Boston, Cardinal O'Connell; Chicago, Cardinal Mundelein; Cincinnati, Archbishop McNicholas, O.P.; Dubuque, Archbishop Beckman; Milwaukee, Archbishop Stritch; New Orleans, Archbishop Shaw; New York, Cardinal Hayes; Philadelphia, Cardinal Dougherty; Portland in Oregon, Archbishop Howard; St. Louis, Archbishop Glennon; St. Paul, Archbishop Murray; San Antonio, Archbishop Drossaerts; San Francisco, Archbishop Hanna; Santa Fé, Archbishop Daeger, O. F. M. (2)

Vatican City includes the area of St. Peter's Basilica and the Vatican Palaces with their adjoining gardens, measuring about 108 acres. Attached to the Vatican are several possessions with extra-territorial privileges, bringing the total to about 160 acres. Its population at the present writing is about 500.

ELECTION OF POPE: WOMEN AND SACRED ORDERS: FEAST OF THE ANNUNCIATION

(1) *Please explain in detail how the Pope is elected. Is he always of Italian descent?* (2) *Why cannot a lady become a priest?* (3) *Why is not the Feast of the Annunciation celebrated before Christmas according to the Church Year, instead of after Christmas?*—E. R., BUFFALO, N. Y.

(1) When a Pope dies all the Cardinals convene in Rome to elect his successor. The election must take place at least nineteen days after his death. The Cardinals are locked in certain halls of the Vatican with their attendants. There they remain until a new Pope is elected. This is called a conclave, meaning "with, or under, key." Only Cardinals are permitted to elect the Pope. Theoretically speaking, any baptized male Catholic, even a layman, is eligible to the Papacy, but only members of the Sacred College of Cardinals have been chosen since the election of Urban VI in 1378. There is no law, however, which prescribes that the Pope must be taken from the Roman clergy, or the College of Cardinals, or that he be an Italian. As a matter of fact, however, none but Italians have been chosen since the time of Adrian VI (a Dutchman) in 1522. The election of Italians has been and still is dictated by motives of expediency. There are three methods of election; inspiration, compromise, and the ballot. The last named method is the usual one. Ballots are cast twice a day until some candidate receives two-thirds of the votes of the Cardinals present in the conclave. The candidate receiving this number is declared elected.

(2) Women, both by Divine and ecclesiastical law, are not eligible to the priesthood, or of any office of Sacred Orders. This question was answered in detail in the January, 1932, issue, page 355. It is not because women are not holy enough that they are ineligible. It is simply the will of God that baptized males only are to be admitted to this office.

(3) The Feast of the Annunciation, called in some liturgies the "Conception of Christ," comes nine months before Christmas, on March 25.

SOME DIFFICULTIES ABOUT PRAYER

(1) *A says that many times, after a physician has done all that he can for a patient, if he prays the patient is oftentimes helped, and that in many cases prayers are responsible for his complete recovery. B says that the same results would be obtained if no prayers whatever are said, as all things are preordained by God, and are not changed any more than the day of your death. He says that prayers can't change what is to be, and therefore are futile. Which is right?* (2) *Would you call a person believing as B does a fatalist, and is such a belief a sin?* (3) *If you believe that the Church teaches that what is to be will be, and do not pray for help in a dangerous illness, being reconciled to the will of God no matter what may happen, is that a sin?* (4) *Is it a sin to believe in dreams?*—J. L. R., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; R. E. W., ELMHURST, N. Y.

(1) The necessity of prayer is one of the most clear precepts in the Holy Scriptures. Our Lord said: "We ought always to pray, and not to faint." (Luke 18:1.) By praying we do not make known to God what He is ignorant of, nor do we ask Him to change His Divine decrees. Rather, we ask Him for those things which He decreed to be granted only in response to prayer. "By asking men merit to receive," says St. Gregory, "what God has disposed to give before all ages." Therefore, to say that if God wills a person to be cured, he will be cured, is to beg the question. Of course, prayer must be offered with the proper dispositions, if a person wishes to be heard. And, furthermore, prayer must always be made with resignation to God's will.

Whatever is not good for us, or prejudicial to our salvation, God will not grant. If sickness brings us near to God, and good health and continuance in life draw us away from God, prayers for a cure and longer life will not be answered. But whether or not God has determined to grant good health and life a sick person will never know until he endeavors to find out. The woman who was cured of an issue of blood of twelve years' standing, after having spent all her money on physicians, might never have regained her health had she not touched the hem of Our Lord's garment in a spirit of faith and prayer. (Luke 8:3.)

(2) One who entertains such opinions (not beliefs) as *what will be, will be*, is in some sense, at least, a fatalist. Such an opinion is not only un-Christian, but it is also unreasonable. God disposes that everything should be brought to its end by fitting causes. He knows whether you shall get your supper, but the fact that He knows this does not excuse you from taking the means to get it. So, favors which He has decreed to be granted through prayer will not be granted if prayer is lacking.

(3) Ordinarily it is sinful to believe in dreams and to direct one's life by them. God has given to men reasoning faculties and a conscience as the guides of human actions. The Bible frequently forbids us to observe dreams, and teaches clearly that "dreams have deceived many, and they have failed who put their trust in them." (Lev. 19:26; Deut. 18:10.) Usually dreams have a merely natural cause. It is true that God Himself often directed His representative by means of dreams, as, for example, St. Joseph. But when God communicates His will by means of dreams He gives other signs that they are from Him, and not from the vagaries of our imagination, or the disorderly dispositions of our bodies.

MASSSES FOR SOULS NOT IN PURGATORY

Please advise who derives the benefit of Masses offered for a departed person who is no longer in Purgatory. Do these Masses divert to the benefit of the Poor Souls in general?—J. T. W., LOUISVILLE, KY.

No one can give a definite answer to this question. The application of the merits of the Mass and indulgences to the Souls in Purgatory depends upon the good pleasure of God. Once a soul has crossed the great divide, it ceases to be subject to the jurisdiction of the Church, and rests in the hands of God. The Church, therefore, can not bind and loose in favor of the Souls in Purgatory, but intercedes for them with God. However, it is the opinion of Catholics that Masses and indulgences which are offered for the Souls in Purgatory will benefit those for whom they are offered. To what degree, no man knows without a revelation from God. In the supposition that Masses are offered for a soul which has been liberated from Purgatory, it is the opinion of Catholics that God will apply them to other souls, who are most needy and worthy of assistance. This may be one of the ways in which souls who have none to pray and offer Masses for them, especially those, who, while on earth lead poor but virtuous lives, share in the merits of the Mass and the indulgences gained by the faithful. The Communion of Saints is the great family of God. In dispensing His favors He, like the kind and loving Father He is, is moved to help, through the prayers of others, those most in need of assistance.

PRIESTS AND THE PRACTICE OF MEDICINE

May a priest, secular or regular, who holds a medical decree recognized by the civil law, practise medicine and surgery? I have heard that there are priest professors of medicine in universities.—J. F. R., EAST ORANGE, N. J.

Among the offices forbidden to the clergy by the Code of Canon Law is the practise of medicine and surgery. "Clerics [and this includes Religious] shall not engage in medicine and surgery without an Apostolic indult." (Canon 139.) The reason of the prohibition is obvious. Clerics are specially deputed to Divine service, which should not be interfered with by other works, no matter how good in themselves. An Apostolic indult is usually

granted, with certain restrictions, to missionaries laboring in pagan lands. The reason of this should also be obvious, for in such places the priest is called upon to minister to the body as well as to the soul. We have no knowledge of priests teaching medicine anywhere. Religious, who by virtue of their rule, are engaged in hospital work, ordinarily assume the duties of nurses only, and commit the medical and surgical duties to members of the medical profession.

A TEXT: THERESIAN FAVORS

(1) Please explain this text of St. Matthew (24:19): "Woe to them that are with child and give suck in those days!" I have always understood that good Catholic women should bear children to the end of time. (2) Is it true that before St. Thérèse of the Child Jesus obtains a favor for her clients the scent of roses is distinctly perceived. I was told of such an extraordinary occurrence.—M. R., SOUTH BOSTON, MASS.

(1) Christ here declared the awful character of the siege and destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans in the year 70 A. D. So severe would be their vengeance that not even pregnant and nursing women would be spared their brutality, contrary to the usual custom of war. Defenceless women and children ordinarily move conquerors to mercy, but in this case not so. For them the hardships of the siege would be doubly great, for they would be unable to flee, and at the same time would not be spared. This text must not be interpreted as a condemnation of motherhood, but rather a Divine commiseration for mothers in a particular instance.

(2) Whether this be true or not, we are unable to say. St. Thérèse did promise that when she got to Heaven she would let fall "a shower of roses," that is, favors. We have abundant evidence that she has kept her promise. The perception of the scent of roses in anticipation of a favor is not impossible, and those who claim to have experienced it cannot be blamed for holding it as something preternatural, if not supernatural, when there is no natural cause to explain it.

INTERNAL SINS: SINS OF IMPURITY

(1) What is the reason of the 9th and 10th commandments? I can understand why it is forbidden to steal and commit adultery, but what harm is there if a person does not put his thoughts into action, and does not take his neighbor's goods or wife? (2) Why is there such stress placed on the virtue of purity in Catholic morality? What harm would result if impurity is committed, provided no harm was done to the neighbor?—N. N., BOSTON, MASS.

(1) God gave distinct precepts forbidding the desire of our neighbor's goods and wife, which are implicitly contained in the prohibition to steal and to commit adultery, lest any one might be tempted to think that, since nothing was done externally against the neighbor's goods or wife, no sin would be committed. Implicitly the prohibition to steal and to commit adultery also prohibits the deliberate desire to do these things. All morality is essentially interior, that is, all human acts proceed from a deliberate will. A deliberate will embraces knowledge, deliberation and consent. No act is truly a human act unless it proceeds from the exercise of these faculties. And no act is either blameworthy or meritorious unless it is freely performed. Therefore the imputability of all human acts depends on the exercise of those faculties by which we are free. Those faculties are internal. The hand that steals is not free; it is obeying the command of the will. Consequently, if it is wrong to steal our neighbor's goods or defile his wife, it is also wrong to have the desire to do so. That it is possible to commit internal sin is made clear by Our Lord, Who reproached the Scribes, saying: "Why think ye evil in your hearts?" (Matt. 9:4.) He emphasized the fact that the desire of adultery is the moral equivalent of adultery "Whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath already committed adultery with her in his heart." (Matt. 5:28.)

(2) The commandment forbidding adultery implicitly forbids every action, internal as well as external, which is prejudicial to the orderly propagation of the race. God has limited the exercise

of the procreative faculties to the state of marriage, for only in marriage can orderly propagation and education of children be obtained. Every deliberate use of the procreative faculty outside marriage, whether solitary or mutual, internal or external, is, therefore, sinful.

ANOTHER NEW SUPERSTITION

Are not people superstitious who believe that giving a rosary as a gift will bring bad luck? I am trying to convince them that it is a sin.—F. R., NORWICH, CONN.

This attitude is superstitious and certainly to be condemned. It is a shame that one of the most venerated of Catholic articles of devotion should be so regarded. Like all superstitions, it offends not only against the spirit of faith and true devotion, but also against common sense. For what connection is there between Mary's Crown and what is called bad luck? We have always considered the gift of a rosary as an evidence of the spirit of faith on the part of the giver, and a compliment to the spirit of piety on the part of the receiver.

GOD-PARENTS OF CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT CHILDREN

May a Catholic stand as godfather or godmother for a Protestant baby at baptism? Also may a Protestant be a godparent at the baptism of a Catholic baby?—A. J. B., DUSQUENE, PA.

Both are explicitly forbidden by the Church. The reason of the prohibition is that such actions are an unlawful communication in sacred things and an implicit approbation of heresy.

NAME OF JESUS FOR MALE CHILD: JEWS AND PORK

(1) I understand that in some Catholic countries it is permitted to give the Holy Name of Jesus to children at Baptism. Is this not sacrilegious? (2) Where in the Old Testament were the Jewish people forbidden to eat swine's flesh, and what was the reason of this prohibition?—M. M., ARLINGTON, N. J.

(1) Canon 761 says that pastors should see to it that a Christian name is given to those to be baptized. There is no special prohibition against imposing the Name of Jesus on a male child. In this country the Holy Name is considered too sacred to be given to any mortal, but in Latin countries, especially Mexico, it is not unusual to do so. This may be their way of showing honor to the Name of Jesus.

(2) The eating of swine's flesh is forbidden in many places in the Old Testament, notably in Leviticus (11:7) and Deuteronomy (14:8). Only those animals could lawfully be eaten which were "clean." Clean animals were those which "hath the hoof divided and cheweth the cud." (Lev. 11:3.) According to Cornelius a Lapide, (Commentary on Holy Scripture) the following were the reasons of the prohibition: (a) to exercise the Jews in temperance and obedience to the Divine command, which was a continual worship of God; (b) that the Jews might be so accustomed to bodily cleanliness that they might abhor the abominations of idolatrous sacrifices and banquets; (c) that by abstinence from the flesh of unclean animals they might cultivate purity of mind, as a preparation for the advent of Christ the Messiah, Who would be born of their race; (d) that they might avoid the vices of which unclean animals were the symbols.

REASON OF FAST AND ABSTINENCE

A Non-Catholic asked why Catholics abstain from meat on Friday. All the Catholics in our office replied that abstinence from meat on Friday was enjoined on Catholics in honor of Our Lord's crucifixion. The Non-Catholic inquired the reason why we abstained only from meat.—L. G. S., NEW YORK, N. Y.

The purpose of the law of the Church with reference to fast and abstinence is threefold, according to St. Thomas Aquinas: (a) in order to restrain the concupiscence of the flesh; (b) to render more easy the elevation of the mind to Divine things; (c) to satisfy for sins. These ends are expressed in the Preface of the Mass during the time of Lent: "It is truly meet and just,

right and profitable for us at all times and in all places to give thanks to Thee, O Holy Lord, Father Almighty, Eternal God, Who on those who chastise their bodies by fasting dost bestow the restraining of evil passions, uplifting of heart, and the enjoying of virtue with its reward." The practice of fasting in the Church is also inspired by the example of Christ, Who prepared for announcing the Kingdom of God by fasting for forty days and forty nights. The precept of fasting is distinct from that of abstinence, though on certain days they both bind, e.g., Fridays in Lent. The reason why abstinence from meat and the juice of meat is enjoined on abstinence days is because the concupiscence of the flesh is especially restrained by depriving oneself of them, for meat is, as a rule, greatly desired, and is very nourishing. The designation of Friday as a day of abstinence from Apostolic times is obvious to every Christian. Christ Our Redeemer died on that day for our sins, and it is most fitting that those for whom He died should commemorate His sufferings by making some voluntary mortification.

JESUS CHRIST DIVINE AND HUMAN

I claim that Our Lord when on earth possessed His Divine Nature along with His human nature. A friend claims that He was wholly human.—L. C., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The Faith of the Catholic Church with reference to the Incarnate Christ is thus tersely expressed in the Athanasian Creed: "We believe and confess that Our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is both God and man. He is God of the substance of the Father, begotten before all ages; He is man of the substance of His Mother, born in time. He is perfect God and perfect Man, and [as man] subsisting of a rational soul and human flesh. Equal to the Father according to Divinity, less than the Father according to humanity. Although He is God and man, He is not two, but only one Christ. He is one [Christ] not by the conversion of the Divinity into flesh, but by the assumption of the humanity into God. He is entirely one, not by the confusion of substance, but by the unity of the Person. For as the rational soul and one body make one man, so God and man is one Christ." Therefore, Christ, the Incarnate God, is neither wholly Divine nor wholly human. He possesses a complete Divine nature and a complete human nature, both of which are united in an ineffable union (called hypostatic—personal) by the Person of the Word.

NATURE AND MORALITY OF HYPNOTISM

May Catholics seriously believe in Hypnotism? It has always been my opinion that such a practice is wrong for an earnest Catholic to believe in. In the slang of the day, I have always considered hypnotism so much "bunk."—F. G. S., CANTON, MASS.

Hypnotism comes from the Greek word meaning sleep. In its active sense hypnotism signifies the art of producing in another artificial sleep and the peculiar phenomena connected with sleep; in its passive sense hypnotism denotes the phenomena produced during hypnotic sleep. Formerly hypnotism was considered by some theologians to be above the natural powers of man to produce, and since it is wrong to invoke a preternatural influence to produce such phenomena they attributed hypnotism to the devil.

Although the Church has not authoritatively solved the problem as to the nature of hypnotism, it is clear that in the judgment of the Church hypnotism is not certainly superstitious. When the Holy Office was asked to solve the question it responded on July 26, 1899, by laying down the conditions for its exercise. It seems quite certain today that the phenomena and the means by which they are produced, considered in themselves, do not transcend the powers of nature. Therefore, hypnotism cannot be considered as "bunk." But that it is not recommended is clear from the conditions laid down for its use. In itself hypnotism is not lawful because it is oftentimes harmful to health and prejudicial to purity.

However, for the cure of certain diseases it may be used, provided the following conditions are verified: (a) that the person using hypnotism be skilled in the use of it and morally qualified;

(b) that other and ordinary means of cure are not effective; (c) that the hypnotizer must not abuse his power over the will of the person hypnotized; (d) that the person to be hypnotized give his consent; (e) that a third person be present during the treatment.

Finally, whatever may be the explanation of hypnotism, it seems that physicians today are becoming more skeptical of its claims, and that if hypnotism is of any value at all it is chiefly in diseases of the nervous system, which are sometimes amenable to cure by suggestion. Catholics should as a rule keep far away from hypnotism.

OUR LADY AND ST. JUDE

In the Booklet of St. Jude published by THE SIGN it says that St. Jude was related to the Blessed Virgin because his mother was Mary, "Sister of the Blessed Virgin." Please explain this relationship more fully.—A. M. G., NEW YORK, N. Y.

St. Jude was the son of Mary, wife of Alpheus or Cleophas. This Mary is called the sister of the Blessed Virgin (John 19:25), not precisely because she was the sister of the Blessed Virgin in the strict sense, but a sister in the meaning of the Hebrews, that is, either a cousin or more distant relative. Mary, the wife of Cleophas, had four sons, three of whom were called to be Apostles, viz., James the Less, Jude, and Simon. The fourth son, Joses or Justus, was proposed together with Mathias as the successor of Judas (Acts 1:23) but the lots fell upon Mathias. These four sons were called "brethren of Christ," not because they were sons of St. Joseph by a former wife, and consequently step-sons of the Blessed Virgin and half-brothers of Jesus, as some have erroneously thought, but because they were either cousins, or perhaps even more distantly related to the Blessed Virgin and Our Lord. It is important to note that the Jews had no word to designate cousins, but called them brothers and sisters, in much the same way as Italians sometimes call cousins brother or sister-cousins. (Cornelius a Lapide, *Introd. to Epistle of St. Jude.*)

WHEN CHURCHES UNITE LOOK FOR END OF WORLD?

Is there any truth in the statement that when all the churches unite the end of the world will be at hand? A good Catholic argues that if this statement is true the Pope is inconsistent in urging a union of all sects, as this would mean the end of the world.—R. M., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

As far as we know there is no truth in the statement. When the end of the world shall come no man knows. That is God's secret. True, the Holy Scriptures mention various signs which shall precede the consummation of the world, but how long after the signs are verified the end of the world shall actually occur is most obscure. Among the signs usually mentioned as ushering in the end of the world is the preaching of the Gospel to all peoples: "This Gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached in the whole world, for a testimony to all nations, and then shall the consummation come." (Matt. 24:14.) There is nothing about the union of the churches in this text. Even though it were true that after the union of all churches and sects the world would come to an end, we do not see any inconsistency in the Holy Father desiring this, for it is thoroughly in accord with the Holy Scriptures and the will of Christ. It seems to us that since the end of the world is surely to come in the future, it could not come at a more fitting time than when all men are united in the same Faith, Hope and Charity.

JONAS AND THE WHALE: INERRANCY OF THE BIBLE

(1) How could Jonas possibly get inside a whale, as the whale's mouth is so small that it can swallow only small fish? (2) How do we know that the Bible is truth itself, since it has been translated so much that errors must have crept into the translation, or the wrong meaning taken out of it?—H. M. A., TORONTO, CANADA.

(1) In the first place the Book of Jonas (2:1) does not say that a whale swallowed Jonas, but a large fish. The Greek word used to describe this fish can be translated as "sea-monster." More-

over, the text says that the Lord "prepared" the fish to swallow the Prophet, which is a very important point. Divine Providence had chosen Jonas to be a figure of the Risen Christ, and by means of His Almighty power He was able to produce effects outside the ordinary course of nature by means of a lesser miracle, so as to prefigure the Resurrection of Christ from the dead, the greatest of all miracles. True, the Septuagint version of the above passage is as follows: "The Lord commanded a great whale (*cetus*) to swallow Jonas." And St. Matthew (12:40) follows this version and calls the fish a whale, not so much for the purpose of sanctioning this interpretation, as to quote an authority for Christ's Divine mission, which was received by the Jews. The miracle consisted in the *survival* of Jonas in the belly of the whale for three days and three nights, (or, according to the Hebrew method of computation part of three days and nights), and not the fact of being swallowed alive. Sea-faring men have testified that sperm whales, or cachelots, have a throat large enough to swallow a man, and that in fact they have done so.

Hence, there should be no difficulty in believing that a great fish of some species or other can swallow a man, but there is great cause for wonderment when a man can live inside the whale for so long a time. It is of the very essence of a miracle to cause wonder, for a miracle is an occurrence outside the ordinary course of things, and intended to cause wonder, in order to draw the attention of men to Divine things. Christ appealed to this miracle when the Jews requested a "sign" from Heaven to substantiate His mission, and also to the men of Ninive and the Queen of Saba (*Matt. 12:40-42*.) The latter were recognized by the Jews as realities in history, and from Our Lord's testimony we have sufficient reason for believing that the former miraculous incident was also a reality. With reference to the works of God it is not a question of "how" He can do a thing (for He can do all things) but whether or not He has done it.

(2) That many errors have crept into the Bible by way of translation, copyists' errors, printing, etc., is quite true. But all these errors in authentic versions are accidental. The official Latin Version of the Bible is the Vulgate, which the Council of Trent declared "authentic," which means that it is free from error in matters of Faith and Morals, and substantially faithful to the original Scriptures, all of which have been lost. When translations of the Bible agree with the Latin Vulgate Catholics are assured that the translations are substantially free of error. This is the reason why the Church exercises such care with regard to the Bible, for she wishes her children to have the true Bible and not a false version of it. The Douay Version is a faithful translation of the Vulgate.

THE GREEK ORTHODOX AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

(1) *In what way does the Greek Orthodox Church differ from the Catholic Church?* (2) *May Greek Orthodox Christians receive the Sacraments in the Catholic Church, and vice versa? I understand that the priests of the Orthodox Church have the same powers as the priests of the Catholic Church.*—J. J. F., WOBURN, MASS. R. C., RIDGEFIELD PARK, N. J.

(1) The Greek Orthodox Church is in schism, that is, outside the unity of the Catholic Church. It does not acknowledge the supreme and universal jurisdiction of the Pope in matters of Faith and Morals, and has deliberately withdrawn itself from communication with him and the faithful. The schism commenced in 857 A. D. under the usurper of the Patriarchate of Constantinople, Photius, and was consummated under the Patriarch Michael Cerularius in 1054, A. D. Orthodox, etymologically speaking, means "right thinking of belief." This term the Orthodox Church arrogates to itself. The Orthodox Greek Church is made up of auto-cephalus, or independent, churches, which, in the beginning of the schism, embraced the patriarchates of Alexandria, Antioch, Jerusalem and Constantinople. The latter church was acknowledged as having the primacy of honor only. In 1930 there were 145,000,000 members of the Orthodox Church, of which number about 80,000,000 (in 1917) belonged to the Russian Orthodox Church.

The fundamental cause of the schism was the suspicion and enmity of the Greek for the Latin, together with the abject subservience of the Greek patriarchs towards the Emperors. Many charges were made against the Latin Church in order to justify the schism, but most of these complaints concerned disciplinary matters. The chief cause of the schism, at least the chief *external* cause, was the insertion by the Latin Church of the word *Filioque* (and from the Son) into the Nicene Creed, in order to define the procession of the Holy Ghost from the Father "and from the Son." The Latin Church has made many attempts to effect re-union with the Orthodox Churches of the East and on two occasions seemed to have been successful: at the Council of Lyons in 1274 A. D., and at the Council of Florence in 1439 A. D. The Greeks accepted the Creeds of the Latin Church, only to reject them later and fall back into schism.

The Greek Orthodox Church also seems to be heretical, since it denies some of the doctrines of the Latin Church, notably the Infallibility of the Pope and the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

(2) "It is forbidden to administer the Sacraments of the Church to heretics and schismatics who ask for them, even though they hold to their errors in good faith, unless they first reject their errors and become reconciled to the Church." (Canon 731.) While it is true that the Orthodox priests have valid Orders, and consequently validly administer the Sacraments (with the exception of the Sacrament of Penance), it is forbidden to Catholics to receive the Sacraments from them, unless, when dying, there is no Catholic priest who can administer them. The reason for the exception of the Sacrament of Penance is, that for the valid administration of this Sacrament the power of jurisdiction is required, in addition to the power of Orders. Jurisdiction to hear confessions is given by the Pope through the Bishops. Schismatic priests are denied jurisdiction, except in the danger of death. In fact, any validly ordained priest can administer the Sacrament of Penance, and also the other necessary Sacraments in danger of death, because the Church supplies jurisdiction at that supreme hour, for the salvation of souls. Theologians, however, warn the faithful not to call a schismatic priest to attend the dying, when a Catholic priest cannot be had, if his administration would constitute a proximate danger of perversion, or give grave scandal to others. In such a case they hold that it would be better to elicit a perfect act of contrition and commit oneself to the Divine Mercy, rather than expose oneself to such peril.

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

N. P. R., Shelbyville, Ind.; O. R., Valley Stream, N. Y.; A. L., Brookline, Mass.; M. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.; J. McG., Glenshaw, Pa.; E. D., Natick, Mass.; A. O'L., Boston, Mass.; S. F., Newton Center, Mass.; B. Z., St. Louis, Mo.; C. T. W., Philadelphia, Pa.; C. J. W., Cincinnati, O.; C. S., Millvale, Pa., Sr. M., Newark, N. J.

THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

M. F., Jamaica Plain, Mass.; J. G. S., Canonsburg, Pa.; M. S., East Orange, N. J.; A. M. McC., Brooklyn, N. Y.; M. McG., New York, N. Y.; J. H., Bronx, N. Y.; M. E. K., Roxbury, Mass.; F. A. W., Philadelphia, Pa.; A. B., Short Hills, N. J.; E. B., Scranton, Pa.; M. A. G., Normandy, Mo.; E. H., Dracut, Mass.; E. T. L., Dorchester, Mass.; N. McC., Waterbury, Conn.; M. S., New York, N. Y.; A. S., St. Albans, N. Y.; N. M., New York, N. Y.; C. T. W., Philadelphia, Pa.; M. M. F., Randolph, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE—In reply to a number of requests we wish to state that THE SIGN has gotten out a special pamphlet on St. Jude. Besides a sketch of his life, it contains occasional prayers and novena devotions in his honor. Almost every mail brings us notice of favors received through the intercession of this Apostle who has been for centuries styled "Helper in Cases Despaired Of." Copies of the pamphlet are 10c each or 15 for \$1.

FRIDAY ABSTINENCE IN HAWAII

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I just read *The Sign-Post* in the July issue. In the same I saw the following: "We have no information with reference to Friday abstinence in Hawaii." I spent a week in Honolulu some eight years ago and had a pleasant visit with the Bishop, who told me that they had two days of abstinence all year, namely Ash Wednesday and Good Friday. The reason for this general dispensation from Friday abstinence was, the Bishop said, because the people earn one dollar a day for twelve hours' work, and meat costs five cents a pound, whereas fish costs forty cents a pound. I thought perhaps that this little information might be interesting to you.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

(REV.) JOHN BERING.

FOR THE CONVERSION OF ISRAEL

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

It may be of information to your readers to know that a general interest is being created among the hierarchy and clergy of the country in the work of the Sisters of Notre Dame de Sion in Kansas City, Mo. Many bishops, priests, nuns and others are enrolling as members in the Archconfraternity for the Conversion of Israel. To give an impetus to this deserving work, may I submit the names of some of the members of the hierarchy who have endorsed the work within the past year:

Archbishop Edward J. Hanna, San Francisco, Calif.; Archbishop Francis Joseph Beckman, Dubuque, Iowa; Bishop Bernard Mahoney, Sioux Falls, So. Dak.; Bishop Henry Rohlman, Davenport, Iowa; Bishop Edmond Heelan, Sioux City, Iowa; Bishop William J. Hafey, Raleigh, N. C.; Bishop Joseph McGrath, Baker, Oregon; Bishop James J. Hartley, Columbus, Ohio; Bishop Gerald O'Hara, Philadelphia, Pa.; Bishop John Mark Gannon, Erie, Pa.; Bishop Joseph Plagens, Detroit, Mich.; Bishop John F. Noll, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Bishop Thomas Toolen, Mobile, Ala.; Bishop Daniel J. Curley, Syracuse, N. Y.; Bishop Edmund J. Fitzmaurice, Wilmington, Del.; Bishop Francis C. Kelley, Oklahoma City and Tulsa, Okla.

Rev. Bertrand Bailey, Secretary to Archbishop John F. McNicholas, Cincinnati, Ohio, writes:

"The Most Rev. Archbishop directs me to say that he said Mass this week for the Conversion of Israel. I am enclosing the card which His Grace has signed. If you have any further information about the Archconfraternity may I trouble you to forward it? Please send us also five hundred leaflets of the Archconfraternity of Prayers for the Conversion of Israel. We will distribute some of these and see whether we can assemble a group of Jews in this section."

Bishop Joseph F. Rummel, Omaha, Nebraska, writes:

"Herewith I am enclosing my card consenting to enrollment in the Archconfraternity of Prayer for the Conversion of Israel. May I assure you that I appreciate and approve of your work of zeal and trust that it may, under the blessing of Almighty God, meet with many fruitful results."

Bishop Edmund F. Gibbons, Albany, N. Y., writes:

"I am glad to give my name for membership in the Archconfraternity of Prayer for the Conversion of Israel and I promise to offer the Holy Mass once a year for its aims and purposes."

Bishop Joseph Schrembs, Cleveland, Ohio, writes:

"Enclosed I am sending you my card (this means the pledge card promising an annual Mass for the Cause) for the splendid work you are inaugurating. May God bless you."

Rev. Joseph McGucken, Secretary to Most Rev. John J. Cantwell, D.D., writes:

"I am instructed by the Rt. Rev. Bishop to acknowledge your letter and to tell you that he is most heartily in sympathy with the Cause you so zealously espouse. He therefore promises to say many Masses for this intention."

Msgr. Frank Thill, Cincinnati, Ohio, writes:

"Enclosed with this letter I am sending you my pledge as a Priest-Member of the Archconfraternity of Prayer for the

Conversion of Israel. I want to commend you for the fine work of the Archconfraternity and hope Almighty God will bless your efforts with abundant success."

The thousands of well disposed young Jewish people are grasping for a religious anchor, to center their natively religious longings, and the Catholic Church alone possesses the answer thereto. Surely a prudent and timely interest in the Jewish people will result in many staunch converts to the Catholic Faith.

Your magazine, which carries on a constant propaganda for enlightenment in things Catholic, could espouse no more worthy cause than the Conversion of the Jews.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

SAMUEL ROSEMEYER.

REALISTIC DEPICTIONS OF THE CRUCIFIXION

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In the July issue of *THE SIGN*, I notice on page 739, F. F. of Oil City, Pa., seeks the whereabouts of a realistic representation of Our Lord on the Cross.

Of course there was no artist present at the crucifixion who immediately set to work with his brushes, but there have been at various times artists and sculptors who have tried to depict the crucifixion not from an artistic standpoint but from a devotional desire to give us a realistic picture of His agony. I have seen quite a number of such representations but as I was not interested in that particular phase of art at the time I saw them, my notes are few. The names of the artists and sculptors in most of these examples have not come down to us.

There is a legend from the Middle Ages concerning a realistic representation of Our Lord on the Cross. A certain learned man having heard that Satan certainly must have been present to see this Sacrifice on Calvary, wondered how Satan would represent the scene in a picture. The devil appeared to him and it was agreed that if the man would sign over his soul, the devil would give him a painting of the scene. When the man saw this painting of Our Lord in His Agony on the Cross—His Body bruised, bleeding and torn—he rushed from the house and hurried to see his confessor to make his peace with God, and thus by the picture was the man returned to the Church. This incident, no doubt, never took place; but it is perhaps the other way around, that is, some artist painted such a realistic painting of Our Lord's suffering on the Cross that the legend of Satan himself painting it sprang up years after the painting was finished and the name of the artist forgotten. I believe that if I can trace back this legend, I can also locate the painting.

But more to the point; in the Church of San Giorgio Maggiore in Venice is a realistic crucifix by Michelozzo (1369-1472). Another realistic bit of sculpture is found in the Church of Santa Maria dei Servi in Bologna. It is the crucifixion by Alfonso Lombardi. Amongst the thousands of crucifixions that dot the mountains of the Tyrol will be found many in which the wood-carvers have tried to represent realistically the torn Body of Christ.

Amongst the known artists who have given us realistic representations of Christ on the Cross might be mentioned Lucas Cranach (1472-1553) and Hans Pleydenwurf (died 1472), both in the Old Art Gallery, Munich; and Jan Van Eyck (15th Cent.) in the Berlin Art Gallery.

But by far more realistic are the paintings of Matthias Grünewald, (16th Cent. around Isenheim and Mainz). The middle panel of the Isenheim altar piece presents one of the most realistic, signed paintings of the crucifixion in the world. This picture is in the Monastery of Isenheim, midway between Mulhausen and Colmar in the Rhineland. It was reproduced in color in *Die Kunst dem Volke*, 10th year, special number.

Aside from artistic qualities, for the purpose of meditations on the sufferings of Our Lord on the Cross, the best example I have seen hangs in one of the corridors of the Redemptorist House in Rome. I know of no copies of this painting in photo or print. To my way of thinking it is the closest representation of Christ on the Cross that could be conceived by any man. More information could be found by writing to Brother Alfonso Hartley, C.S.S.R.,

Sant' Alfonso, Via Merulana, Rome, Italy. I think that this last mentioned picture would come closest to the desires of F. F.

TOLEDO, OHIO

(Rev.) ALOYSIUS HORN.

CATHOLIC CHAPLAINS IN STATE INSTITUTIONS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

"Have pity, at least, you my friends, for the hand of the Lord hath touched me."

That is the unanswered cry that is going up with anguish from the quivering lips of thousands of Catholic patients in State Hospitals for the mentally sick throughout the land. Will nobody hear them?

What is it that they really want? What do they actually crave? In a surprisingly great number of cases simply this: just a little daily spiritual consolation in their lives of almost complete spiritual abandonment and desolation.

If one has the human interest and courage just casually to observe the social standards of daily life in all of these State Hospitals, he will find that there is not even a weak pretense towards good moral character building, or the reestablishment of moral standards of any kind, for daily guidance of patients confined therein.

Reality is often grim and appalling; on its face it is almost certain to be found fierce and terrifying when considered from the perspective of daily routine in our very modernistic State Hospitals for the mentally sick, with all of their advanced equipment which is so often not kept up for use, but merely for show purposes to interest the uninformed visitors.

The Church holds a most vital position in the lives and happiness of all Catholic patients, particularly those suffering from a mental disease. In these cases of mental upsets, the Church, when brought into active coöperative touch, can be counted upon to act as a strong balance wheel, ably assisting her suppliant children with a Divine curative force of a sustaining and encouraging spiritual nature. It is this Divinely constituted authority to comfort and heal that alone is above all other powers of human endeavors able to lead the lost sheep and the bruised lambs safely back to the fold of true peace.

Let us realize that a large number of our Catholic patients in these public mental hospitals may or may not have been in the state of grace at the time of the disease's onslaught, or prior to their commitment. How much does such a serious human uncertainty call for our prayers and assistance. How can we, who like to think we are right with God, refuse to help them.

No agency is better qualified to help in this matter of restoring true mental status than the Catholic Church. If we ever expect to have an appreciable number of actual recoveries of patients once confined in these present neglected spots of religion, we will first have to recognize that Almighty God has made these restless souls also for Himself, and their hearts will continue disturbed and restless, until they finally rest in Him. To stand by aimlessly and do nothing to restore these souls to God is to develop in a shameless fashion the unadulterated essence of paganism. Here, certainly, is a place that He must be recognized as above all others. Here He is greatly needed.

As practical Catholics, we ought unhesitatingly to lend our moral and financial support towards aiding our afflicted brothers, by promoting State legislation, providing for full time Catholic Chaplains for all State Institutions. By so doing, we will build up a more helpful environment for all mentally sick patients confined in State Hospitals, and increase appreciably the present low number of partial as well as complete recoveries.

BOSTON, MASS.

JOHN F. WALSH.

SOME TYPES OF CATHOLIC ACTION

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Perhaps you will permit me to say a few words on Catholic Action.

I often wonder whether the average Catholic lay person understands the real significance of Catholic Action. Many think

Catholic Action is the work of the various Religious Orders, the National Catholic Welfare Conference, or the numerous societies which are promoting so nobly the Catholic cause. It ought, however, to be understood, that Catholic Action is incumbent on every one of the 350,000,000 members of the One True Church. I should like to bring to the attention of the readers of THE SIGN a few of the many opportunities afforded the humble lay person for Catholic Action.

Ever since Johann Gutenberg invented the movable type for printing, the Church has had a remarkable means for disseminating the doctrines of Our Divine Lord. Few Catholics realize the truly apostolic work of remailing Catholic books, papers, magazines, and pamphlets to priests and Religious working within the confines of our own vast land, as well as foreign lands, where the Church is struggling for a foothold. Good reading matter, particularly the 100,000 copies of THE SIGN, would be of incalculable value to many poor missionaries, were they remailed to them.

The Catholic Truth Society, 405-407 Bergen Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., will gladly furnish addresses to which used Catholic literature may be remailed. Rev. Robert Booth, Chaplain of the Clinton Prison, Dannemora, N. Y., recently made a plea for literature for the inmates of his institution. Father Booth says there are about 1,600 men in the prison, 50 per cent of whom were at one time Catholics, but many of them through indiscriminate reading lost their faith. These men take pleasure in promulgating their erroneous doctrines, and the printed page is the best means of counteracting their false notions. Strange though it may seem, the men, whether religious or not, show a preference for religious literature, and read it attentively. Rev. Father Rocca, S. J., of Malabar, Calicut, India, requests literature for students attending a nearby Lutheran University. These students come to him frequently for a knowledge of the Catholic religion. Pamphlets in lots of fifty or a hundred can be purchased, for a very nominal sum, and sent direct to needy priests who can almost work miracles in a spiritual way. Some of the subscribers to THE SIGN, who have not felt the depression too keenly, might pay for an extra subscription for some worthy library.

What joy would fill the heart of a lonely missionary laboring on one of our Indian reservations, were some kind member of the Catholic Book Club to send him a copy of the book selected for the month, or some other book of equal interest. Many persons allow good books to become dusty and time-worn, when some poor priest is craving for intellectual food to cheer his lonely hours. I assure you, dear Reader, the letters of appreciation from these self-sacrificing missionaries more than compensate for the small act of kindness. The Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions in Washington, D. C., will be pleased to send the names of missions desirous of books.

A type of Catholic Action unknown to many is the copying of books for the blind in the Braille System. This form of writing can easily be learned by persons with sight, and the number of books in this system, of which there is a great need, would be considerably increased. Those who come in contact with Catholic blind persons know that Catholic literature affords a consolation which no other type of literature can give. The Xavier Publication Society in New York, as well as the Division for the Blind of the large Public Libraries, lends books free of charge to the blind.

How many Catholics who enjoy the Radio Catholic Hour write to their local station commending the programs that the broadcast may be continued? The report of the N.C.C.M., published in November, 1931, states that 3,612 persons contributed to the Catholic Hour; yet there were many thousands who derived instruction and pleasure from the programs. Not every Catholic can make a money contribution, but a letter of appreciation to the N.C.C.M. enclosing a few postage stamps would be a considerable help to this great work of the Church. The increased postage will be an additional expense to the Council which mails thousands of letters and pamphlets.

Does it ever occur to our Catholic people on Sunday morning,

when they are enjoying the benefits of the Holy Sacrifice, to hear an extra Mass for the persecuted Catholics of Russia or Mexico, and thus return to Our Blessed Lord the honor of which He is deprived in these countries? In France there is a society, the members of which pledge themselves to hear a second Mass every Sunday, replacing the sick, those who neglect to hear Mass, and those who through no fault of their own are deprived of the Holy Sacrifice. This beautiful act of charity will bring blessings not only in eternity, but even in time.

The Catholic faith is a priceless treasure, and every person, whether priest or layman, has an obligation to imitate St. Francis Xavier, St. Paul of the Cross or any one of the great masters of the spiritual life who made such tremendous sacrifices that Christ, the Son of God, might be known, loved and adored by all mankind.

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

AGNES B. NEARY.

CONVERTS AND THEIR REASON WHY

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

During a ten year period there must be a large number of converts to Catholicism in this country and I would imagine most of them read THE SIGN. I am suggesting that through your magazine you attempt to get these individuals to write short accounts of the motivating causes that made them become Catholics. There should be many different ones. Samples of each type could be printed in THE SIGN and these bound together in a book. In the appendix of the book could be the total number of converts over a ten year period, subdivided by the number that entered the Church for each reason; also a table showing the various walks of life of these individuals.

I believe such a book would meet a great need among those individuals who are groping. I joined the Church a little over a year ago and if in the ten years prior to that I had had access to such a book, it would have shortened my period of procrastination.

One can read Newman, Stoddard and a few others, and they are inspiring, but that which applies to one may not apply to another.

A cross section of reasons from a cross section of the populace would, in my mind, be a great incentive to a large number of converts.

BOSTON, MASS.

HERBERT L. LOMBARD, M.D.

EDITOR'S NOTE: THE SIGN will gladly print any worthwhile stories of conversion to the Church—such as would be interesting and helpful. We already have books of the character described by Dr. Lombard. *Some Roads to Rome in America* (St. Louis, 1909), by Georgiana Pell Curtis, contains 48 autobiographical sketches of converts. *Beyond the Road to Rome* (same author, St. Louis, 1914), has sketches of 62 Americans before and after conversion. *Converts to Rome in America* (Detroit, 1921), gives the names of 8,000 distinguished converts with short family history and classifications. Scannell O'Neill, author. *Converts to Rome* (London, 1884), by Gorman Gordon, contains 3,000 names, since the beginning of the nineteenth century. *Converts to Rome* (same author, London, 1910), records conversion in the previous 60 years. *Converts from Judaism* (New York, 1922), by Rosalie Marie Levy. *The American Convert Movement*, by Edward J. Mannix, S.T.L. (New York, 1923), is a popular psychological study of eminent types of converts to the Church in America during the past century and a quarter.

TEACHING BY CONTACT

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Re your June issue, page 644, under the caption "The Lay Teacher on the Street Corner," there appears to me much to be said on the subject of "Teaching by Contact." This was the writer's experience today at the entrance of the New York Public Library. A group of Socialists and Reds were talking. I stood adjacent to get a "line" of their discourse, after which I sized them up to be in part well informed while some were very poorly read. I then judiciously injected myself into the discussion, and

wound up by doing the most of the talking. After which, I made this analysis: Many of these people are hungry for the truth, and unfortunately are "fed up" on distorted theories advanced by irresponsible writers and talkers. They are thinkers, despite their poverty of thought. This is not the work for a priest. They would scatter at his approach. It is the work for competent laymen. Then why do not some of the Catholic colleges and universities prepare men for their type of missionary work? It is true that there would not be any money in such extension work, but is it not worth the effort? Unfortunately our Catholic colleges rather encourage the graduate student to "high-hat" the extension student. This is not Catholic! Perhaps you may think the idea worthy of thought, if not practice. The manner of approach must be marked with a great deal of tact and discretion.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

N. Y. S.

FOR CATHOLIC LITERATURE IN CEYLON

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

May I take the liberty of writing a letter to you regarding a scheme which a few of us Catholics here have started under the direction of the Jesuit Fathers?

Our desire is to spread Catholic books and periodicals among non-Catholics all over Ceylon, if possible. With this intention we are trying to get into touch with many Protestant and non-Christian libraries, clubs, institutions and individuals. Our great need is Catholic papers. I am wondering if you would kindly help us by persuading some readers of THE SIGN to re-mail to us regularly their copies, after they have read them.

We have the whole-hearted support and blessing of our Bishop on our scheme. I enclose a copy of his official letter of approval.

I hope a word about myself too will not be out of place. Having been brought up as a Hindu, I became a Protestant and served the Anglican Church as a clergyman. At last, having come to the end of my search for truth, I made my submission to the Catholic Church over four years ago. At present I teach in St. Joseph's College, Trincomalee, Ceylon, which is my permanent address.

Now you can understand my earnestness to spread the Faith among my old co-religionists. So I appeal for your support, in the name of God and our Holy Mother the Church.

TRINCOMALEE, CEYLON.

J. STEPHEN NARAYAN.

[ENCLOSURE]

DEAR MR. NARAYAN:

Not only I have no objection to your scheme for spreading Catholic books and papers, but I warmly approve of it. I bless it and I recommend it to all those who have at heart the interests of the Church.

† GASTON, S.J.,
Bishop of Trincomalee.

A NOTE OF APPRECIATION

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Please accept my sincere thanks for your having published, in the June issue of THE SIGN, the letter of Father Muthumalai recommending my appeal for religious articles. Some of your readers have been so kind as to send me various articles at once.

You must have heard from the same Father the kind of work we are doing here. In the villages around, we find, during our walks and holidays, occasions of exercising our tender zeal. Besides, in the remaining of Catholic books and periodicals to various parts of South India, we find consoling fruit. It has been our greatest pleasure to see the Non-Catholics gain a better knowledge of the Church and her mission. Last week a certain pagan paper called *The Hindu*, published by Brahmins, reproduced in its columns the whole Encyclical of the Pope, *Caritate Christi Compulsi*.

SACRED HEART COLLEGE,
SHEMBAGANUR, S. INDIA.

J. I. THOMAS, S.J.

FORDHAM'S SCHOOL *of* SOCIOLOGY

By
James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D.

ON April 11, 1932, the Secretary of State to His Holiness, Eugene Cardinal Pacelli, addressed a letter to the Very Reverend Aloysius J. Hogan, S.J., President of Fordham University, New York City, in which he commended the work of the Fordham University School of Sociology and Social Service, above all for the fact that the Encyclical Letters issued by the Roman Pontiffs for these fifty years constitute the norms for the guidance of the teaching of that institution. That letter tells its own story so well, however, that the only satisfactory way for my readers to appreciate it is to quote it in its entirety:

Del Vaticano, April 11, 1932.
Secretariat of State
of His Holiness.

DEAR FATHER HOGAN:

His Holiness is pleased to commend the work of the School of Sociology and Social Service attached to Fordham University. His Holiness knows that this School was instituted at the request of and has continued to exist under the patronage of His Eminence, Cardinal Hayes.

The Holy Father is aware from what His Eminence has said about the School and from other sources that the School of Sociology and Social Service is making excellent progress. Surely the School has a most noble purpose and it rightly deserves to prosper. It aims to provide professional education, including field-work training, for those who are planning to work with private social agencies or to enter public welfare services, and to prepare these workers in such a way that they will be actuated in carrying on their labors by proper Christian principles.

The schedule of the courses of studies followed and the fact that the Encyclical Letters, *Rerum Novarum*, *Divini Illius Magistri*, *Casti Connubii*, *Quadragesimo Anno*, *Nova Impendit* are the norms guiding the teaching, constitute a consoling guarantee that social problems and social activities connected with these problems will be treated in the proper manner.

His Holiness is pleased to know that schools of sociology and social service like this one attached to Fordham University and like the one composing a department of the Catholic University in Washington give not only the consolation of present efficiency and present service, but also give promise of future development. As His Eminence, Cardinal Hayes, states very

well, "the poor of God's Church have need of graduates from these institutions."

His Holiness willingly bestows the Apostolic Blessing on the School of Sociology and Social Service, a Department of Fordham University.

Very sincerely yours in Christ,

EUGENE CARD. PACELLI.

Very Rev. Aloysius J. Hogan, S.J., Ph.D.,
President, Fordham University,
New York City.



THE WOOLWORTH BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY, HOME OF FORDHAM'S SCHOOL OF SOCIOLOGY AND SOCIAL SERVICE.

THIS papal approval only comes as a culmination of recognition that has been given to Fordham's School of Sociology and Social Service in recent years. The School began as affording an opportunity for special work apart from university credits but it now enjoys the academic credit privileges of the University as well

as membership in the American Association of Schools of Professional Social Work. The history of the School is interesting. It owes its origin to His Eminence, Patrick Cardinal Hayes, now Archbishop of New York, in 1916, while he was Auxiliary Bishop and head of the Diocesan Charities. He recognized during that disturbed War period the need for an institution, "to give thorough instruction in fundamental Christian principles which underlie organized social work and to show the practical application of these principles to the problems and conditions of present day life."

AT that time the Very Reverend Joseph A. Mulry, S.J., the brother of Mr. Thomas Mulry, the well-known head of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, who was considered to know more about social conditions in New York City than anyone else, was the President of Fordham University, and, as can be readily understood, was anxious to respond as promptly and practically as possible to Bishop Hayes' proposal. Already the aid of Mr. Thomas Mulry and Mr. Edmond J. Butler, Secretary of the St. Vincent de Paul Conference, had been enlisted. His Eminence, Cardinal Farley, entered enthusiastically into the plans that would provide for the training of a group of social workers under Catholic auspices and with Catholic principles.

The choice for the dean of the new institution was the Reverend Terence J. Shealy, S.J., so widely known for his ability as a preacher and the wonderful work that he had accomplished as the director of the Laymen's Retreat League. He had already for several years been the director of "The Social Studies," which had been conducted in connection with the Laymen's Retreat Movement, so that there was in readiness a nucleus for the new School whose studies were conducted at the Woolworth Building.

In the early years the graduate studies of Fordham University were conducted on the twenty-eighth floor of that building and from such an eminence, in the intervals between classes, the students of the School could look down on the crowded quarters of the city to note where their problems arose and what their task would be in the solving of those problems. Students had a glimpse, however, not alone of the crowded slums of Manhattan, much worse then than they are now—



JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D., LECTURER
IN PSYCHOLOGY AND PSYCHIATRY.

though so much remains to ameliorate conditions at the present time—but also would get more than a hint of the existence of these same conditions in the various boroughs of the city and even across the river in New Jersey, for there was an outlook of more than twenty-five miles and the contrast of crowded city life with the many suburbs where life was so much more in the open, and where there was so much that invited one with the feeling that life might indeed be well worth living in these suburban districts.

When Bishop Hayes was elevated to the archbishopric of New York and then to the cardinalate, this School of Sociology and Social Service became one of his very special interests. His Eminence's zeal for the wise organization of Catholic charity led to the establishment of the organized charities of the diocese and, as prevention is so much more valuable than cure, one of the Cardinal's most earnest efforts was



EDWARD L. CURRAN, PH.D., REGISTRAR,
FORDHAM SCHOOL OF SOCIOLOGY.

devoted to the promotion of Catholic social welfare by extending his patronage, influence and generous financial help to the School.

Fordham University, situated in the metropolis of this country, has grown, as might be expected, very rapidly during the course of the years since the War when the demand for education came to be such an insistent call on the part of the rising generation. When I entered Fordham some fifty-four years ago, not as a college student but as a preparatory student, there were altogether less than 130 students in the house. Of these more than forty were minimis, or Third Division, students, doing elementary work. Somewhat less than another forty were in the preparatory school, and there were about as many more in the college. The average graduating class was about ten in number. We did not get our two hundredth boy until 1882, and then were given a holiday for it because he represented a great event in college history. Fordham continued to count her students by hundreds until the development of the University idea with Schools of Law, Medicine and Pharmacy. It was not until after the War, however, that the thousands began to be noted and for the last few years there have been some ten thousand students in attendance at the classes of the various departments.

It is, then, to the School of Sociology and Social Service of the largest Catholic University in the United States that His Holiness' letter is addressed, manifestly with the feeling that encouragement and commendation may mean much for the development of this department under Catholic auspices.

If there is a department in modern education where Catholic principles should be emphasized and profoundly insisted upon, it is in that which is concerned with the solution of the social problem. That is why the great Pontiff, Leo XIII, laid down in his encyclical, *Rerum Novarum*, the principles which must guide Catholics in their efforts to be not only helpful to those in need, but also to be ready to apply their principles in such a way as to lead to the same orderly reconstruction of the social order yet without disturbing the application of other great ethical principles that have a very definite place in the relations of men to one another. We are our brothers' keepers and somehow that fact must be worked out in the new social order.

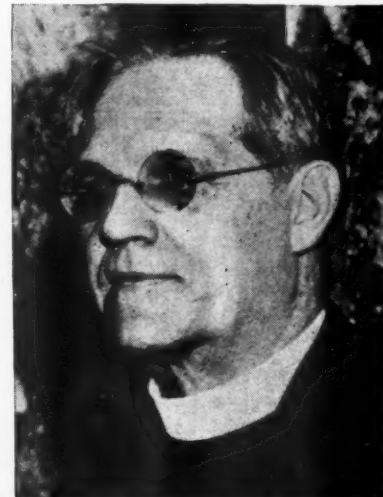
The activities of the School during the past year are well illustrated in the items gathered for the *News Letter* of the School of Sociology and Social Service as issued in the spring of the present year. In the summer of 1931, the dean of the School, Reverend Matthew L. Fortier, S.J., under appointment by the President of the University as the representative of that institution, and by His Eminence, Cardinal Hayes, and Vicar-General Duffy as repre-



V. REV. ALOYSIUS HOGAN, S.J., PH.D.,
PRESIDENT, FORDHAM UNIVERSITY.

sentative of the Catholic Charities of New York and Newark, attended the Papal Welfare Celebration in Rome, at the call of the Holy Father on the fortieth anniversary of the issuance of the encyclical, *Rerum Novarum*. Details connected with this welfare celebration doubtless called the attention of Pope Pius XI to the social work that is being accomplished at Fordham University and led up to the letter of commendation of the following spring.

With the beginning of the new term Miss Rose J. McHugh, formerly consultant in Child Care Progress in the U. S. Insular Possessions, was engaged as Director of Students' Field Work. In September, the assistant dean, Father Pouthier, S.J., sailed for Louvain for welfare research work, for it is in Belgium particularly that Catholic social service has been organized with the greatest success. The assistant dean was also commissioned to work up contacts between the Fordham School and



REV. MATTHEW L. FORTIER, S.J., DEAN,
FORDHAM SCHOOL OF SOCIOLOGY.

European centers of social work. No less than six Fathers of the Society of Jesus were engaged in giving courses. Students of the various branches of the School in its day and evening classes numbered 371, which, with 135 students in the Institute, makes a total of 506.

SOME of the encouraging incidents during the year were the visits of Señorita Maria Machini, dean of women of the University of Porto Rico, and of Dr. Luise Jörissen, director of the School of Social Service, Santiago, Chile. Señorita Machini was on her way to Belgium, where she will spend her sabbatical year in study. Two of her former pupils are now enrolled in the Fordham School of Sociology and Social Service. The visit of Dr. Jörissen was formal and was made at the request of the Ambassador from Chile, arrangements for it being directed by the attaché to the embassy.

This contact with the schools of social study and with educational institutions in Latin America is particularly encouraging because there is a tendency to think that in the Latin-American countries, Catholics are entirely out of touch with these advancing social sciences and that only in secular institutions can this branch be studied properly and profoundly. It is not surprising under the circumstances that a

letter of commendation from the General of the Jesuits was received during the current year, conveying his heartiest approval and his promise to do everything in his power to further its interest.

The General recognizes the need above all for the teaching of Catholic philosophic principles in schools of sociology. There is a definite tendency for secular schools of social service and sociology to transgress certain extremely important moral principles. The whole question of birth-control readily comes into social service teaching and the various infringements on the rights of human nature that may come as the result of what Dr. Austin O'Malley called so appropriately "medical mutilation and homicide." Besides, there is the teaching of Freudian psychoanalysis which may rather readily degenerate into a failure to recognize the moral wrong that may become so mixed up in these systems of psychology.

AFTER all, Christian social service is no mere philanthropy—that is, love of one's neighbor for merely sentimental reasons—but is founded on the feeling of the brotherhood of man under the Fatherhood of God. It is only with these principles carefully expounded that social service can accomplish all the good that is possible without running into evils that lie so close to

the path of danger where the relations between human beings are concerned.

DURING the past summer Miss Rose McHugh, the director of Field Work, who is a member of the Committee on Broken Homes of "The Second International Conference of Social Work," held in Frankfurt-am-Main, Germany, has attended that conference and brings home with her the discussions of the problems which are occupying social workers all over the world. She was asked to prepare a monograph on Catholic Family Social Work for that conference. The dean of the School at the end of August went to Montreal in order to attend the sessions of *La Semaine Sociale*.

All is in readiness, then, for the beginning of the new school year under circumstances that will be thoroughly stimulating to the students. Probably at no time since social service began to be cultivated has there been so much need for it as at the present time and, above all, for the exemplification of the principles of Catholic social service as laid down by the Roman Pontiffs during the past fifty years. It has become perfectly clear now that the Catholic solution of the problems involved is the only one that will save society from the many serious dangers which are hanging over it at the present time.

Wanted: More Highbrows!

By

Doyle Hennessy

HAVE you ever wondered why American Catholics have made such a comparatively pitiful cultural contribution to their country? Have you wondered why, out of twenty million or more, we have not produced ten first-class writers? "Ten writers," as Myles Connolly put it, "whose stories provide high and genuine entertainment, whose verses divert and inspire, and whose articles are charming, persuasive, brilliant with Catholic beauty and revelative of Catholic truth. Ten writers whose words one will look forward to eagerly and afterwards remember." Have you wondered why parish public-speaking and study clubs all too often degenerate into salesmanship classes? I'll tell you why. It's because we have a horror of becoming highbrows.

Now what do I mean by "highbrow"? Not a snob, certainly. The term is not a perfect one, of course. It has been used indiscriminately, but by the fear of being known as highbrow, I mean the fear of being dubbed intellectual, the fear of being shunned as queer because we discriminate in our taste—in short, the fear of being snubbed by the morons because we prefer things that are high class.

Fantastic? Not at all. Look around at our young men's clubs. Observe the sniff

that greets the young fellow reading one of the "quality" magazines while his companions bury their noses in trashy periodicals. Listen to the way they talk about the fellow who would rather study than play cards. Note what they say about the lad who never misses the seldom-held debates, but who can take or leave his prize fights. Observe the incredulous looks that greet the chap who tries to start a conversation about the latest Catholic book of the month. And as for the plight of the poor lad who admits a liking for poetry, and even confesses attempts to write it, the less said the better.

Who am I to indict American Catholicism as being intellectually inadequate in comparison to its numbers? The facts speak for themselves. The circulations of *The Catholic World*, *The Commonweal*, *America* and *THE SIGN* tell the story. The lack of real support for the Catholic Press is not encouraging. Every Sunday one can see our people leave the church, ignore the boys selling the diocesan weekly, only to stop at the corner to buy a tabloid.

Let someone with more authority than

the writer be cited. Father Gillis, the eminent editor of *The Catholic World*, has written: "We must say with reluctance and shame, as well as with pity, that there are multitudes of our co-religionists who have very little interest in things intellectual. They read only newspapers and the cheaper sort of periodicals. They abhor lectures. They will scarcely listen to a sermon. They go along through life with the irreducible minimum of mental effort."

One more quotation, from an editorial in *The Rosary Magazine* of several years ago: "The truth of the matter is that we Catholics care next to nothing about literature. We have our prayer-book which is about the only volume we ever read. . . . We do next to nothing to foster in the young a taste for good reading. . . . We never discuss with anyone books that are tremendously appreciated by those who do not belong to the Faith. As far as we are concerned, Catholic literature might be swept away at one fell stroke without our ever so much as missing or deploring it."

Well, what's the trouble? *The Rosary* writer said there must be something radically wrong with the way we teach literature in our schools. I wasn't fortunate enough to obtain a college education and am unfamiliar with our schools of higher

learning, but obviously something is wrong there. But how about the rest of us who weren't able to go to college? How about the hundreds of thousands of us in the Knights of Columbus who might be doing our share? How about those in a position of authority who should set an example?

I remember how I first heard of *The Catholic World* thirteen years ago. Permission had been granted to canvassers to try to collect subscriptions in our parish. The priest announced the fact from the altar at Sunday Mass, but almost apologetically assured his hearers that the magazine would mostly appeal to "college graduates, teachers and so forth." This piqued my interest, and I decided to investigate and, at last, I found a Catholic magazine that wasn't piously dull and wishy-washy, a periodical that introduced to the reader the needed antidote for Shaw and Wells in the incomparable Chesterton and Belloc. It was there that I first heard of Francis Thompson, Alice Meynell and others, and I realized that the devil hadn't captured all the brilliant writers.

THIS tendency of the clergy to "talk down" to the people was commented upon recently by a reader of *The Commonwealth*, S. J. Fitzgerald, who wrote in part: "David W. Griffith, when asked the secret of his success as a leading motion-picture director, told an interviewer that he considered the average intelligence of a motion-picture audience that of a nine-year-old child. That attitude, it seems to me, is held by the average (to put it mildly) preacher in Catholic parish pulpits. Aside from the Catholic radio-hour sermons, those one hears in cathedral and other churches where the preachers evidently recognize they are talking to persons of a higher grade of intelligence than Griffith candidly conceded his movie audiences, I have failed in a long experience to find much concession on the part of the priest for the pew. . . . The necessity of frequent sermonizing on catechism fundamentals is acknowledged. But why the perennial treatment of adult Catholics as minors, if not morons? . . . We in the pews are 'over seven' and desire something stronger than children's Mass catechetical fodder—Sunday in and Sunday out. Why, in fine, the least common denominator all the time unless you concede that Catholics in general are illiterate and should be treated as children?"

In this connection it might be well to remember what Canon Sheehan had Father Dan say in his book, "My New Curate": "Better talk over their heads, young man, than under their feet. And under their feet, believe me, metaphorically, they trample the priest who does not uphold the dignity of his sacred office of preacher. 'Come down to the level of the people!' May God forgive the fools who utter this banality! Instead of saying to the people: 'Come up to the level of your priests, and be educated and refined,'

they say: 'Go down to the people's level.' As if any priest ever went down in language or habit to the people's level who didn't go considerably below it."

Far be it from me to have the temerity to single out the clergy for blame. The Lord only knows they have enough problems of their own. One need only list the names of American Catholic writers to realize how bad our plight would really be without the contribution of the clergy to American Catholic literature. I am merely trying to indicate the wide prevalence of this aversion or disregard or whatever you might call it, to cultural things which I have so inadequately designated as the fear of being highbrow. After all, it is a problem for the laity. It is to the laity we must look for leadership. The clergy are handicapped in the battle against paganism by their very calling, for they do not receive a hearing in prejudiced quarters.

Just one more illustration. Recently *The Commonwealth* was in financial difficulty and made an appeal for help. The *American Daily Tribune*, the only Catholic daily newspaper in America, called attention to *The Commonwealth's* plight. Evidently the fear of appearing highbrow caused the editorial writer to pull his punches and weaken his case by damning it with faint praise, saying: "It deserves the support of our intellectuals, our educated, it being written for the élite." The élite, indeed! In other words, the highbrows. Can you imagine anyone who had never heard of *The Commonwealth* becoming interested in that admirable periodical after reading such a frosty indorsement?

PERHAPS you think I am unjustly accusing Catholics of being different from their fellow Americans. After all, you may remind me, Sinclair Lewis' "Babbitt" was not a Catholic. My answer to that is to quote the distinguished non-Catholic writer and critic, Arthur Machen, on the test of literature. In "Hieroglyphics" he wrote:

"You ask me for a new test—or rather for a new expression of the one test—that separates literature from the mass of stuff which is not literature. I will give you a test that will startle you; literature is the expression, through the aesthetic medium of words, of the dogmas of the Catholic Church, and that which in any way is out of harmony with these dogmas is not literature.

"... but I tell you that unless you have assimilated the final dogmas—the eternal truths upon which those things rest, consciously if you please, but subconsciously of necessity, you can never write literature, however clever and amusing you may be. Think of it, and you will see that from the literary standpoint, Catholic dogma is merely the witness, under special symbolism, of the enduring facts of human nature and the universe; it is merely the voice which tells us dis-

tinctly that man is *not* the creature of the drawing-room and the Stock Exchange, but a lonely awful soul confronted by the Source of all Souls, and you will realize that to make literature it is necessary to be at all events subconsciously Catholic."

Isn't it true? And shouldn't it make us ashamed of our failure to make the most of our heritage? What can we do about it?

Rev. Father Gillis, referring to *The Catholic World*, *America* and *The Commonwealth*, wrote: "If occasionally you find in these periodicals an article which demands some small degree of close mental application, don't give up. Stay with it, and you'll find your intellectual powers gradually increasing, until finally you can enjoy the very best and highest in periodical literature. It would not be hard to prove that the development of the intellect is a religious duty."

THE masses are moved by ideas. These ideas do not originate from the brain of that abstraction known as "the man in the street." Slang originates with the people and works its way up, and that which is useful is retained in the language. Ideas that finally move the mass to action come from above and percolate down. Some obscure, despised little magazine, read by a zealous and fanatical few, implants the seeds of thought in active minds. A leader emerges imbued with the thoughts that sprout and history is made. Witness the control of Russia today.

Why are so many overwhelmingly Catholic countries ruled by a clique that hates the Church? The pitiful state of the Catholic press in contrast to the anticlerical press in Spain explains why such anti-Catholic measures have been adopted in that Catholic country. A Bolivian newspaper recently predicted that all South America would become Socialist in a short time. We in the United States are not confronted with immediate alarming threats to the Church, but patriotism alone should urge us to advance Catholic principles in our public and private life, for Catholic principles are the bulwark of the State against the unseen forces of decay now spreading in our social and family life.

To develop Catholic leaders who can effectively combat the brilliant pagan writers who sway men's minds in this country, is the task that confronts us. Let's organize our own little group of serious thinkers. Let's slough off our intellectual laziness. Let's come to grips with the problem of providing an antidote for the poisonous literature swamping us. More pious, dull, moralistic tracts will not be read. Mere viewing with alarm will not get us anywhere. We've got to produce writers who will equal in charm, in brilliance, in wit, in craft, the most widely read of American authors. We can't expect non-Catholics like Willa Cather to do all our work for us. In short, let's have more highbrows!

SOME ECONOMIC FALLACIES

By Gerhard Hirschfeld

"Don't try to understand everything
Or you shall not understand anything."

—DEMOCRITUS

WITH an unsteady job, less income, unpaid bills and an uncertain future blowing around us like so many challenges to our ability or inability to grasp the meaning of this depression, it must, indeed, take the very fountain of worldly wisdom to emerge with an undisturbed and well-balanced sense of secure understanding.

Who, in the face of the tremendous changes we are undergoing, can analyze, classify, explain and apologize for what has happened and is happening? Or who, for that matter, would be willing to stand up and disprove the thousand-and-one arguments that are offered in an attempt to show the Why and Wherefore of depression and debts, of investment and interest, of money and machines, of gold and speculation, and credits and advertising?

For where there are many arguments, there are many causes. And if this depression is as long-drawn-out as it is many-phased, the approach to it and the attitude we take toward explaining it, will be just as varied and colorful. In a swift-moving business world only one thing is steady, stable and stationary: the relativity of its values.

Money, three years ago, paid a hundred cents on the dollar; today it pays 130 cents. Factories which, in 1928, were working 144 hours a week, may have been worth five million dollars. Today, some of them are not running more than 30 hours, and their value at this rate is hardly a million.

A delicatessen store, five years back, afforded its owner a car, a house and a fat life insurance. Today, it will barely provide living expenses. Or, to get away from the depression, take the war debts owed to the United States. When President Hoover announced the moratorium last year, values in Wall Street jumped ten million dollars in two weeks; and the paper value of American wealth rose between thirty and forty billions.

Briefly, the values created by business are relative. They go up and they go down on the scale of human hopes and desires.

What Does Not Change

ABSOLUTE, however, is the force of a human nature which wants bigger profits, higher wages, finer dresses and faster cars. Fundamentally, prosperity got

out of gear because human desires got out of control. If it was true of prosperity that we did not see what we owed but what we lacked, then it is equally true of this depression that this human desire of ours is still predominating if we listen to the multitude of convictions and opinions instead of using our own common sense.

We have thus come to a conception of things which is far from the truth and which can be explained only by this desire to see things not as they are, but as we like them to be.

Enter the Experts

AMONG the most prolific commentators on the depression are the economists. The status of the economist is that of an expert. He is popularly known as explaining the economic events of the past, studying the cycles of the present and predicting the trends of the future. In spite of his many mistakes and errors, viz., the prophecies of 1929, he is holding fast to the glamour of expertness, much as a sailor on a storm-tossed bark would grip the ropes. But whereas with the sailor it is grim determination, with the economic expert it is an arm-chair illusion.

It is true that the economist follows closely the law of the business cycle, from the quantity theory right down to the thesis on capital and interest. What he does not follow, what he has, indeed, never bothered with in his career of dignified authority, is the human law. It is unfortunate for the economic pilot that business troubles and depressions are never accounted for by the capital or the quantity theory, but go back to the shortcomings of human nature.

If too much is produced, and factories are forced to idleness, the economist calls it mal-distribution; common sense calls it human greed for too-much, for ever-more, for never-enough. If securities in Wall Street go up and up, beyond limit or reason, ninety-nine out of a hundred economists will amply prove and justify the rise by their tables and tabulations; the layman, honest to himself and unburdened by excess knowledge, will blame the spirit of selfish speculation, material desire and human recklessness.

Briefly, to be a good economist, one has to know human nature, its course, its motive and its vacillating trend. He has not

only to join this knowledge with that of economic laws but also has to interweave them tightly and inseparably. As human nature is underlying every major phase of the economic development, and as the economist treats of the minor force, i.e., pure economics only, it seems rather obvious that human life and nature can well afford to get along without benefit of economic counsel, whereas the economist is bound in intellectual loyalty to his chosen profession to be wrong whenever human greed, desire and selfishness select an economic course all of their own. To be wrong, has thus become the trade-mark of the professional economist.

Thus, he has come to fight his own private wars with his professional colleagues. After decades of studious endeavor he devolves a theory from the past which will not stand the pressure of present-day problems. He is out of contact with the powerful elements of human nature, and therefore, his is theoretical practice, not practical theory. It is a fallacy to take his medicine without mixing it with a sizeable portion of good horse sense.

Prosperity Necessarily Limited

ANOTHER fallacy is the popular belief that all we have to do to get rid of the depression is to turn on the switch of production so that the wheels of industry will do a full day's work once more. Then, people will find employment; wages and salaries will be paid; the bankers will invest the money; the mines will turn out the raw materials; people will buy aplenty, and, while they are spending, they will employ the farmer and the railroads, the retail trades and the advertising agencies, the bootlegger, the movie stars and the prize fighters. With the chimneys smoking, there will be happiness all around.

The chimneys may be smoking but happiness, if and when it comes, will be a new experience for many. For even in the period of so-called prosperity there were more than 90 per cent of all those who had an income, who were not prosperous enough to file an income tax report. The fact is undeniable that the larger share of prosperity's yield falls to a very small number of people; from which fact we must obviously conclude that prosperity does not necessarily mean an equal spread

throughout the rank and file of people. In contrast to which we may say that depression, unfortunately, carries with it an equalizing amount of disappointment and want for that part of the people which brings up the rear of income distribution in times of prosperity.

Why, then, do we cling to the belief that industrial recovery means a comfortable living, not only for the ten persons who earn more than 5 millions a year, not only for the 500,000 men and women who earn between five and ten thousand a year, but especially for the 41,000,000 people of whom some may make three thousand dollars, but the larger number of whom hardly earn more than \$750 a year. In fairness to ourselves, we apparently must discard the popular thesis that, with the chimneys smoking, there will be happiness all around; for it is not true.

We are supported in this belief by the picture in our minds of the huge industrial machinery run by human labor which must be adequately paid so as to buy the products of industry. This attitude may be logical from the economic standpoint; nevertheless, it ignores the sad but historical fact that industry is not a charity institution and, fundamentally speaking, is not in the slightest concerned with the welfare of the people. The clerks and workingmen want better remuneration for their services, the captains of industry and finance want increased profits for themselves.

Between 1922 and 1929, human labor hardly realized its ambition, making \$1.13 in 1929 for every dollar made in 1922. The manufacturer raised his share with greater success, from one dollar to \$1.72. The financier cut himself the biggest slice, increasing his portion from one dollar to \$3.56. The banker and the factory-owner manifestly succeeded where human labor failed.

Why, then, do we fail to admit that, if prosperity returns, it will favor these two, and not the man on the street?

A Question of Cost

INDUSTRY, moreover, is not necessarily run by human labor. In fact, the worker has no fixed and guaranteed place in this economic structure of ours. Nor is industry handicapped by any moral obligation to provide work. It comes down to the question of cost between human and other types of labor.

Considering these three fallacies of uncontrolled distribution of income, of a singular profit policy of industry and of the lower cost of mechanical labor, one arrives at the conclusion that prosperity has little to do with the happiness or the welfare of the people by and large. To wish past prosperity back, means to conjure those forces which brought about our present plight: unbalanced income distribution, unchecked profits and uncontrolled production.

Another belief, which lately has become

widespread, refers to the benefits of gold which, it is supposed, can save the currency. There seems no other explanation for such attitude than the fact that we got so accustomed to money as currency, and to gold as its supreme master, that we mistake them for real values. Now it is strange to observe that, after creating all the wealth and the huge resources of this country with our hands and minds, now we should call in two standards, paper and gold, and should say: "you are our real values and now take over the reign," where it is apparent that we cannot eat or drink or dress with or ride on either paper or gold.

Notwithstanding these shortcomings of two lifeless and bloodless things, we have used them so long paying goods and services, that we are now dealing with them as if they were intrinsic values. Of course, they are not.

Measure of Security

WE say: gold will save the dollar, and we mean that the more than four billion dollars of gold in the United States can save all the business expressed in the denominations of the currency. This opinion is superficial, indeed. For the legal gold coverage of the five billion dollars paper money in circulation is only 40 per cent; that is, we require only two billions in gold to "protect" the currency. But look at the business transactions in the United States, which year in and year out total more than five hundred billions.

Currency is a mere 1 per cent of this

total. If gold reserves, as legally required, do not have to amount to more than 0.4 per cent of this circulation, how in the name of straight thinking can these 0.4 per cent of gold holdings save a currency which is built on more than five hundred billion dollars worth of annual business?

Confusion Confounded

THIS logic is all muddled up. Not gold can save the currency and the nation's business; but business conditions by and large can save or destroy the currency. If gold saves the currency, then the cart pulls the horse and the straphanger pushes the subway. But if business values, prices, debts, production, credits and the like make (or break) the currency, then we may well reduce currency and gold to the level where they belong: valueless things which were chosen to represent values.

As it is, we talk about gold, if we mean the stability of business. And we recommend the payment of two billion dollars to the veterans and another two billions for public works when common sense should warn an unsuspecting public that this would be equivalent to making two gallons of oil out of one gallon—by adding a gallon of fine, clear spring water.

These may serve as samples out of an enormous bag of popular misunderstandings of things economic. The fact that after three years of vain hope and cruel disillusionment we have to come yet to a clear-cut conception of the barest facts, provides the gravest doubt for a prompt adjustment of our present basic ills.

The Guest Denied

By John Richard Moreland

FROM dark Golgotha's cruel way
There comes a Guest with each new day
Whose voice, from morn till eventide,
Pleads that we throw life barred-door wide.
Who is this Guest, this lowly One?—
He is the Christ, the Virgin's Son,
Whose Sacred Heart has bled that we
Escape death's fearful penalty.
A Prophet—yet by day and night
He waits as any suppliant might.
A Priest—with living bread to give
That hungry souls might eat and live.
A King—and yet he humbly stands
With nail-torn feet and bleeding hands

Let us break down the door of sin
And bid the Heavenly Guest, come in!

CRADLE AND CROSS

No. 2 in
The Divine Tragedy

By

Daniel B. Pulsford

THERE were times when Jesus found Mary's eyes resting on Him in a manner which, had He been other than He was, would have frightened Him. Just so some crippled child at its halting play might be startled by the foreboding pity of its mother's tell-tale face.

Fortunate is it for children that they cannot interpret the pity with which their elders (knowing better than they the rough path their little feet must travel) sometimes regard them. It is well for the maimed, for those born to poverty, for the offspring of unsanctified love that they cannot read their mother's looks, else might they be afraid of life.

Such glances as are bestowed upon these unfortunates, I say, did Jesus intercept sometimes when He caught Mary gazing at Him.

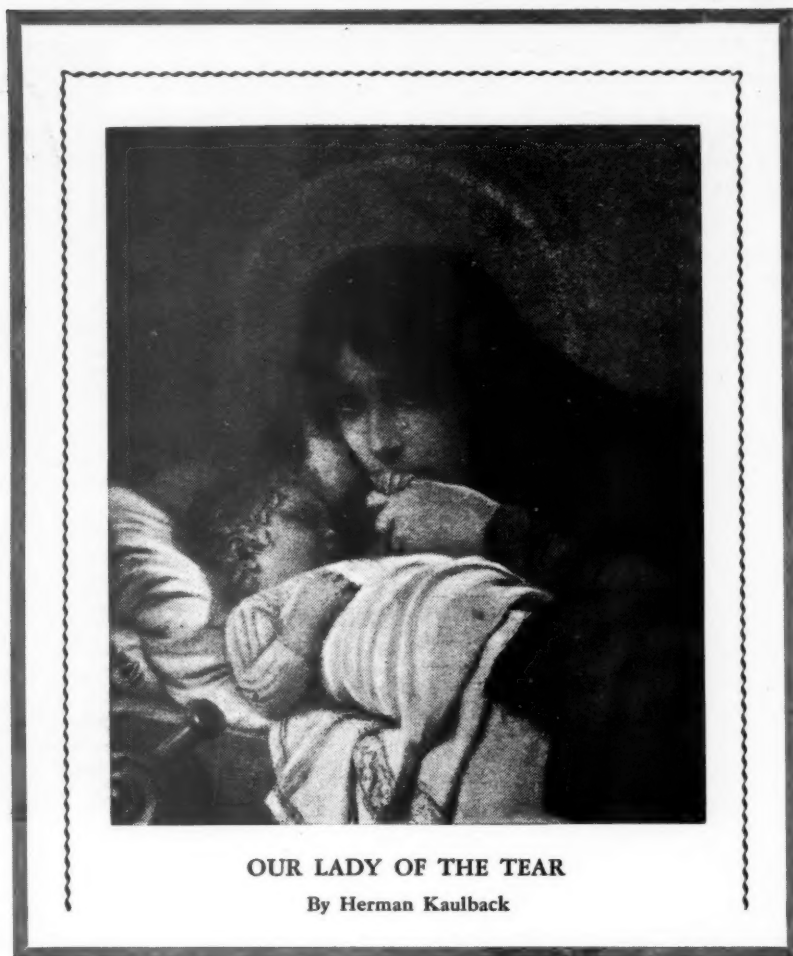
Mary's Secret

FOR she possessed a secret. All mothers have secrets. Only they can know the hopes and fears with which they have brought the little one into the world. Only they can know the web of good and evil fortune which is interwoven with his fate.

But in Mary's case this knowledge was magnified a thousand times. The Heavens themselves had whispered in her ear the destiny of this Boy. And that destiny was such that the knowledge of it shook her soul to its depths and filled her with awe.

There was a strange mingling of joy and sorrow in this secret knowledge of Him which she possessed. Bitter-sweet was her contemplation of His future. Every incident connected with His advent had that mingled strain. Already the paradox which was to startle the world by announcing the beatitude of the Cross was showing itself in Him.

In her thought of Him holy gaiety bordered on tears and her tears showed the rainbow tints of a Divine joyfulness. The mystery which enveloped Him was not a simple one. It contained elements which never before had been so wonderfully harmonized.



OUR LADY OF THE TEAR

By Herman Kaulback

Burnt into her deepest memory was the day when the vision of Gabriel had flashed upon her sight and all her peasant-world had blazed with the glory of Heaven.

A day never to be forgotten so long as life should last! Then it had seemed her heart could not hold the joy it felt. The wildest dreams of human greatness were eclipsed by the things predicted of the Son she was to bear. "He shall be great and shall be called the Son of the Most High. And the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of David His father: and He shall reign in the house of Jacob for ever. And of His kingdom there shall be no end" —such had been the proclamation of this flaming Messenger.

Joy and Sorrow

SCARCELY had its echoes died away when a human voice confirmed its splendid prophecy. "Blessed art thou among women," Elizabeth cried on seeing her. No wonder that her very soul overflowed in song and that, inebriated with thankfulness, she had poured forth her *Magnificat*.

Had this not been a holy joy tempered by humility it must surely have been crushed by the experience which followed. She had been subjected to cruel gossip,

bitter innuendoes. Even her betrothed had doubted her. She had been made to drink the bitterest draught a woman can drink. And, as if that were not enough, the circumstances of her Son's birth had been humiliating beyond words.

The Splendid Night

AT nightfall, weary of her long journey and hungry, she had found herself in a strange town. The lights of happy homes shone upon her as she and Joseph passed along the unfamiliar streets but no door opened for these wayfarers. Their last hope failed them when the inn-keeper, looking at their bedraggled condition and noting the expectant mother, had declared that his caravansary was full, and motioned them to an out-building. It seemed then that she had drunk the last dregs of the cup of abasement. How distant seemed the glorious prophecy of the Angel!

Confirmation of her vision had indeed come when rough peasants had invaded the stable where she and her Child lay, incoherently stammering out something about a vision they had seen. Out there in the open country beyond Bethlehem a light, such as these men, familiar with the glory of sunrise, had never seen, had ap-

peared in the sky. As they watched it growing and unfolding like some gorgeous rose, it burst into ten thousand flaming messengers and all the splendid night was filled with song. So they said, stammering in their utterance and overpowered by sight of her and her Babe.

The Mystery Deepens

THEN had come the kings from the distant Orient with dust upon them of lands the village maiden had never so much heard of. Gifts they brought such as the cottage at Nazareth never knew—gold and frankincense and myrrh. Why myrrh? That stood for bitterness. It was the symbol of sorrow. It was not superstition which made her ponder the significance of this strange gift. How consistently about this Child intimations of coming joy and pain mingled! A queen in a stable, birthday presents that spoke of woe!

The mystery deepened.

There was another memory revealing the same paradox which came back to Mary sometimes as she looked at her Son. She saw once again the aged Simeon take the Child into his arms and heard his quavering voice proclaim the universality of His Kingdom. Yet, even while her mother heart had been uplifted, the old man had paused to look at her and, as he looked, pity bowed his head.

With a fatherly gesture he had laid his hand upon her shoulder and spoken of the sword which should pierce her very soul. Mysterious words which lingered long in her mind and had a habit of recurring at odd moments, especially when the sight of Jesus filled her with happy maternal pride. "A sword," she would murmur and shudder.

And then, crowning all, came the knowledge of the massacre ordered by the panic-stricken madman who sat on the throne of Judea. This monster already had crimes associated with his name which equaled the slaughter of these Innocents.

None who encountered his displeasure could feel safe and even those accounted his friends walked warily, knowing his treachery. His suspicious nature had already led him to murder his wife, Mariamne, and he had followed up this crime by killing Mariamne's mother, Alexandra. Suspicion, again, drove him to massacre his own sons whom he accused of plotting to avenge their mother's death. A number of prominent Pharisees who had offended him he had strangled.

None knew in whom his jaundiced eyes would next detect danger or whom his evil conscience would single out as its victim. Rarely has despotic power been entrusted to such cruel hands. But hitherto his vengeance had been reserved for those who stood nearest him. The obscure might go in comparative safety. Mary and her Son were sheltered because, in his eyes, they were nonentities.

So long as the Mother kept her secret she need not fear the kings of the earth.

THIS CHILD IS SET FOR THE
RISE AND FALL OF MANY
IN ISRAEL, AND THINE
OWN SOUL A SWORD SHALL
PIERCE.—PROPHECY OF
HOLY SIMEON



"QUEEN OF MARTYRS."
PAINTED BY SEBASTIAN
CONCA FOR ST. PAUL OF
THE CROSS, IN 1761



Herod's was not the type of mind which can discern hidden greatness. He could recognize a possible rival only when that rival went garbed in royal robes. The Devil can be very stupid and he is never so stupid as when he passes over the obscure as unworthy his attention.

Herod Against the Babe

THE rumor that a King had been born in Bethlehem reached this Tyrant and fanned the flames of Hell in his heart. No longer should the anonymity of the poor render them immune. He became possessed of that fear of the common people which since his day has so often driven princes to bloody crimes.

The very slums of Bethlehem should feel his power. He would cut a broad swathe of infant life. The meshes of his net this time should be minute enough to render the escape of even the smallest fish impossible. But he was pitting his puny wit against God, and the Holy Family eluded him.

Though she and her Babe evaded his massacring soldiers, the experience left its scar on Mary's heart. She learned then to the full the danger of that secret which she held and knew that wisdom dictated silence. Never, even to those who professed themselves His friends, would she betray the Mystery of her Son's Divine origin—not until He should be beyond the reach of royal suspicion and kingly vengeance.

Though she kept silence she could not

quiet altogether the dread that His enemies might somehow discover Him and spirit Him away from her. Years after, when, returning from the Feast at Jerusalem, she missed Him from her side, the old dark fear returned, the old wound reopened.

The Cradle Shadowed

THERE is a terror akin to great joy which the mothers of the most insignificant child knows. The very preciousness of the burden she carries begets a nervous suspicion that fate has designs on her. She is afraid of the cold and afraid of the heat. The fire is her enemy and must be watched. Disease lurks at the street corner to carry off her Darling. If the little one does but cry she imagines some fatal accident and hurries to him with dread expectancy. And if this be so with the mothers of men, would it not be so with the Mother of God?

She had grounds for fear that other mothers do not know. Prophecy was on the side of her dread. That page in the past on which was written, in characters of blood, the name of Herod warned her of the fiendish jealousy that waited for its prey. Her suspicions were not baseless. One day the worst of them would be fulfilled. In that day the kings of the earth would unite to rob her of her Son and nail Him to the Cross. The terror that haunted her heart was the shadow of that Cross. It darkened even Jesus' cradle.

This mingling of joy and sorrow in Mary's lot is characteristic of the Christian

experience. Even the great gift of faith casts its shadow. Possessed of it, we must run the gauntlet of a thousand temptations. It will never be truly ours until death sets its seal to our tenure of it and secures us for Eternity. All the years of our life we must go armed and vigilant. We are living in a hostile country and our surest protection is the world's ignorance of the Majesty we serve.

The Life that Justifies

THE Christian experience is a mingling of sweet and bitter. Christ told His disciples to have salt in themselves. Salt is an astringent and, taken by itself, unpalatable. But it is a preservative and, used in right proportions, enhances the flavor of our food. There is a nauseous type of character which is all sweetness but has no strength. It carries a smiling face, but its happiness, lacking the corrective of humility is merely that of self-complacency.

Life in this world justifies itself by overcoming. It must meet resistance, difficulty, suffering or it perishes of ennui. To be palatable life must have the tang of heroism. Joy, as we know it in this terrestrial sphere, is not a simple thing but a combination of diverse elements. It is made up of happiness and sorrow. It achieves its highest beauty by conquering tears as the sunlight needs the rainstorm in order to paint the prismatic arch.

A faith which has no difficulties is not faith. A moral code which surrenders discipline to impulse is merely immoral. Christianity without the Cross is not Christianity. The richness of our religion is due to this combination of sweet and bitter. By its very nature it is paradoxical; it unites in a higher harmony things held to be diverse. Saintliness is the triumph of weakness. Lordship is based on service.

The child is the type of supreme wisdom.

Death ushers us into a larger life. There is more blessedness in giving than receiving. We find freedom in obedience to authority. The endurance of persecution brings us highest honor. We conquer by refusing to resist evil. Thus in a hundred ways does the Christian philosophy by its rich complexity render tame the philosophy of this world with its commonplace obviousness, its fear of paradox, its distaste for mystery.

The character here described is impressed on the first pages of the Gospel narrative. It is a story of glory and humility, of royalty in a cattle shed, of a king who feared a Babe.

In Time and Eternity

THE point to be observed in the present connection is that they were the memories of these things which saddened Mary's eyes as she gazed at her Son, and it was the reflection of such memories which He read in her glance. It is no denial of His Divine omniscience to suppose that the knowledge of His fate was, in some measure, mediated by His mother.

Children—even ordinary children—are more sensitive than perhaps we realize to the moods of their elders. Unconsciously they react to our hopes and fears concerning them. Unspoken impurity can sully their minds. Inaudible prayers can teach them to pray. Therefore it is no exaggeration to say that Jesus imbibed at His mother's breast intimations of coming sorrow and pain.

In one sense Our Lord's Passion was conceived by Him in Eternity. In His Divine knowledge are included all things, past, present and to come. But when we refer to His Sacred Humanity we may legitimately speak, as does the Scripture, of His growing wisdom. We may suppose that impressions were conveyed to Him, as they are to us, by the external

world and that human factors contributed to the formation of His mind.

Humanly speaking we may assume that the sense of His vocation developed within Him as He grew in years. Stimulated by the influence exerted by His mother that vocation would no doubt assume shape at an early period. At twelve we find Him fully conscious of a unique calling. Already He knew that His place was in His Father's House. His mind, even then, was busy with the problems presented by that calling. It is inconceivable that He should not have perceived the nature of the Goal to which the march of time was bringing Him.

And the knowledge gained in those early, impressionable years is powerful in determining the course of events. Jesus started life with no roseate view of what the world had to offer Him. The shadow of the Cross had fallen too heavily on His cradle to allow Him—even if other considerations be ruled out—to indulge in fallacious hopes of cheap success. Behind His earliest activities and lurking in His initial utterances there was the secret consciousness of the supreme Sacrifice which would be demanded of Him.

Dedicated to Death

THOSE critics are mistaken who tell us that the Galilean Ministry was a time of buoyant hopefulness. They misunderstand Him when they imply that He was deluded by the signs of popularity which marked the commencement of His public work. Even before He emerged from His Nazareth home He was already dedicated to death. His youth did not fail to count the cost of the Mission to which He was called.

The New Testament story, in short, is one of those which it is advisable to begin by reading the end. It is only in the light of its conclusion that the first chapters become intelligible.

NOSTALGIA

By Benjamin Musser

THERE is a pain that is no labeled pain,
A wound without a scar to probe and gauge;
And all who bear them close, may not complain,
Knowing no human solace can assuage
A suffering that looks to earth in vain,
Driven unrestingly through age on age.

Who bears that wound of pain of love must know
Answer in human kind is not for him;
Not by a sheltered valley hearth below
The terrible heights, but up, up ledges grim
His path is measured, to that overflow
Of conquering radiance where the night was dim.

Ruddier than is flame, than blood more red,
A sentinel-heart burns through a night of years,
Guide for the pilgrim foot uncomfited
By mortal warmth and lights and atmospheres,
Where that unlabeled pain, that wound unbled
Now bleeds to peace, now cries its laving tears.

There is but one nostalgia that may dare,
Unchallenged by that Heart, without surcease
To find again from futile everywhere,
Following homing flocks in cleanly fleece,
A Shepherd folding with exquisite care
The wounded lamb that sought no finite peace.

IGNATZ SEIPEL

The Savior of Austria

By Denis Gwynn

MONSIGNOR SEIPEL, who has died at the age of fifty-six in a nursing home outside Vienna, was one of the most significant figures in the reconstruction of Europe since the War. A London newspaper, announcing his death, described him as being "one of the last examples of the priest politician." On the contrary, he was the most conspicuous and most influential of a number of Catholic prelates who have been implored to assist in rescuing their countries from chaos in the past fifteen years.

The London *Times* does not exaggerate when it says, in opening a remarkable tribute to his public career, that he "will always be remembered as the man who kept Austria from disappearing from the map of Europe. Three men before him had held the post of Austrian Chancellor, and each had struggled in vain with the problem of what to do with the derelict scrap of country. Seipel took over the task when things were at their worst, and to him belongs the credit of having brought home to the Entente Powers that it was better to put their hands in their pockets to keep the white elephant alive, than to have it die on their doorsteps."

Yet he had never desired a political career, and the honors of his exalted office meant nothing to him personally. He assumed the most thankless task imaginable when it had defeated other men with long political experience and with personal ambitions of political leadership. It almost cost him his life when he was severely wounded by a Socialist assassin on the second anniversary of his assuming office.

He was defeated by the political combination opposed to him after he had succeeded in averting national bankruptcy; and he simply retired to the convent where he had continued to live in strict austerity even when he was Chancellor. His health had broken down; and he has died now at a comparatively early age, after some eight months of protracted and painful illness.

Professor in Salzburg

ONLY eighteen years ago, when the outbreak of war in Europe had followed upon the assassination of Archduke Ferdinand in Serbia, nothing seemed more wildly improbable than that the Professor of Moral Theology in Salzburg should ever play a decisive part in the public life of Austria. He had been appointed to the professorship in 1907, when he was thirty-one, some eight years after his ordination.

Central Europe in those years was in many ways closer to the Middle Ages than to the extraordinary transformation which he was to witness in the following years. The old Emperor Francis Joseph had been on the throne of Austria-Hungary since 1849. His dominions extended to some 240,000 square miles, with a population of some 53,000,000; and his rule, with its proud tradition linking it with the Holy Roman Empire, involved many extraordinary prerogatives in regard to the Catholic Church.

The Austrian Influence

EVEN in 1903, when Leo XIII died and his Secretary of State, Cardinal Rampolla, was expected to be elected Pope in his place, the old Emperor was able to veto Cardinal Rampolla's election, in spite of the known wishes of a majority of the Conclave, by virtue of an ancient privilege which was thus exercised for the last time. Pius X was elected Pope instead; and, being no politician but a man of great piety and simplicity of life, he proceeded to abolish the right of veto by which he had been so unexpectedly brought to the Papal Throne.

But the influence of Austria-Hungary at the Holy See was still immense when war fell upon Europe in 1914. And when Austria went to war, the old Emperor sent word to the Pope claiming, almost as a right, that the Pope's special blessing should be given to the Austrian armies. The Pope refused, saying, "I bless peace, not war." A few days later he had died, worn out with an old man's efforts to avert a catastrophe which no man in those days could measure.

At Salzburg through the War Dr. Seipel continued his work as a professor, surrounded by students of moral theology, and devoting himself specially to the attitude of the Church toward social questions. He had always been a supporter of the Christian Socialists; but he held no official position in the party.

In the year he was appointed to his first professorship, he had published a learned book entitled *The Moral Teaching of the Fathers of the Church on Economic Questions*, which remains the key to all his public activities in after years. The War dragged on; and in 1917, when the blockade had produced increasing sufferings in all Central Europe, when Russia had suddenly collapsed and the greatest of the European Empires had fallen to pieces,

Dr. Seipel was transferred from his professorship at Salzburg to assume the chair of Moral Theology in Vienna. In that year he published another important book, on the Austria Constitution. It attracted so much attention that the Christian Socialist party invited him to become its adviser on constitutional questions.

It was a moment of critical transitions. The Russian Empire had been overthrown, and in Austria the Emperor Francis Joseph died in the same year at a patriarchal age. The young Emperor Karl, who succeeded him, viewed the new outlook with very different eyes. From the outset he used all his influence to assist the efforts of Benedict XV to bring about peace by negotiation.

Vienna became the chief focus of all the peace negotiations which emanated from the Holy See. Benedict XV had issued his most famous encyclical, imploring the combatants to end the War, and to establish peace on a basis of cancelling all indemnities and war debts, and to create machinery for the settlement of all future disputes by arbitration.

Cardinal Piffel in Vienna was constantly engaged in such negotiations; and Dr. Seipel, installed at the university of the capital, became involved in them also. But for a whole year more the War dragged on with always greater slaughter and ruin.

The armistice had been signed when, in the last days of 1918, the young Emperor turned to a pacifist professor in Vienna, Dr. Lammasch, and begged him to form a Ministry of men who had not been connected with politics before. He still hoped to evolve some system by which the crumbling constitution could somehow be held together.

Seipel Enters Politics

LAMMASCH agreed, and invoked his colleague, Dr. Seipel, to enter the Cabinet as Minister for Social Welfare. In office, Seipel made his mark at once. He was no orator, and he had no political ambition; but he had a rare grasp of economic and political realities, and in every crisis he remained calm and unperturbed. Before long, the revolution which swept the ancient dynasty out of existence introduced a Social Democratic Government, and Dr. Seipel was soon the acknowledged leader of the Christian Socialist party.

The Treaty of St. Germain, concluded some months after the Treaty of Versailles, produced a situation in the old Empire

which could not conceivably endure, and created a deep cleavage at once between the capital, with its vast army of unemployed, and the country all around it. From 240,000 square miles the new Austria had been reduced to little more than 30,000. Its population was shrunk to some 6 millions; whereas Vienna had been the capital of an Empire of over fifty millions. The capital itself contained some two million people, of whom the great majority found that their occupation had disappeared.

Austria in Distress

NOT only the working class but the professional classes were left without employment, while food supplies soon ran short. Socialism made rapid headway in such conditions; while the Conservative peasantry of the surrounding provinces became deeply estranged from the capital. In Vienna the Socialists soon clamored for union with Germany as their only hope of salvation. Monsignor Seipel, as the leader of the Catholic conservatives and peasantry, was determined at all costs to preserve the independent existence of Catholic Austria.

That cleavage between the city and the countryside continues still, and no solution of Austria's problems is to be expected until the Treaty of St. Germain, which further crippled Austria by forbidding alliance and economic union with neighboring countries, has been drastically revised. The disastrous economic results of the Treaty were apparent much more quickly than those of the Treaty of Versailles.

It was utterly impossible to provide a balanced budget under such conditions. The immense unemployed population of Vienna had to be kept alive by State subsidies of one kind or another, and the housing problem became desperately acute while there was no money with which to solve it. Deficits accumulated so rapidly that the value of currency all but disappeared. Within a year the treaty makers were confronted with the appalling consequences of their work.

In such conditions Monsignor Seipel was invited to accept the Chancellorship. First Dr. Mayr and then Dr. Schober had tried in vain. Only when no other possible candidate was available would Dr. Seipel assume the responsibility in the summer of 1922. The currency was depreciating so fast that there was apparently no hope of preventing complete national bankruptcy. Some of the provinces were already clamoring for secession to Germany.

Dr. Seipel appealed at once to the Allies for financial assistance, but was sternly told that the crisis had been deliberately produced in Austria to make the Treaty unworkable. Pope Benedict XV in the previous year had already issued an appeal to all the world to assist Austria in her plight; and by 1922, when Seipel became

Chancellor, Pius XI had already come to the throne. He knew the situation intimately after his three years' mission to Poland, first as Apostolic Visitor and then as Nuncio at Warsaw.

Having refused direct assistance, the Entente Powers referred Austria to the League of Nations. It was the first time the League had been required to provide financial assistance, and there were few who hoped that its machinery would stand the strain. But Monsignor Seipel was, as ever, imperturbable. When the Allies referred him to Geneva, as he said afterwards, "we took the suggestion seriously, not in the light of a disguised refusal." But in the meantime he played a master-stroke.

Knowing that all the Powers were determined that Austria should not combine with any of the others, and so upset the precarious new balance which had been created, he undertook a series of rapid personal missions to the countries concerned and laid the facts bluntly before them.

When he visited Italy, the French and the Czechs took fright at the idea of Italy acquiring control of all the country between it and the Danube. He visited Czecho-Slovakia, and at once the Italians discerned the dangers of a Danubian block which would unite Jugo-Slavia through Austria with Czecho-Slovakia. When he visited Germany, France and Italy, he decided at once that something must be done to avoid such an appeal in future.

Monsignor Seipel merely stated his case and then returned to await developments in Vienna. Within three weeks the League of Nations had come to the rescue with an international loan in which France, Italy, and Czecho-Slovakia joined with Great Britain in guaranteeing Austria against a financial collapse.

He had saved his country; and he continued his industrious life as Chancellor attempting to evolve order out of the chaos which existed on all sides. As Chancellor, he lived with a simple austerity which astonished all who visited him. His residence was still in the convent in a suburb of Vienna, where he had his two austere rooms, with his prie-dieu and crucifix and his solid furniture, and where he said his daily Mass at six every morning.

The Man in Black

A FRENCH journalist who visited all the rulers of Europe some years ago gives a vivid picture of him waiting for the early morning tram which used to take him every day to his Chancellor's offices: "A gentleman attired from head to foot in black, buttoned up to the neck, thin, pale, meditative, is standing by the roadside. The Huteldorf clock has just struck eight. A light breeze is blowing through the trees in the adjoining beer-gardens. In the distance one may see the smoke rising from Vienna. A policeman is tramping up and down in front of a long mournful line of

buildings. A tram approaches, crowded with workmen and others, most of them deep in Socialist newspapers. It stops. The man in black, aroused from his reverie, moves forward and takes his seat between a laborer and a commercial traveller. The policeman leaves his beat and disappears. Monsignor Seipel, Chancellor of Austria, has started for his office in the Ballplatz."

So through the long days at his office he would continue at his work, one of the strangest figures certainly in the reconstruction of a Europe which is passing through many revolutions. In a time when only men of strong passions would seem likely to attain leadership of other men, he was strangely unlike everything that one might expect.

"Those thin, bare, smooth, sharp, cold features," writes the same French observer, "the curved nose, the thin-lipped mouth turned down at the corners with a hint of bitterness, the whole head and face present a picture which none could forget." There was so little that seemed likely to appeal to a crowd. Yet his simplicity had its own appeal.

The Priest First

ALL through his years as Chancellor he remained first and foremost the priest he had always been. Sometimes the official routine would be interrupted, while he went off to perform a marriage ceremony for a friend; or he would minister at requiems or christenings. And one day when he was shot down on a railway platform by a fanatical young Socialist and the crowd rushed forward to lynch his assailant, he summoned up strength enough to murmur, "Don't hurt the fellow," before they carried the Chancellor to the hospital in an ambulance.

Party politics, as such, had no interest for him. But in his calm and courageous way he followed his own policy with a remarkable combination of subtlety and strength. After two years as Chancellor he resigned, towards the end of 1924, but two years later he was urged to come back again, rallying all the moderate parties against the Marxists in Vienna.

He became Chancellor again in 1927, when the semi-military organizations on the conservative side were threatening to assume control. He was accused of allowing too much latitude to such organizations, and of responsibility for the shooting down of rioters. With his backing dependent chiefly upon the Catholic peasantry outside Vienna, he was always exposed to denunciation by the Socialist majority in an overgrown and impoverished metropolis.

He continued on his way serenely, introducing a series of wide social reforms which gradually gained him wider sympathy in the city. But the bellicose activities of the Heimwehr made his position impossible. He could not disband them for fear of a Socialist insurrection; nor entirely disassociate himself from their anti-democratic

program. In 1929 he resigned again, but came back for a brief period as Foreign Minister in a Ministry which was much more conservative than his own. He retired again and was more than content to escape the functions of a Chancellor, while retaining the immense influence he had acquired as adviser to his own party behind the scenes.

Sarajevo to America

THE wound in his lung from a revolver shot never healed, and his health had been increasingly feeble for the past year. Now he is gone; and his going will revive a host of strange, mixed memories—which perhaps came back to him also many times, in that long illness from which he knew there was no hope of recovering.

He was ordained priest in 1899 when Leo XIII was still on the throne. He was not yet a professor, but a young priest wondering what field of activity lay before an earnest student like himself, when the old Emperor imposed his veto upon the Conclave and scandalized Europe by showing that he could still dictate at least as to who might not be made Pope.

He grew up in the old Empire when Archdukes received the homage of Popes as well as of politicians. He must have remembered quite well that day when Cardinal Piffi, dragged from his secluded monastic life as an abbot, to become Archbishop and Primate of Austria, received his red hat from the Archduke Ferdinand who was deputed, by an old Austrian privilege, to confer it upon the new Archbishop in the Pope's name.

Only a few weeks later the same Archduke was assassinated at Sarajevo. To most of the world the Archduke was only a name, of scarcely more significance than that of a small town where he was murdered as a political "gesture." But in Austria in 1914 an Archduke was still sacrosanct. The ultimatum which Austria delivered Serbia, demanding atonement for the crime, was so overwhelming that it left all the chancelleries of Europe gaping and

bewildered, until armies had been mobilized, and then fleets, and the whole Continent was aflame in a world war.

Little did Seipel or anyone else think that the World War which began with that crime at Sarajevo would involve America also, and that before it ended, after four short years (yet how long the years seemed while they were lived through!) every Empire in Europe—the Tsardom, and the Empire of Austria-Hungary, and the Kaiserdom of the Hohenzollerns—would have crumbled in abject ruin.

Every surviving monarchy in Europe would be required henceforth to justify its existence or else be thrown into the melting pot with all the others; and a new world would be born in Europe in which the mighty would be cast down from their seats and the humble be exalted.

Of all those who have risen to such exalted seats, none surely have sought the position less, or have derived less enjoyment from their temporary glory, than the ex-Chancellor and savior of Austria who has now gone to his reward. He was utterly unlike the usual conception of the ecclesiastical statesman. The American and English Press refers to him as a Richelieu or a Cardinal Wolsey, assuming (naturally enough, perhaps) that only a prelate of worldly ambition could possibly have become Chancellor of Austria in a period of socialist revolution. "Strange anachronism," writes one well known French journalist in reflection upon his career. Yet Monsignor Seipel was far from being a survival from the Middle Ages.

Seipel, A Type

ON the contrary, he was the foremost example of a distinctly modern type in European politics, which has become prominent and influential even in countries which are not, like Austria, predominantly Catholic. The Catholic Centre Party in Germany owes much of its early momentum to Bishop Ketteler and others of a generation which had scarcely died off when

the devastating World War was begun.

Since then, in the reconstruction of Central Europe, since 1918, a succession of able and zealous social reformers has built up a Catholic Movement in Germany which even now holds the balance between the extremists of the Right and of the Left. Dr. Brüning himself was "discovered" by Monsignor Vass, the secretary of the Centre Party, who has been the chief adviser of the Centre behind the scenes.

Prelatical Statesmen

ALL through Central Europe similar figures have emerged. Between them they have given a much wider and more coherent influence to Catholic principles in modern social reform than would have seemed possible ten years ago. Hungary, Jugo-Slavia, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, as well as Germany and Austria, have all produced their prelates who have held high office in statesmanship.

In Holland, especially, the late Monsignor Nolens carried on a tradition which had been set by other Catholic social reformers before him. He was even invited to become Prime Minister of Protestant Holland during the War; but he declined and, instead, became the official political adviser to the Queen.

In France, also, in spite of specially difficult political conditions, there have been famous ecclesiastics who have brought about great social reforms and have given a new inspiration to younger men. But their influence is not to be reckoned only in terms of how many times they have held office, or even how often they have been elected to Parliament.

The Catholic laymen who have become pioneers of social reform and of political movements in favor of international co-operation have, in many cases, been as zealous Catholics as the clergy. The recent elections in Germany have revealed the great strength of the Catholic Centre and have gathered to its support some very unexpected allies. But that large question requires an article to itself.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

TWENTY-FOUR VAGABOND TALES. By John Gibbons. E. P. Dutton & Co. New York. \$2.00.

Mr. Gibbons is a born story-teller and this series of *Twenty-four Vagabond Tales* finds him at his best. He has already become well known to the American reading public in those delightful tales of mixed travel and adventure published under the titles of *Afoot in Italy* and *Tramping Through Ireland* as well as in a number of other volumes. His method of collecting material for his stories is a somewhat unusual but most successful one, namely

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that of taking walking tours under contract with a London newspaper and subject to conditions of a very onerous nature. One of these, for instance, is the strict limitation of the money he can carry with him for expenses—he must of necessity walk, at least the major portion of the way, and another is that he must not leave any place by the same route that he comes to it.

These and other hard and fast conditions

are admirably calculated to lead him into adventure, sometimes of a very embarrassing nature, to say nothing of hardships and even, at times, of danger. But the result has been worth it and Mr. Gibbons may claim to be, so far as we know, the only paid pedestrian in the world.

But it is not only the more striking and thrilling adventures into which he falls that he tells us of. There are many authors who can speak of such things with fascination, but our pedestrian author can and does introduce us to any and every little episode that might well be passed without notice by the majority, and that with so



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WRITE TO S. J. MITCHELL, MGR.,
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keen a sense of humor or pathos, so wide an appreciation of subtle significances, that we chuckle with delight, or maybe wipe away a tear, at his encounters with every Tom, Dick or Harry from whom he must stop to inquire the way. Yes, Mr. Gibbons has the true genius for the telling of a story. He has a seeing eye.

The stories are divided under a number of heads, three stories from Italy, a like number from Portugal, and the Balkans, we have, while other parts of Europe are not left out. There are six stories from his native Great Britain "and other parts of no particular interest," and three of the late War, which are particularly fine. No one who loves tales of travel should miss reading this delightful volume.

WHY MUST I SUFFER? By the Rev. F. J. Remler. The Franciscan Herald Press, Chicago. 35 cents.

The subject of suffering has been, perhaps, as extensively treated as any in the realm of devotional ideas but, like all the great ideals that we have come to realize from the teaching of Our Lord and the Church have to do with the subject of our salvation, suffering offers us an unlimited store of material for original treatment, material that is always new and inspiring and productive of thought.

This little volume of Father Remler, though it is scarcely more than a pamphlet, presents the subject in a very attractive form. Fifteen reasons for our suffering are taken up and these are followed by two short sections devoted to the saints as our models and to Our Lord. There is doubtless nothing of any great originality here,

yet we venture to say that no one can read through these pages without feeling himself edified and stimulated to take up his cross with a better will.

PIDGEON IRISH. By Francis Stuart. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.00.

Three pigeons, the carriers of important messages from the field of action back to headquarters at home, are the symbol of the feelings and action that make up this drama of conflicting forces in the lives of three people and a group of others who are affected by their story. The pigeons have their own story ending in tragedy and this is told in short episodes fitted in between the corresponding human tale.

The plot involves the "eternal triangle" as it is called—one man and two women in this case—but for the average reader there is mystification because the motive of one of the women is left obscure. Catherine, the outsider, enters the sphere of the happy married life of Frank and Brigid Allen and promptly opens a campaign to win Frank, not, be it noted, for herself, but for a mystical ideal of which she is the protagonist.

For Ireland is at war. Last of all the nations she is resisting the irresistible march of Modernism to which all the others have succumbed. The campaign is being carried on somewhere on the Continent and it seems that the Irish forces are doomed to defeat. In the meantime all is quiet at home but the shadow of the coming loss already lies upon her and the government is debating the best terms of the inevitable surrender. Catherine, scarcely out of school, but full of the mysticism of her namesake of Siena, believes that only by those few who hold the old traditions dearest is any salvation to be found, and then only through retirement to the deepest solitudes of the country where they can live unnoticed the life they love.

Though the daughter of the commander of the home forces, she has no influence to carry out her plan since her father, rather naturally, looks upon her as a flighty child. Consequently she must have some man who can persuade the leaders to her thought or, failing that, become a martyr, and the man she chooses is Frank Allen.

Put thus her purpose sounds exalted, but there enter into the story certain elements of doubt which the author, after the manner of modern authors, is at no pains to clear up. The tale ends with a sort of spiritual martyrdom for Frank after which he leaves his wife to retire with Catherine to the fastnesses of the hills, there to carry on the beloved tradition. It seems that the book has made a considerable stir among literary critics and won the approval of such men as Mr. W. B. Yeats and Compton Mackenzie, but we frankly admit that we find the mysticism of Catherine unconvincing, the purpose of Frank highly questionable and the

ending far too enigmatic for praise. In fact we should like to ask the question—what is it all about?—before deciding a case in which the evidence is not all in.

THE ORDER OF CITEAUX. By the Rev. Ailbe J. Luddy, O.Cist. M. H. Gill and Son, Ltd., Dublin. Four shillings.

A history of the Order of Citeaux when its roots are traced back through its predecessors of the Benedictine Rule to the great founder, St. Benedict, amounts almost to an epitome of monasticism in the West, for although there has been such a multitude of orders, congregations and societies sprung up out of direct communion with the Benedictines and their offshoots, nevertheless it was that great Rule that in one way or another has served as a model for all, and the reasons that have served as modifications of observance for the Benedictine offshoots have been in essentials the same that have caused the yet wider branching that has occurred quite outside its ranks.

As the author quite justly says, the ideal of especial personal dedication to the service of God has existed wherever God or even the Pagan adumbrations of the true God has been worshipped, so that the monastic impulse is to be found even outside Christendom, though always in a vaguer, less defined state.

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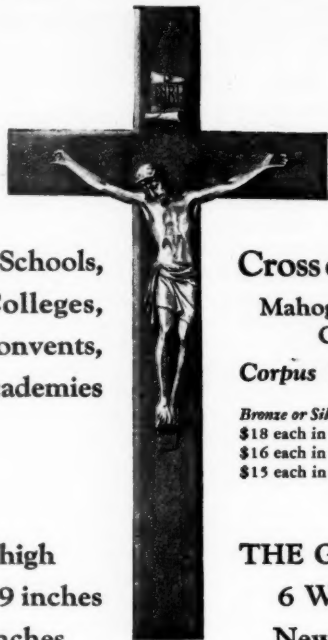
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nating than that of the mighty bastion of the Church furnished by monasticism, and to read of its rise and fluctuations through the centuries is to be brought face to face with one of the greatest force in life and with some of the greatest figures in the story of civilization.

The present volume is a small one, too small, one would think, to deal with so vast a subject, yet the author has contrived to condense within his very narrow limits an extraordinary amount of information without confusing the main lines of his story, so that the reader leaves the perusal of it with a clear idea of the major events and the forces that produced them and, what is still better, a sharpened appetite for wider reading on this glorious theme.

Especially one may wonder at the marvelous wisdom of the Church in turning to the best advantage the alterations, even the apparent fallings-away, that took place in the development of monastic ideal and practice. The first great divergence from the ancient ideal of St. Benedict, who had seen in each house of the order, a separate and independent community bound only to its fellows by observance of the common Rule, came with the establishment of the great Abbey of Cluny and its branches, dependent wholly upon the authority of the parent house under the supreme head of its Archabbot. Whether or no one may approve in principle of this change, it is certain that the influence of the great

Cluniac system was of great avail to the Church in those troublous times.

And yet again it was a reaction against that system in favor of the ideal of St. Benedict that has given us in succession Molesme, Chartreuse, Citeaux, Clairvaux, each of which played its great part in the affairs of the age. Citeaux was the germ from which grew the great Cistercian Order which at the present time consists of four branches, those of the common, the middle and the strict observance, or the Trappist Congregation, and the small congregation of Casamari which is confined to Italy.

THE MIRROR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY AND THE PSALTER OF OUR LADY. By Saint Bonaventure. Translated by Sr. Mary Emmanuel, O.S.B. B. Herder Book Company, St. Louis. \$2.00.

First of all it is our pleasant duty to congratulate Sister Mary Emmanuel both on her purpose in translating this superb work and on the admirable manner in which she has carried out her intention. Of the work itself, indeed, it is difficult to say anything for fear or inadequacy.

The age which saw its writing marked what probably was the summit of human inspiration in the arts and philosophy throughout all the ages of history. On all sides there flourished a civilization in which beauty of thought and its expression had been brought to perfection through a

thousand different channels. Men of surpassing greatness abounded, met and exchanged ideas, taught in the universities to which the multitudes repaired to sit at their feet. Men wise with more than earthly wisdom were the counsellors of kings as wise as themselves, a Saint Thomas advised a Saint Louis, the common people, newly risen from a slowly ebbing servitude and now first feeling the full opportunity of freedom and seizing upon it avidly rivalled their rulers and the great in Church and State in their efforts to turn the face of the earth into one vast hymn in praise of God. It was then that the great cathedrals were rising on all sides, that whole cities became works of art and that the crafts were transformed to fine arts and all this and a multitude of other things rose to an incredible height under the tutelage, the sponsorship, the inspiration of the Church.

To be singled out as great in such an age bespoke surpassing qualities, but these qualities were possessed by Saint Bonaventure and earned him the title of the Seraphic Doctor.

There was a quality in the writing of that age that leaves the modern man feeling almost helpless even to describe it. This quality is at its height in the Seraphic Doctor's beautiful work of devotion, *The Mirror of the Blessed Virgin Mary*, a freshness of inspiration, a profundity of feeling, a happiness of phrasing and choice of words that leaves one with the feeling that the pen in the hand of the doctor was invisibly wielded by the Seraphs themselves. That this fire of expression should be preserved to the extent it has in the translation is matter for praise; let us hope that this echo of a voice coming out of that great and wholesome past may be appreciated today.

A COMPENDIUM OF THEOLOGY, VOLUME II. By the Very Rev. J. Berthier. Translated from the French by the Rev. Sidney A. Raemers, M.A., Ph.D. B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis. \$4.00.

The second volume of this monumental work which is now presented us through the labors of Father Raemers is of great practical interest to Catholics especially as a reference book in matters of detail of the Faith. The author, whose great learning and scholarship has been widely appreciated in France to such an extent that his work has enjoyed no fewer than five editions, has found a worthy translator in Father Raemers.

Volume Two takes up the theology of the Sacraments, giving first the teaching of the Church on the nature of them in general and then each Sacrament individually. In this exposition an interesting plan is followed, namely, the nature of the Sacrament in itself is explained and then the part played by the minister and finally that played by the subject and the effects on him.

Father Berthier takes up in the course of his writing a number of exceedingly interesting points that have not been passed upon by the supreme authority of the Church, such as the existence of Sacraments before the Christian dispensation, both in the age of innocence before the fall and in that long period between the fall and the founding of the Jewish nation.

The book is divided into four Dissertations, three of which are thus devoted to the Sacraments and the fourth to the allied subject of "God the Perfecter," the passage of the soul into Eternity and its three states there. The detail of the work is immense, but the style is so clear as to render it easily comprehensible to all. There is no doubt but that the work will make itself a place as an important addition to the Catholic theological literature of this country.

MEDAL STORIES, BOOK TWO. By the Daughters of Charity, St. Joseph's College, Emmitsburg, Maryland. Brown-Morrison Co., Lynchburg, Va.

Like its predecessor which was reviewed recently in these columns, this volume of *Medal Stories* is for the very young. The kindly sisters who have prepared and written it have taken the lives of some of the saints, some of the old legends and a group of modern subjects and turned them into appropriate bedtime stories.

The lovely story of St. Martina whose beauty caused the Roman Emperor to love her and of his efforts first to win her for himself, then to save her from the result of her Christian faith in the hope that she would at last yield to him and finally in his anger to bring her to a terrible death, and of her courageous resistance that led at last to the crown of martyrdom, leads the list. It is followed by seven others, the majority of which are concerned with the lives or episodes in the lives of the great figures in the history of the Church.

FOR DAYS AND SEASONS. By the Rev. Michael Andrew Chapman. B. Herder Book Company, St. Louis. \$2.50.

Father Chapman has here collected a group of sermons appropriate to the various seasons of the ecclesiastical year and to individual feasts and fasts of the Church, or perhaps it would be more correct to say that they are suggestions for sermons, since most of them are comparatively short. But though short there is a great deal of matter condensed within narrow limits, matter which may also serve as the basis of prayer and meditation.

These notes vary considerably in value and power, but in all there is a note of strong faith and a certain originality of presentation that makes them valuable. Among the best of them are those on Death and Judgment among the Advent Sermons. Then there are also that on "The Three Gardens," a sermon for Good Friday evening and those that make up the

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section entitled "A Chaplet for Mary's Month."

Father Chapman is already well known as a gifted author on themes in which theology and devotion are happily blended and this new volume should still further add to his good opinion among the pious.

CORN AND COCKLE. By Most Rev. P. E. Magennis, O. Carm. M. H. Gill and Son, Ltd., Dublin. Five shillings net.

In this volume the author turns from more serious work to the writing of short stories, stories that are illustrative of the working of the Catholic spirit in all ages from the coming of St. Patrick to Ireland and his facing the system of pagan religion down to modern times. There is a strong element of the romantic in these tales to hold the interest of the lay reader, the plots well conceived and the action maintained.

The first story deals with two druids in whose hands has been entrusted the education of the two princesses, daughters of the King Laoghaire, one of the great chieftains of Ireland in that pre-Christian time. The two princesses, Ethne and Fedelma, are, as the heroines of romance should be, fair and wise and true, and the druids Maol and Caplait are faithful to their great trust. Of the gloom that has settled on these honorable pagans because they foresee the downfall of the druid religion and because with all their wisdom they cannot satisfy the spiritual longing of their two lovely charges, of the coming of St. Patrick, and of the happiness of all in

the sublime truth that is brought to them, the story is made up, and a very moving tale it is.

A gap of many centuries and of thousands of miles lies between the scene of this story and the next, which occurs in Bahia at the Carmelite convent there. The author has undoubtedly the gift of narrative and a human sympathy which embraces all men, whether they be ancient saints, mediæval counts or modern street gamins. In two stories, the author steps outside Catholic realms entirely and takes us to modern Russia in the grip of the Bolshevik régime. They are rather horrible, but then things are horrible in Russia, as the actions and reactions of men must always be when denied God and the eternal workings of His justice.

The book makes excellent reading and should meet with a wide appreciation.

THE IRISH WAY. Edited by F. J. Sheed. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York.

"If you would see any nation personified, it is always in a saint that you will see it best. . . ."

Admitting this to be true, as Mr. Sheed tells us it is in his Foreword—and who may doubt it?—this volume should form one of the best pictures ever painted of Ireland in its great Christian past, for in it occur surprisingly vivid sketches of no fewer than six great Irish Saints and a dozen other famous Irishmen.

The volume opens, appropriately, with a short life of St. Patrick by Alice Curtayne, which is sufficient guarantee of its excellence, and indeed it is excellent, for in it we find a living personality that at once captures the imagination and sympathies of the reader. As the Editor tells us, the question of St. Patrick's birthplace is beside the mark, "St. Patrick is Irish," and certainly he occupies a place in the Irish heart and imagination difficult to parallel anywhere. It is from the Saint's famous *Confession* that the author draws most of her material and in view of the omissions in that great work, she has presented us with a consistent story that claims our interest and admiration.

St. Patrick is followed by St. Brendan, St. Columcille, St. Columbanus, St. Malachy and St. Laurence O'Toole, and much the same that has been said of the sketch of St. Patrick applied to these brief little histories also and indeed to those of the uncanonized but great and good men that are included.

The idea of the book, the Editor confides in us, came to him when on holiday in Kerry, and its purpose is to "show what Catholicism is in the Irish." To accomplish this he did not fix upon any particular set of Irishmen as representative but first chose his contributing authors and left it to them to select their subjects. The scheme is amply justified in the result and the book should meet with a wide welcome here.

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Devotional Studies in the Sacred Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ

By the Rev. Francis Shea, C. P.

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Union City,

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Gemma's League of Prayer

GEMMA'S LEAGUE is an association of those who carry on a systematic campaign of intercessory and united prayer.

The Object: To bring the grace of God to others and to merit needed blessings for ourselves. In a very particular way to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionary priests and Sisters in their difficult mission field.

The Methods: No set form of prayers is prescribed. The kind of prayers said and the number of them is left to the inclination and zeal of every individual member. In saying these prayers, however, one should have the general intention, at least, of offering them for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

Membership: The membership is not restricted to any class. Men, women and children not only may join Gemma's League but are urged to do so. We are glad to announce that in our membership we have many priests, both secular and regular, as well as many members of various Religious Orders. "The Spiritual Treasury," printed every month on this page, shows the interest taken by our members in this campaign of united prayer and sacrifice.

Obligations: It should never be forgotten that Gemma's League is a strictly spiritual society. While, of course, a great deal of money is needed for the support of our Passionist missions in China, and while many members of the League are



GEMMA GALGANI

generous in their regular money contributions to the missions, nevertheless members of the League are never asked for financial aid. There are not even any dues required of members, though a small offering to pay the expense of printing the monthly leaflet is expected.

The Reward: One who helps the spread of Christ's Kingdom on earth is hardly looking for any reward. We feel that the members of Gemma's League are satisfied with the knowledge that Almighty God knows their love for Him and knows also how to reward them for the practical display of their love! However, our members cannot be unaware that their very zeal must bring God's special blessings on themselves, their families and friends. Besides, they will surely merit the reward of an apostle for their spiritual and corporal works of mercy.

The Patron: Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of the League. Born in 1878, she died in 1903. Her life was characterized by a singular devotion to the Sacred Passion of Our Blessed Lord. Denied the privilege of entering the Religious Life, she sanctified herself in the world, in the midst of ordinary household duties, and by her prayers and sufferings did much for the salvation of souls. Her "cause" has been introduced and we hope soon to call her Blessed Gemma.

Headquarters: All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to the Reverend Director, Gemma's League, care of THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF AUGUST

Masses Said	14
Masses Heard	20,543
Holy Communions	12,019
Visits to B. Sacrament	33,570
Spiritual Communions	112,650
Benediction Services	7,675
Sacrifices, Sufferings	49,117
Stations of the Cross	8,530
Visits to the Crucifix	39,580
Beads of the Five Wounds	15,732
Offerings of PP. Blood	133,643
Visits to Our Lady	37,616
Rosaries	29,231
Beads of the Seven Dolors	4,197
Ejaculatory Prayers	1,396,421
Hours of Study, Reading	18,639
Hours of Labor	40,955
Acts of Kindness, Charity	28,638
Acts of Zeal	45,380
Prayers, Devotions	642,416
Hours of Silence	30,039
Various Works	55,978
Holy Hours	68

✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ "Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7, 39.) ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠

KINDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

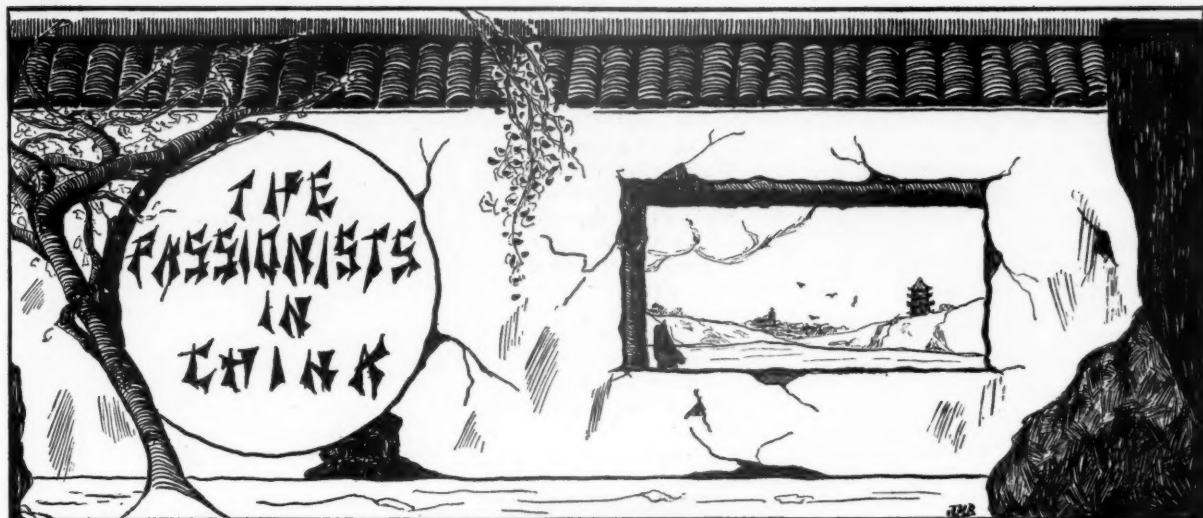
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MAY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.



Some Opium Victims

By Francis Flaherty, C.P.

IN the November 21, issue of last year's *Literary Digest* I found an interesting article on drug habits entitled, "The First 'Shot.'" It opens with these lines: "Leave it alone. For the cure of drug addiction is declared practically impossible. Moreover, the traffic is so profitable to governments and individuals alike that the League of Nations has been able to do little to end it. So, avoid the first 'shot.' Afterwards there is little hope. If ever the addict had a chance of rehabilitation that would be permanent, it is no longer probable, or in most instances even impossible." It was with just that "little hope" that I began my missionary experiment of curing some opium smokers of that detestable, demoralizing habit.

The Wuki Christianity has about one hundred and forty baptized Christians including men, women and children. Of this number some fifteen were on the black list, unable to receive the Sacraments by reason of their opium-smoking habit. They were Christians in name only, and avoided meeting the priest for very shame. During my two years in the village I had never laid eyes on four or five of them, knowing of their existence only from the Mission register of the baptized.

Fervor in the Mission was at low ebb; Sunday Mass found but five or six male adults in attendance, the women and children constituting the bulk of my congregation. On the very big feasts, such as Christmas and Easter, a few of the opium addicts, hoping against hope for their eternal salvation, came to Mass, driven by a staunch faith in spite of the fact that they produced no works. I made it a habit to be kind to these men, even

though their lives were a contradiction of all that the Catholic Church stood for. The children of some of these addicts were remarkably good, while those of others took after the way of their parents.

A RECENT issue of *THE SIGN* carried two articles dealing with the wide-spread evil of opium-smoking in China. These accounts of the history of opium and of the various attempts made to curb its use gave an impressive picture of the disaster the drug is bringing to individuals and to the nation. Recent reports from Chinese and foreign sources reveal that the Government in China, while fully aware of the menace of the evil, has been able to do little in checking it.

It is, therefore, refreshing to read Father Francis Flaherty's encouraging story of an apparently successful experiment in breaking some victims of their habit of opium-smoking. The account reveals the courage and understanding sympathy of this Passionist missionary in dealing with one of the greatest problems that faces the Church in China. Surely his appeal for prayers will reach the hearts of those interested in our missionaries and their arduous work.

I wished to send the daughter of one of these men to the convent school at Shenchow, since she seemed to be promis-

ing as a future catechist. I had set the date for her departure. The day she was to leave she came to the Mission and in tears told me she was unable to go to Shenchow for want of the necessary travel money. Knowing that this state of affairs was born only of the opium-smoking habit of her father, I told her to send him to the Mission at once. In a short while Michael appeared, humble and ashamed.

I POINTED out to him what ravages his detestable habit was making in his home. His clothes were those of a beggar; his wife was a veritable slave, cutting fire wood on the mountain sides to provide for the family table. His younger son, who is attending high school at the Mission's expense, refused to live at home during the summer vacation. His oldest son was fast becoming a wreck in health, for he had contracted the opium habit from the example of his father. His daughter now wished to go to school to make something of herself, but was deterred because he would not give her money for necessary expenses. He himself, a baptized Christian, recipient of the gift of the Faith, was unable to receive the Sacraments. Besides, he was now an old man and had not much time on earth. When was he going to prepare for death? Or did he expect to die in his sins?

This evoked quite a return speech on his part. He argued that his cough was so bad, his consumption so ravaging, that smoking opium was the only treatment to prevent hemorrhages. He declared he had little hope of saving his soul, although he prayed daily at home, since he was too ashamed to come to church. Thus he rambled on. The result of my lecture was

his promise to come to the Mission to try to break off the habit.

He managed to borrow a couple of dollars to buy clothes for his girl, and to provide the necessary money for travel. That evening, his oldest son sent his father's opium pipe to the Mission. While this was a sign of good intentions on his part, still I was not over hopeful, for while it is easy to begin to break off a habit of long standing it is quite another thing to persevere.

Shortly after my talk with Michael I went to Shenchow. On the way thither, the father of another Christian girl student accompanied me. He also was an opium smoker. During the journey of two days I had plenty of time to point out to him how demoralizing was his opium smoking. He readily admitted that I was right, promising upon his return to Wuki to break off the habit.

Once again in my own Mission, I sent for Michael to fulfil the promise he had made a month previously. He readily came. With him was another of my opium-smoking Christians. In a few days the news was abroad that two inveterate fiends were trying to shake off their vice. In the course of a week, about a dozen had come to the Mission asking to join those who were trying the opium cure. I took them in, and the fight began.

I wonder if, of all vices to which men are slaves, there is any so tenacious as opium smoking. When an addict decides to break this habit, he must prepare himself for a period of ten days of real torment. The first day is not so bad, for there is still the effect of the previous day's smoking. The second day is a little worse. I pitied these men as I saw them walking around the Mission yard with a lost look on their faces, evidence of the struggle going on within them. They were doing anything and everything to distract themselves.

Throughout the day at various times and till late in the evenings, I sat with them and discussed doctrine, American customs, the Chinese-Japanese War, and any subject that I thought would interest them. I sent them a box of over twenty puzzles to play with and while away the time. In a few hours they returned with all the puzzles worked out, evidence of their constant efforts with these toys. I fed them well. They received plenty of tobacco, and some wine at meals. I had men of fifty years who had never touched a basket-ball in their lives, playing the game. In a word, I did all I could to help them forget their craving for opium.

IN the course of a few days, two or three were laid up in bed unable to move, sleeping off their weakness. Each one was ordered to prepare some point of doctrine to be recited in the evening before all the men. Some did very well, others pleaded forgiveness for their deficiency because "they could not concentrate without the

help of opium . . . it was veritably impossible to think consistently."

During this time, each smoker was allowed a number of pills designed to break the habit of opium smoking. It was interesting to watch the daily schedule of the number of pills each had taken. After three weeks all but the two old men, fifty and sixty years old respectively, had gradually tapered off to but one or two pills. In the beginning, they had taken from ten to fourteen. Finally I had no pills left, and decided to buy no more. Without them these men suffered a bit, but in the course of a week they were feeling quite well and were able to do sufficient work to earn their livelihood.

Shortly before releasing them, it hap-



FATHER FRANCIS FLAHERTY, C.P., HAS MADE A COURAGEOUS EXPERIMENT IN ASSISTING SOME UNFORTUNATE MEMBERS OF HIS FLOCK TO BREAK THE HABIT OF OPIUM SMOKING. HIS IS AN INTERESTING STORY OF OLD MEN STRUGGLING TO SHAKE OFF THE VICE THAT HAD HELD THEM IN ITS TENACIOUS GRIP FOR YEARS. THEIR PERSEVERANCE THUS FAR IS A SOURCE OF JOY TO THIS ZEALOUS MISSIONARY

pened that I wished to visit several Christian families living at a distance from the Mission. The walk totaled a distance of at least ten miles. I asked a young opium smoker, Stephen, to accompany me as a companion. We made the round trip in record time. On the way home Stephen remarked: "Father, before I broke off smoking opium, I could never have walked this distance without having at least two smokes of opium on the way. Today I am a bit fatigued, but I feel that I could walk the same distance again if necessary."

All thirteen men have left the Mission now. From time to time I inquire about

their health. To date, not one has touched opium. The craving can scarcely be said to be extinct, but that they have persevered for three months without the drug is a rather reassuring sign. I feel that the experiment has not been in vain.

ALL of them are now going to the Sacraments regularly. Frequently they come to see me, whereas previously they avoided the priest, the church and the Mission. Moreover they are most fervent in helping to spread the doctrine of the Church. The news of their cure has been told all over the district. Twenty miles away, the people marvel that these men have broken off from the opium habit and have not become seriously ill. Any number of pagans have been inspired to emulate their example; only recently the village gentry of Wuki held a meeting to close the half dozen opium dens in the village.

It is too early to predict just what success the venture will meet with. I hope it may prosper, though several sustaining motives will be lacking in the case of the pagans. These will not stand before the altar of God as did the Christian addicts and pledge total abstinence from a drug that ruins them in health, dissipates their wealth and bars them from the reception of the Sacraments of the Church. I hope for the best, but am not sanguine.

Before concluding this article, I must add the history of one case that failed to make the grade. A young man of a Christian family, who has long been away from the Church, realized that his opium habit was wrecking his health and his home. He decided to come to the Mission to take the cure. He came of his own accord. After a week or so in the Mission, I learned that he was slipping out secretly for a pipeful. I warned him that another offense would force me to send him home. He pleaded guilty and promised to reform. Within the course of a few days, I missed Joseph and inquired of his whereabouts. I was told that he could probably be found in one of the opium dens. That is just where he was discovered.

I told him to pack up his things and leave. Again he pleaded for forgiveness, saying how hard it was to do without the drug. Again I forgave him. Finally, the catechist informed me that someone had stolen thirty dollars from the keeper of the opium den, that Joseph was accused of the crime, and that in the evening several men were coming to the Mission to take him to court. Hearing this and knowing the scandal that would ensue were he taken on the Mission property, I expelled him immediately. Later, his father appeared and made good the theft and the matter was dropped. But Joseph returned home nevertheless, his opium habit uncured.

Now, why did he, a young man of only twenty years, and an addict of but a couple of years, fail to break off, whereas old men of fifty and sixty years of age, who



SOME OF THE WUKI CHRISTIANS GREET MONSIGNOR CUTHBERT O'GARA, C.P., ON HIS CONFIRMATION TOUR. IT IS AT THIS LITTLE VILLAGE, TWO DAYS' JOURNEY FROM THE SHENCHOW MISSION, THAT FATHER FRANCIS FLAHERTY, C.P., CONDUCTED HIS APPARENTLY SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT IN THE CURE OF OPIUM SMOKERS

had been smoking for twenty years or more succeeded? I attribute the failure to the fact that Joseph has little, if any, faith; the teachings of religion mean nothing to him; in spirit he is no better than a pagan. Therefore, some very real motives were lacking that were present in the case of the other men who, though lax in practice of their faith, still retained a staunch belief in God, the efficacy of the Sacraments, and their duties as Christians. Joseph is totally without faith, and this in

great part explains his failure to break his demoralizing habit.

With these lines, I add the concluding remarks of the article in *The Literary Digest* and offer them for your consideration: "When fully understood, the drug problems will be found to be linked up with all the weak points of our modern social and religious or non-religious condition."

Certainly in China, where opium is almost as common as the cigarette in Amer-

ica, there is little hope for the eradication of this vice that is ruining the health of millions of Chinese citizens, depriving the nation of untold efficiency, and plunging the country into poverty and destitution, unless there ensues a revolution in the moral code of the Asiatic country that embraces a quarter of the whole human race. The only factor that will bring about this blessing is a widespread teaching of Christianity. Readers of *THE SIGN*, please pray earnestly for stricken China.

St. Jude Aids a Missionary

By Timothy McDermott, C.P.

MY orders read to take charge of the large County of Yungshun in the north-western part of our Mission District. There were two ways of going: by boat, which is called the water way, or by the trail along the river known as the "dry" road. I chose the latter route, though it did not bring me a dry moment during the whole journey.

It was pouring steadily at 4:30 in the morning when our mules clattered out on the quiet Shenchow streets. I was encased in an oversized, borrowed raincoat; but, with water splashing down from the low roofs on both sides of the narrow street, the raincoat was soon as wet inside as out. My costume, at least, helped the Chinese to believe that I was not entirely insane, travelling in such weather. They probably thought I was all snug and dry inside, whilst I envied them the privilege of stripping and laughing at the rain.

For three slow hours we pushed ahead without a stop until we came to Wusu where, last September, this very mule I was riding knocked me out of the boat into the river. Already all of my padded clothing was saturated with cold rain. The clouds massed heavier and the rain

increased. We stopped under a thatched lean-to, while the boys gulped some breakfast and I swallowed a cup of coffee. The mules, sensing it was meal time, began to eat the dried corn stalks that served as walls of the lean-to, thereby bringing down on their heads, on their ancestors and on mine the curses of the lady who called that shack home.

Our course now lay inland away from the river. I should rather write "in water," for it was hard to tell just where the rice paddies ended and the path began. We slipped and splashed and sweated, hoping that we would not have to improve our beauty with an unwanted mud-pack or bath. All about us was activity. The previous drought had prevented the people from transplanting their rice. Were it not for the rainfall we were then having the rice crop for this year would have been a complete loss. That was a thought which helped me to take the rain philosophically. On every side were scores of men and women, young and old, with their trousers rolled up to the thigh, a palm-bark cape over their shoulders, a large rain hat on their heads. They stood almost hip-deep in the rice

paddies, transplanting the rice from the seed beds.

In another field they were threshing wheat, batting the sheaves over the edge of a large square vat. In acres and acres of opium fields all about us they were collecting the paste that had oozed out of the bulbs during the night. But, for the most part, the country folk were clearing the fields, getting them ready for the rice shoots. The reason why they were not waiting for the wheat to ripen fully was that wheat is classed as a luxury, but rice is life itself. So if the wheat must rot, let it rot, but they must take advantage of the heaven-sent rain.

We lunched at a village packed on a hill-top. A few soldiers had just arrived to establish a tax office. Meantime, they were preparing camp by begging, borrowing or appropriating all the wooden horses, doors and loose planks in the village. Surplus straw and bedding was wheeled out of the populace, either by threat or by promise to pay. They commandeered the best rooms in the town for sleeping quarters.

After an hour's stop we picked our way down steep stone steps. Again our

route lay along the fast-rising river. Newly felled trees lay up against the bank across the trail. Some of these we were able to get under; others were jumped by the mules—a dangerous feat because of the narrow, muddy path and the drop of fifty feet to the river. At places the heavy bamboo mooring lines for the wood rafts were pulled across the path. We raised some of these so that the mules could go under. Once a nervous mule dashed under, catching the pommel of the saddle and losing her balance. For a moment it looked as though we would lose her over the embankment. Happily, we were able to extricate the animal before any disaster occurred.

Little streams which ordinarily had but a trickle of water were fast becoming dangerous torrents. To cross them we had to creep inland for miles or find a place to wade across. At one crossing the carriers eased themselves gradually down an almost perpendicular drop of fifty feet. I followed them, whilst the boys led the mules across the stream further up the valley. Another crawl up the farther bank and we reached a Chinese inn where we waited for the boys. The thermos bottle still had a mouthful of hot coffee and that—plus a dry cigarette—heartened me for the last lap of the day's trip.

Wet, weary and wallowing in mud, we plodded along until we saw about a mile away, as the crow flies, the village for which we were aiming. I "perked up" a bit, thinking the end of the road near. It was an illusion born of my ignorance. We waded up a creek bed away from the river, and came to another stream about seventy feet wide, in which the water was roaring down at a terrific rate. (But Charon the boatman was there with his ferry this time instead of his broad back, or am I mixing my names? I suppose it was St. Christo-

pher who carried them across on his back!) Well, here was a boat that looked as though it could make the crossing safely.

At the river's edge I spied an old woman washing vegetables. Hungry and curious, I splashed through the mud to see what vegetables she was preparing. My mouth began to water when I beheld mushrooms, large, succulent, Chinese mushrooms. "Of course the mushrooms were for sale, for a price," she answered to my inquiry. China is ever ready to do business. We boarded the boat, the boy carrying the mushrooms tied up in his handkerchief.

WE ferried across the stream and climbed straight up the mountain side, until at last we came out about two hundred feet above the river. Joy? What a place to slip! Talk about your Palisades on the Hudson! None of my party remarked about the trail, though it was only about eighteen inches wide, and in places where it had been washed out we had to jump across. A half mile of this and we worked our way down again to the river.

At long last we turned into the village of La Cha. At the first house in the village our porters were waiting for me with the information that this was the hotel at which Father Quentin had put up on his way north a few weeks earlier. We said, "Can do; but what about the mules?" "Oh, they can stay out in the back." "Nothing doing," said I, "we must get them under cover also." Next door there was a covered alleyway and there for the magnificent sum of one thousand cash, equal to four cents in American money, the mules were sheltered.

Now for ourselves. There was one available room in the inn. It contained six beds, and as many thousand bed bugs and fleas. But it was dry and it did not

look too dirty. Our luggage and saddles were carried in. I flopped on the bed nearest to relax a moment while the boy prepared some hot water for a footbath. What was my surprise to see him bring in a whole tub of hot water. I could not resist the temptation. Digging into the bamboo baskets I got out a complete change of dry clothing, closed the door and window of the room and had a hot bath.

Then, first call for supper! I did not wait for a second. With a really ravenous appetite I jumped from the hard bed on which I had stretched out. It had been a weary day on foot and in the saddle. Since four in the morning I had but one sandwich. Supper was served in the combination kitchen-guestroom-lobby-dining-room, the only other room on the ground floor, apart from my bed room.

This was to be a table d'hôte dinner. The major domo gave me a seat of honor right near—no, not the orchestra—the stove. The lighting was subdued, supplied by one of my own lanterns. A number of local wits on hand to see how I ate my meal were surprised to see the reported foreigner using chopsticks, eating Chinese food and in general conducting himself like a native. They wanted to know where I came from. I told them I hailed from Tse Kiang Jen, which identified me with my old Mission of happy memory, Yuan-chow. They could not quite deny that, nor yet could they quite believe it; to say the least, they were mystified.

The meal was a bowl of steaming rice, luscious mushrooms, chopped pork, pickled greens and dried peppers; the latter moistened with a wee bit of Soya bean sauce. Between mouthfuls of rice and vegetables I kept up a conversation with the admiring audience. A pot of coffee was placed in the next room by one of the beds, a tin of evaporated cream was



PUSHED ALMOST TO THE WATER'S EDGE BY THE FERTILE RICE FIELDS THAT CROWD IN UPON IT, THE VILLAGE OF WUSU LIES IN A LITTLE VALLEY THAT IS RICH IN SCENIC CHARM. THE CHRISTIANS HERE ARE ATTENDED BY FATHERS FROM THE CENTRAL MISSION OF SHENCHOW, FIFTEEN MILES AWAY. THIS OUT STATION IS EASY OF APPROACH AND IS FORTUNATE IN HAVING THE MISSIONARIES SO NEAR



FROM THE NORTH RIVER THE TOWN OF WANGTSUN LIES HUDDLED ON THE BANK LIKE A SMALL FISHING VILLAGE. BUT MOST OF IT IS HIDDEN ON THE HILLSIDE UP WHICH ITS MAIN STREET STRAGGLES BY AN ASCENT OF OVER EIGHT HUNDRED STEPS. THE CATHOLIC MISSION HERE IS ON A LEVEL PIECE OF GROUND OVERLOOKING THE WHOLE TOWN

rooted out of one of the baskets, together with a tin cup, and I retired to my lounge for a cup of good hot coffee. The "lounge" was not ideal. There were a few mosquitoes, bed bugs and fleas—but what would you? The millennium has not yet come. Don't you, even in the best hotels, and in the nicest homes, find some little thing that could be eliminated—say, for instance, that everlasting radio next door?

About nine o'clock the boys prepared to go to bed. Our porters returned, after having had a pipe or two of opium, and turned in also. All doors and windows were locked. I don't know whether they feared the place would be spoiled if a bit of fresh air seeped through or whether they were worried lest sneak-thieves break in. I found our apartment interesting. My bed was in one corner along the wall; at right angles in another bed Benedict and James were already asleep, their heads less than a foot from mine. The porters sprawled near-by, the head of one and the feet of the other just touching the foot of my bed. Our saddles and harness were piled in a far corner. On a few bamboo poles under the tiled roof my riding outfit hung, drying; beneath was a big bin from which the landlady had measured out the unshelled rice to feed our mules. At one end of the room was a loft in which the hostess and her family slept. Outside our door the groom had made a bed for himself by means of two wooden horses and some planks. Thus were we fixed for the night. I turned down the lantern and composed myself for sleep.

Just after supper the landlady had scattered a panfull of hot coals on the dirt floor of our sleeping apartment to drive out fleas. She succeeded in driving them into our beds. I thought they had all come into my bed, but I learned from the boys that they had not been slighted. So, with fleas, lack of air, overstimulated nerves from the trip that day, the uncertainty due to recent bandit activities in the neighborhood, and the absence of any form of military or police protection in the town, I found I could not sleep. I

turned up the lantern light and read for several hours before attempting again, with indifferent success, to sleep.

At 4:30 the next morning I had the boys and the porters tumbling out of bed. I did not blame them for grumbling a bit. I did not feel much like turning out myself. The weather apparently had cleared up, but no sooner had I stepped outside than it began to rain again. We started off just as soon as we got the mules saddled. Due to high water we found no path along the river but we made our way from rock to rock. Two hours passed and we had not advanced five miles.

Another turn and we faced a sheer cliff on our right. Raging water was in front and to the left of us. The carriers were mystified. Three hundred yards away a boatman shouted for us to scale the cliff and come down the other side and he would take us over to the far bank. Climb the cliff? How could the porters and the mules scramble up? The coolies settled it by crawling like human flies with their loads balanced on their shoulders and finding just enough purchase for their toes. I went up after them, a climb of about sixty feet, then slid down the other side of the cliff. At the foot was the boat. We shoved off but the current carried us around aimlessly. One of the boys waded out to where we were stranded. He and a baggage carrier pushed the boat to deeper water and thence to the shore.

By the time the lads and the mules had waded out to a little island and were ferried to the shore it was 8:30. It had taken us three hours to go five miles. We had twenty-five more to travel. With the rain pelting us we had difficulty in crossing small creeks. The trail ahead wandered twice across the big river. Could we do it? The carriers said they were exhausted and if the rain continued they could not finish the trip. I suggested hiring two relief carriers to alternate with them. We had to make Wangtsun that night, owing to uncertain conditions on the road. There could be no retracing our steps to Shen-

chow. Besides, if the floods continued, the route would be impossible.

Everyone in the village said we could not make the crossing, since the river was already too swollen and the current too swift. Worried and anxious, I had been asking the dear Lord to be kind. Strange, the words of a Negro spiritual were running through my mind, "Oh, Lord, please take away the darkness, please take away the rain." Heaven seemed deaf to my prayers. I know the Lord doesn't expect His missionaries to go whimpering to Him with all their petty difficulties, so I really did not take the matter very seriously. Nor did I, deep down in my heart, expect the dear Lord to answer my prayer immediately. But our position was one of danger now and if the Lord didn't help I knew I certainly would not get through.

Like a real Oriental I decided to send a middle man. Wasn't St. Jude the Patron of the hopeless and of cases despaired of? I promised the good Saint a Mass on the morrow and publication in *THE SIGN*, if the rain stopped, if the floods were kept back long enough to get us back and forth across the river safely, and if my luggage were brought safely to Wangtsun that night.

A large order, wasn't it? But God likes us to be daring even to the point of presumption on occasion. Instinctively I was importuning Him who narrated the story of the householder coming down and giving bread to the man who kept knocking at his door. I was asking St. Jude for what was certainly close to a miracle. Almost at once the rain began to let up. We succeeded in getting one relief carrier, and a case that ten minutes before seemed utterly hopeless began to brighten up.

Forty minutes travel brought us to the crossing. The river, raced madly; the descent was a mass of boulders, down to the water's edge, seventy feet below. It started to rain again! Did we doubt? Yes, a bit, but we kept on praying as we had been praying for the past hour or more: "Dear St. Jude Thaddeus, Saint of the Hopeless, be good to us; see us



THE CHAPEL OF ST. PAUL OF THE CROSS AT YUANCHOW. IT WAS THE FIRST ERECTED BY THE PASSIONIST FATHERS IN CHINA AND WAS DEDICATED ON THE FEAST OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION IN 1923. IT IS NOW THE SPIRITUAL CENTER FOR THE FLOURISHING CHRISTIANITY OF THE CITY AND ITS ENVIRONS

through! Please stop the rain!" The ferryboat was on the other side of the river. The porters called for the boatman to come over. For a few minutes there was no response. Would we have to put back over that road to be laughed at by all the "I-told-you-so" men of the village? No, there is a boat putting out. But, dear Lord, it is a mere skiff! How shall we ever get the mules across on that?

The little skiff noses upstream a few hundred yards until it is struck by the current. The old ferryman rows for all he is worth, sweeping down river at a terrific rate. The boat is thrown across the river and comes to shore. Our carriers step aboard. The next trip, the ferryman promises, will be made in a bigger boat. Is there any danger? No, there is no danger. I wonder.

In the meantime it had stopped raining. St. Jude must have been with us, for we managed to get the mules down the cliff without any broken legs. Across the river they were still bailing water out of that big boat and unloading a lot of lumber. No, he was not going to attempt to bring that large boat over alone. His

wife took the sweep-oar at the back of the boat. It was soon at our feet. Would the mules jump over the side? Yes, Nancy stepped in and Dolly followed. We were off. What was that, rain water? Glory be! The whole boat was leaking in every seam. The North River was going to be in this boat in short order.

"Well, dear St. Jude," I said, "here is where you lend a hand to the oars." We were in the current. There were seven or eight inches of water in the bottom of the boat. It poured in—twelve, fourteen inches of water! Another heave on the oars and we are in the backwash and landing. What is that, Mr. Boatman? "Will the honorable Sen Fu give me twenty dollars to repair my boat? Will the honorable Sen Fu do this good deed for the public?" "Sorry, old Sir, I don't have half of twenty dollars with me."

Off we go again. The path is treacherous, we dare not ride. For five hours we had been hiking and just now I realized that I had been too nervous and worried to eat any breakfast. James is at my side with a Chinese dinner pail; I am exhausted and famished. Ah, he has a piece of home-

made cake that the Shenchow cook made the day before I left there. When? Yesterday! It seems a year ago. Just then up comes Nancy. I think I had better ride; I can't walk. As I mount, the cake falls, right into a rice paddy. The boy retrieves it. Spoiled? No, just a little wet on one side. I ate the cake.

At three we reached a village twelve miles below Wangtsun that just a week before had been looted by bandits. Here the porters took their dinner, so I thought of mine also. What was it to be? A small can of evaporated milk was found in the baskets, a bit of warm water added, and a water-soaked sandwich was discovered. That was my lunch. There were no vegetables to be bought there; the thermos bottle was empty, and not a bowl of rice for sale. The only thing available was an opium pipe. One of the porters and the relief carrier would rather smoke than eat. There were two beds, I stretched out on one; they shared the other. They cooked their opium pill, while I half lay on the bed and munched my sandwich.

AFTER Benedict had eaten a few raw eggs, we tightened up the girths on the mules and we two pushed ahead, letting James and the groom follow along at leisure with the baggage. A few hundred yards ahead we found a bridge washed out and quicksand on both sides of the gully. There was nothing to do but make a flying leap; both Dolly and Nancy came through splendidly. Every few minutes we came to gullies with swollen streams rushing down them. It taxed our ingenuity to get by. In one place the bank gave way under Nancy and we barely held her until she managed to scramble up.

Five miles from Wangtsun we had another large stream to cross. There was a boat but no boatman. We were ready to commandeer the ferry and try our own luck at crossing when the boatman appeared. Twenty feet from the bank the ferry struck a rock, Dolly lost her balance and fell overboard, with her feet caught in the boat. She had a narrow escape from drowning. In the excitement Nancy jumped overboard. With Dolly kicking and Nancy jumping, the boat overturned and we all found ourselves floundering in several feet of water.

A half mile further Father Basil's gardener shouted to us from a boat anchored along the river bank. He told us that the boat was hired for me. Benedict started off overland with the mules, the gardener preceding him on the run, to bring the news to Wangtsun. They told me it would be a two-hour ride. Two hours in an open boat when I was already soaked to the skin was not inviting.

Just then I heard the boatmen whispering among themselves: "You ask the Sen Fu how much he is going to give us for the trip?" "What is that?" I asked. "Isn't this boat hired?" The answer was in the negative. Straightway I was relieved of

all scruples about offending the Fathers who I thought had hired the boat for me. Off I started at a jog trot, hoping to catch the mules who had fifteen minutes' start on me. I wasn't travelling long when I realized that I was about exhausted. I began to worry; I would never catch the mules; I would drop in my tracks. I rounded a bend in the trail and sighted the mules. Though the path was in a wretched state my mule plodded along steadily.

At a steep decline I dismounted. My knees had stiffened and I could hardly walk, but we were soon at the river bank. It was our last crossing of the North River. On the other side we found ourselves at the foot of the famous eight hundred steps that lead to the top of the hill, whereon is built the Catholic Mission of Wangtsun. Catholic school boys rushed down to meet us

and at the Mission gate were Fathers Gregory and Michael. I had reached Wangtsun and I promised St. Jude he would have that Mass on the morrow even though the luggage did not arrive that night. He certainly had helped immensely that day and I was deeply grateful.

It was three full years since I had seen Father Gregory, down in Kienyang Mission, far to the south. This was my first meeting with Father Michael, though we had waited all day on the wharf at Kobe for his boat to arrive several years ago. We had been disappointed, for our own boat lifted anchor at four and Father Michael's boat did not drop anchor until five. We had passed one another in the harbor, and here after three years I at last met him in Wangtsun. To the two of us is committed the welfare of the Yungshun Mission.

The next morning about 6:30 I was awakened by the porters arriving with my luggage. So the rain did cease; the floods did not prevent our arrival in Wangtsun! Both myself and the luggage arrived without mishap, thanks to good St. Jude! I straightway said the Mass I had promised and now I want to publish this acknowledgment to him.

We are going to put the Mission of Yungshun under his special care; and do you, who read these lines, please, say a prayer to the good Saint that he will help us overcome the obstacles that stand in the way of this place becoming a thriving center of Faith. He overcame the material obstacles in bringing me here and I feel certain he will aid us in surmounting all difficulties which now impede our work for God and souls in this new district committed to my care.

Bridge Folk of Yuanchow

By Edward McCarthy, C.P.

"WERE you born on a bridge?" the thoughtless American boy is asked as he comes flying into the house, forgetting to close the door after him. Put the same question to a Yuanchow youth and you may get "Yes" for an answer. The lad is not flippant; he is just one of the many local people who boast the distinction of coming into existence on the Yuanchow-Hwang Chia Kai Bridge.

Perhaps you would like to visit his home and see for yourself. With a wave of the hand, a shake of the head and eyes cast down modestly, he declares that he is ashamed of his poor shanty, and entirely unworthy of the honor of your august presence. But whatever you do, don't be guilty of the unpardonable fault of laughing at him. Look serious. Be just as polite and just as insistent that you are the privileged one, that it is quite the thing in America to visit the birthplaces of famous characters. Now you have him talking and showing you the way home.

"Oh, yes," he says, "the rest of the family except mother were born on the bridge also. Grandfather bought the house and shop many years ago. We all like it. Father claims that it is an ideal business spot. He gets both the Yuanchow and Hwang Chia Kai trade. And all visitors going through Yuanchow must pass by the store. It is quite convenient for mother. When she wants water for the cooking or washing she simply lets down the bucket, and there it is."

"Running water in the basement is quite a luxury in China," I hear you say. But you must let the boy do the talking.

"It does get cold in winter," he continues, "but it is delightful during the

rest of the year. Sometimes we fish right from our house, and we get some fair-sized bites. Every morning we can watch the soldiers drilling, but that gets monotonous. When there is an execution we get a dandy view, and that's something worth seeing.

"There's the bridge now," he yells excitedly, as you reach the river bank and behold the wonder of Yuanchow, fifteen stone arches supporting the only structure to span the River Yuan. Typically Chinese, it is strictly utilitarian, crowded with frail wooden houses that extend over the edge as far as is possible. The only embellishment is a pagoda tower in the very center. Compare it with the George Washington Memorial Bridge or the proposed Golden Gate Bridge and you will smile at its simplicity. But when you

consider that the natives have never seen a pick or shovel, much less a machine of any kind, you will appreciate why the townsfolk marvel at its construction.

"When was the bridge first thrown open to traffic?" you ask as you draw near.

"About six hundred years ago," comes the cool reply.

"Six hundred years ago? Impossible! That was before the discovery of America."

He is a bit offended at your incredulity, and is silent for a moment. Then pointing to the opposite river bank, he asks,

"Do you see that animal over there?"

"Yes, what is it? A buffalo?"

"No, a rhinoceros."

"That's strange, I didn't know that they had those animals in this part of China."

He's wound up.



AT YUANCHOW IS THE ONLY BRIDGE THAT SPANS THE YUAN RIVER IN ITS LONG COURSE FROM KWEICHOW PROVINCE TO TUNG TING LAKE IN EASTERN HUNAN. THOUGH IT WAS BUILT SIX HUNDRED YEARS AGO IT IS STILL IN GOOD CONDITION. FATHER EDWARD MCCARTHY, C.P., VISITED IT WITH A BOY WHO WAS BORN THERE. HE TELLS US THAT ITS HOMES AND SHOPS LEAVE LITTLE SPACE FOR TRAFFIC



INTO THIS IMMENSE TUB, DESTINED FOR A SHIPMENT OF WOOD OIL, THESE CARE-FREE LADS OF THE YUNGSHUN MISSION HAVE PACKED THEMSELVES IN A HAPPY GROUPING

"They haven't now, but they did have six hundred years ago. The rhinoceros did the plowing of the rice fields as does the water buffalo of today. That's not a live one; it is a wrought iron imitation. There's a story connected with it. When the bridge was first built, it crumbled during the high-water season. It was immediately repaired only to be torn down again at the very next flood. After the same thing happened a third time the people took action. A council of wisemen was called. The unanimous result of that council was that the bridge should be reërected. When it was decided that each of the stone pillars should be constructed in the shape of a bow of a boat in order to break the pressure of the swift moving current, an old gentleman addressed the assembly.

"What good will these pillars be when the evil spirits churn up the waters? Why not build the pillars after the fashion of plows and station a sacred rhinoceros, close by to watch over and protect them?" It was a brilliant suggestion that won the hearty approval of the gathering. And for six centuries the mighty rhinoceros has been faithful to his trust, for the stone pillars are still standing, as solid a foundation as when first erected. The old beast seems none the worse for his age except that he lost part of one ear when in high water a boat struck him. About two hundred and fifty years ago he looked on a horrifying scene, unmoved. A roaring, panting fire raced across the upper structure of the bridge, chasing men, women and children and hurling houses into the river. It destroyed everything in its path. But even that devastating fire dared do no more than blacken with smoke and soot

the fifteen stone pillars that old trusty was guarding."

Your youthful guide is out of breath as a result of his rapid talking and sweeping gestures.

"Where is your house?" you ask, to shift the subject and give him a chance to cool off.

"It's on the other side of the bridge," he replies. "Let's go up and take a look."

He is happy on the home grounds and runs ahead of you, so that you must take the steps two at a time to keep up with him. So this is the house bridge. What a sight! Both sides are lined with booths displaying the wares of the vendors. Merchants, buyers, commuters, loiterers, babies and dogs seem interested only in blocking the traffic. Fish-mongers and garlic sellers, smelling strongly of their profession, are the first to request your patronage. A swift glance at the thousands of eels squirming in the water-crocks and you pass on. A coolie, balancing two baskets of vegetables suspended from a pole across his shoulder, yells for you to make way. Immediately you step aside and just miss being hit by a thirty-foot log being juggled by another lad in back of you. Although you feel as helpless as a jaywalker who has turned his ankle in dodging through traffic, you make up your mind to push ahead bravely, for there is so much to be seen.

Here are some soldiers bargaining with the man who sells straw sandals, fans, earthenware, chop-sticks, oil-paper umbrellas and money belts. A supply of cheap flashlights has just come from Shanghai and the soldiers want the best one at the cheapest price. They must take

one apart and see what makes it light. The shopkeeper objects that they are wasting the batteries. There is some screaming and an outsider would figure that a fist fight was inevitable. But now they are laughing and joking and the deal is put across.

A little girl cannot make up her mind whether she wants the red or the green yarn for keeping her braided hair in trim. Both are equally attractive and are the same price. At length the mother decides that the girl should take the green. Just for that the little one objects and selects the red, getting her own way. And the woman behind the counter, whose patience rivals that of Job himself, smiles knowingly. Everybody's satisfied and happy.

A cloth merchant is the owner of the next stall. Business is slack. A weird chanting and a wild clanging on a Chinese gong come from the back room. You peek in and see a haze of smoke, red candles burning and a pagan priest in action. Some member of the family is sick and the gods must be appeased. The book-seller has plenty of scholars reading his pamphlets on display, but nobody is making a purchase. One of those window shoppers is out for a free education. When he does not recognize a character, he requests the shopkeeper to enlighten him.

TAKE a look at the cigarette dealer. Of all the lazy fellows you have come across in your globe-trottings, this individual holds the championship belt. How he does love that horizontal position. All day long he lies there, sometimes fast asleep, at other times just dozing, but more frequently with eyes wide open gazing at nothing. When a customer comes along he is told to help himself. The manager simply stretches out his hand for the money, buries it under the covers and continues to rest.

"No, don't feel obliged to buy your cigarettes here," says your young friend, "he's no cripple; some say he is a victim of poppy; others say that he is plain lazy."

Do you want to see the way young China learns to gamble? Cast your eyes over there. That old fellow with the bald head, screeching voice and million-dollar smile, seated on a tiny stool behind a candy tray, may seem simple, but he is really a sharper. Occasionally he is interested in selling a stick of candy for a copper but this is not his specialty. He is a roving gambler and always visits the bridge in his daily rounds. Watch him trimming a lad not more than fourteen who is squatting, Eastern fashion, on his heels and balancing on his toes. The boy drops the three dice into the bowl, looks the numbers over, talks to them, shoots again and loses. Flipping four more coppers on the tray he is ready to try his luck once more, but the old rogue urges him to double the amount. "I don't dare," replies the youngster with an emphatic shake of the head.

"You haven't any courage," pipes back the old fossil, as he toys with the eight coppers. And the moon-face boy gives in when he hears the onlookers chuckling. One whirl of the dice and the sly fox gathers in the loot and tucks it away in his money belt. The crowd is in spasms. More conservative this time, the chap pulls out two coppers and all the oratory in the world or the hoarse laughs of an amused crowd can't make him raise the stake. The old-timer sees that he is in danger of losing a customer and can afford to miff one. So the dice spin around, and the boy jubilantly snatches the coin.

Figuring that his luck has turned, he is determined to break the house, and confidently empties his pocket on the tray, glues his eyes on the bowl and, much to his disgust, reads the unlucky numbers. His own money gone, he coaxes a few cash from his friend and gets himself deeper in the hole. With a silly grin he steps back and makes room for someone else. Talk all you want about the law of averages, you have less chance of coming out on top with this slippery old gambler than you have of wrecking Monte Carlo.

Another interesting character that does a thriving business on the bridge is the public letter writer, a scholar of the old school, conspicuous for the square nose-piece on his eyeglasses. He is a complacent, cheerful gentleman that likes to chat and has the knack of putting you at your ease as soon as you approach his little table. And what a fund of good stories and tales of woe he must have collected in his many years of serving the public. A good percentage of the natives have never mastered the art of letter writing. It is indeed an art when done skilfully and with regard for all the fine points of Chinese etiquette.

WHEN an individual without an education wishes to send an epistle, he comes to this scribe and tells him in a general way the message he wishes to send. That's all there is to it. The old man goes about it in a leisurely manner, first rubbing an ink-stick on a stone slab until he has a good black fluid. Then taking his brush and dipping it in the home-made ink, with a flourish he starts at the upper righthand corner and writes down, not across the sheet. Now and then he stops a moment to ask a question. When he finishes the letter he reads it aloud, gliding quickly over the first part as it is merely a formality which does not amount to much, yet can never be omitted without offending.

Then coming to the second part he slows up his pace, loses his usual placid manner, emphasizes the important words, making a few oratorical pauses. He smacks his lips with the joy of a man who has done his work well, half closing his eyes as though he were placing himself in the position of the one for whom the letter is intended. With a happy laugh he addresses the envelope, seals it with rice paste, receives his stipend and expresses his thanks.

The fancy candy maker is a big drawing card. What a man! To the youngsters he is nothing less than a magician. Just mention a particular animal, fish, bird or even soldier or, better still, an actor with a long, flowing beard, and in a jiffy he will set to work with the realization that he is giving the kiddies a thrill and taking in their coins in compensation. With his nimble fingers he rolls and twists the glutinous, sugary substance until he has produced the exact article ordered. Somebody sees a beggar coming along and asks to have him made in candy. The candy man chuckles and does a neat job of it, even adding a match stick for the cane that every beggar carries to chase away dogs and pound on doors. The lad is pleased and gladly buys the candy beggar.

WITH all the gawking and sight-seeing you have almost forgotten the main reason of your trip to the bridge, a visit to the home of your new friend. But where is he? Here he comes now. He has rushed home, sounded the warning, and everything is in readiness.

His dad is standing in front of the stall, beaming, bowing and inviting you to precede him into the house. He motions you to sit down. The babies run away when they get a look at you. The family dog, growling his displeasure, is kicked and makes an exit. The Mrs. comes with piping hot tea which you are supposed to sip with plenty of noise and much gusto. Three puffs of the water pipe and you should be satisfied.

"How's business?" you ask to start a conversation. In response the man recites a little ditty that he learned as a school boy many years ago:

"*Sen i hao. Mai mai kao.*" Which a rhymester might translate: "Business is hot. Buying, selling, tip-top."

"And how do you like living on the bridge?" is your next query.

It sounds a bit foolish to him, but the Chinese are ever gentlemen, and he assures you that he enjoys it. Then you get all the gossip of the three hundred bridge dwellers.

A customer comes along and wants to buy some salt and calls for the *lao-pan*, meaning "old-board." In an instant the proprietor is on his feet. Taking hold of a hammer and home-made chisel he breaks off a small portion from the large cake of salt that looks like a piece of granite. While he is busy outside you have the opportunity to look around. It is much the same as any other Chinese house only the floors are of wood and not dirt. The furnishings are nothing to write home about; four chairs and two small tea tables. There is one large table without a cloth of any kind. A fern and a few pictures are the only decorations in the room. The window frame with its tissue paper windows is propped up so that you get a fair breeze, but the family wash, hanging on a bamboo pole, obstructs the river view. You hear an unearthly grunt. The boy laughs at the expression on your face and brings you into the next room to be introduced to the family pig. He unties the rope from the sow's foot and lets her out to wander on the bridge in quest of food.

This is your first visit, and Chinese etiquette requires that you do not delay very long. Of course the family insists that you remain for a while longer until they get some rice ready. It would not be proper for you to accept. So you thank them sweetly and bow your way out. You may not have been thrilled at the sights that you have witnessed, but you have seen something rare. When your friends begin talking about the boy who stood on the burning deck, you can tell them all about the boy who was born on a bridge.



WITH STRAINING MUSCLES AND ACHING BODIES THESE SANDAL-SHOD TRACKERS ARE PULLING A BOAT THROUGH ONE OF THE COUNTLESS RAPIDS OF THE YUAN RIVER. THE DAY SEEMS FAR DISTANT WHEN MOTOR POWER WILL FIND ITS WAY TO THESE INTERIOR RIVER ROUTES WHERE JOURNEYING IS SO SLOW AND SO DANGEROUS. NOTE ON THE PICTURE THE BROKEN AND TREACHEROUS PATHWAY THAT IS STYLED A "ROAD"

Who Will Die Tonight?—

THOUSANDS! Who they shall be, no one knows. I, myself, may be among them. From my heart I pray God that when the summons comes, no matter when or where, I may be ready to give an account of my stewardship. Before I die I must settle my affairs. The things that concern my soul are of chief importance and must come first. I have today in which to get ready. Tomorrow may be too late.

Besides my spiritual affairs I must look after my worldly affairs. Have I made my will? What do I wish to become of my property? Even though I have very little to leave, I should give some of it to God's service.

LEGAL FORM FOR DRAWING UP YOUR WILL

I hereby give and bequeath to PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED, a Society existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of (\$.....) for the purpose of the Society as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor to pay said sum to the Treasurer of PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED, taking his receipt therefor within..... months after my demise.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand this.....day of , 19

*Signed..... Witness.....
Witness..... Witness.....*

Painless Giving ♦ ♦ ♦



GOOD THING to have in the house is a Mite Box or a Dime Bank. They are convenient receptacles for your loose change. What you put into them you will probably not miss. This is a sort of painless giving. If you do miss it, so much the better for the cause for which you make the sacrifice. Self-sacrifice money has a double value; it has a certain buying power and it surely carries a blessing. Which do you want—the Box or the Bank? You may have both, if you wish.

Address: PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

Just drop us a line asking for a Box or a Bank. It will be sent you by return mail!

Please write or print Name and Address very plain.

FOR CHRIST'S CAUSE:

—≡ 3 SUGGESTIONS ≡—

MISSION NEEDS



1 Readers of THE SIGN, particularly of our mission department, cannot but be aware of the many and pressing needs of our missionary Fathers and Sisters in China. Their personal wants are few and simple. Were they seeking their own ease and comfort they would not abandon the luxuries of America for the hardships of China. They require a great deal of money for the building and maintenance of chapels, schools, orphanages, dispensaries, homes for the aged and crippled. They are dependent for this money upon the generosity of their American friends and benefactors. They do not look for large donations, but are counting on the consistent giving of small amounts. Please remember that they are grateful for pennies as well as dollars.

STUDENT BURSES



2 Not only do we need money for our missionaries already in the field; we also need funds for the education and support of young men studying for the holy priesthood. God is blessing our Order with an abundance of splendid vocations. Some of these aspirants pay full tuition, others pay part, but others are too poor to pay anything. No worthy aspirant, however, will be rejected simply because of his poverty. About \$300 per year is required for the support of a student. To provide means for poor students we are appealing for student burses. A burse is \$5,000, the interest on which will support and educate a poor student in perpetuity. Can a better cause than that of bringing worthy young men into the priesthood of Christ appeal to the sympathy and generosity of a convinced Catholic? If you cannot give an entire burse, your contribution, however small, will aid in the starting or completing of a burse.

YOUR LAST WILL



3 It has been well said that it is a poor Will which does not name Our Lord Jesus Christ among its beneficiaries. No Catholic should ever forget that whatever he has he owes to God Almighty. To give His Cause some of it is doing Him no compliment whatever. He owns us and everything we have. May we suggest this special provision to be embodied in your last Will:

I hereby give and bequeath to Passionist Missions, Inc., a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of (\$) Dollars, and I further direct that any and all taxes that may be levied upon this bequest be fully paid out of the residue of my estate.

The above clause incorporated in your last Will and Testament will enable the Passionist Missions properly and legally to receive whatever bequest you may care to make for their benefit, and your generosity will be kept in spiritual remembrance.

YOUR COOPERATION SOLICITED!

Address: PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., UNION CITY, N. J.

Where Put Your Money?

GET A
LIFE INCOME

6% to 9%

HELP CHRIST'S
CAUSE

What is an Annuity Bond?

An Annuity Bond is a contract between Passionist Missions, Inc., and the holder of the Bond, who is called an Annuitant.

♦ ♦ ♦

What does this Contract consist in?

The Annuitant makes an outright gift to Passionist Missions, Inc., and Passionist Missions, Inc., binds itself to pay a specified sum of money to the Annuitant as long as the Annuitant lives.

♦ ♦ ♦

What is the amount paid to the Annuitant?

The sum ranges from six to nine per cent interest on the amount of the gift given.

♦ ♦ ♦

What determines the rate of interest?

The age of the Annuitant.

♦ ♦ ♦

When do payments on a Bond begin?

Interest is reckoned from day the Annuitant's money is received. First payment is made six months later and thereafter payments are made semi-annually.

♦ ♦ ♦

When do payments cease?

On the death of the Annuitant.

♦ ♦ ♦

If Bond is lost, do payments cease?

By no means. Payments are made regularly and promptly as long as the Annuitant lives.

♦ ♦ ♦

What is the price of Annuity Bonds?

Five Hundred Dollars and upwards.

♦ ♦ ♦

Are Liberty Bonds accepted?

Liberty Bonds, at their market value, are received in payment for Annuity Bonds, but not real estate or mortgages.

You can't take it
with you!

Will you hoard or
spend it?

Give it away or
make a Will?

Why not buy Life
Annuities?

Can Annuity Bonds be sold by Annuitants?

No. An Annuity Bond has no market value.

♦ ♦ ♦

How can I get an Annuity Bond?

Send to Passionist Missions, Inc., Union City, N. J., the sum you wish to give; also send full name, with date and year of birth.

♦ ♦ ♦

What is Passionist Missions, Inc.?

It is a duly authorized Catholic Missionary Society incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey.

♦ ♦ ♦

What are its purposes?

Its purposes, for which it uses the gifts of Annuitants, are the education of young men for the priesthood, and the spread of the Faith through home and foreign missions.

♦ ♦ ♦

What advantages have Annuity Bonds?

1. PERMANENCE: An Annuity Bond never requires reinvestment.
2. ABUNDANT YIELD: The rate of interest is the highest consistent with absolute safety.
3. SECURITY: Annuity Bonds are secured by the moral as well as financial backing of the Passionist Order.
4. FREEDOM FROM WORRY: Annuitants are relieved from the care of property in their old age; are saved from the temptation to invest their savings unwisely; and have the ease of mind obtained by the banishment of anxiety.
5. ECONOMY: There are no commissions, lawyers' fees or waste in legal contests.
6. STEADY INCOME: The income from Annuity Bonds does not decline.
7. CONTRIBUTION TO THE CAUSE OF CHRIST: An Annuity Bond makes the Annuitant an active sharer in the missionary work of the Passionist Fathers in building up the Kingdom of Christ at home and abroad, and a perpetual benefactor of the Passionist Order, participating in many rich spiritual blessings.

For Further Information Write to

PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., *Care of The Sign*, UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY

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